

**B.C.S. 1974**











BISHOP'S COLLEGE SCHOOL

LENNOXVILLE,

QUEBEC.



## SCHOOL STAFF 1973-1974

### *Headmaster*

John D. Cowans, M.A., University of Montreal; B.A., Sir George Williams University.

### *Assistant to the Headmaster*

H. Doheny, B.A., B.Cl., Q.C., McGill University.

### *Senior Master*

R.R. Owen, B.A., Bishop's University  
(Head-Language Department)  
(Housemaster)

### *Teachers*

A.P. Campbell, B.A., Queen's University  
(Head-Science Department)  
(Housemaster)

D.A.G. Cruickshank, M.A., Queen's University; B.A., Bishop's University  
(Director of Studies)  
(On Sabbatical Leave)

R.O. Lloyd, M.A., University of Western Ontario  
(Head-English Department)  
(Housemaster)

Mrs. F. Taboika (Spanish Teacher)

D.J. Campbell, B.Sc., Bishop's University  
(Housemaster)

W.W. Badger, B.A., Bishop's University  
(Head-Mathematics Department)

H.M. McFarlane, B.A., B.Ed., Mount Allison University  
(Co-ordinator of Reading)  
(Housemaster)

J.C. Goodwin, B.A., Bishop's University

B.F. Ander, B.Sc., University of British Columbia

E.H. Detchon, B.A., Bishop's University  
(Acting Director of Studies)  
(Housemaster)

W. Nugent, B.A., B.Ph.Ed., University of New Brunswick

A.J.S. Bateman, M.A., Trinity College, Dublin  
(Head-Geography Department)  
(Housemaster)

D. Dutton, M.Sc., McMaster University; B.Sc., Bishop's University



Miss S.A. Smith, Phys. Ed. Dip., McGill University

Miss Susan Hammond, B.A., Bishop's University

T.M. Jones, B.A., University of Cambridge

M.D. Grey, B.A., University of Natal; Cert. of Education, London, England

Rev. D.F.M. Roberts, M.A., (Classics), Oxford University; Dip. of Theology  
(School Chaplain)

Mrs. M. McGregor, Home Ec. Dip., Ryerson Polytech. Inst.; Higher Dip., Toronto Teacher's College.

D.J. Morgan, Dip. School of Art and Design, Montreal Museum of Fine Arts  
(Art Teacher)

Miss D. Hewson, Licentiate Diploma, Royal Academy of Music, London, England  
(Head-Music Department)

Mrs. B. Bell, L.Mus., Dominion College of Music  
(Organist)

Miss L. Dumas, B.A., Université de Sherbrooke

J.P. Milner, B.A., McGill University

R.S. Perrier, B.Sc., Sir George Williams University

Miss B. Pietras, B.Sc., York University; B.Ed., University of Toronto

M. McGuigan, B.Sc., McGill University

*Director of Athletics*

Major S.F. Abbott, C.D., C.S. of C.

*Bursar and Secretary*

LCol J.L. Blue, E.D.

*Director of Admissions and Development Officer*

R.D. Medland, D.S.O., C.D.

*Librarian*

Mrs. B.M. Allison, A.L.A., London, England

*Nurses*

Mrs. P. Belton, R.N.  
(Senior Nurse)

Mrs. S. Mooney, R.N.  
Mrs. M. Tremblay, R.N.

*School Matron*

Mrs. L.M. Brady

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*\*Member, Executive Committee*



## EDITORIAL

*As is readily evident, B.C.S. '74 has had a very effective face-lifting operation. The new features, such as a hard cover and coloured liners that were never economically feasible before, but that add so much to any school magazine, were possible this year and at the same time we were able to reduce the cost to the students by fifty per cent. This 'miracle' was performed by our signing on with Inter-Collegiate Press of Canada, a printing firm in Winnipeg, that devotes itself to the printing of University and High School year-books. Because they specialize in this field our costs are greatly reduced and at the same time we end up with a higher quality yearbook.*

*A great change, and a good change, came over B.C.S. this year, mainly through the efforts of the Prefects and the Headmaster. The students who had been in the school for only a few years probably had the most difficulty coping with the change, while those who had been in the school for any length of time must have expected it and those who were new this year accepted it fairly easily. Because of the nature of the beast we all react strongly against major upsets in our routine and therefore the first few weeks of school were predictably rough! However life eventually gravitated to a happy equilibrium towards the second term.*

*Morale improved, school spirit began recuperating after a brief illness and was well on its' feet after a few hockey games, inquiries and enrollments soared. In short, everything was, is and for the predictable future, will continue to be going great for the school. The initial worries over the amalgamation have now vanished, co-education is here to stay, and all the major problems of adapting a chauvanistic boys' boarding school to the feminine presence have now been ironed out. Looking back on the year we all realise that it was a good year overall. More importantly it looks as if nothing but better years lie ahead.*

*I would like to take this opportunity to thank all the editors who worked so diligently to piece this edition of B.C.S. together. Without their assistance and that of all the contributors it would never have been possible. I would also like to apologize for being unable to include a complete set of Staff pictures, due to some unexpected problems that exploded at the wrong moment.*

*It is the hope of all the Magazine Staff that this yearbook will act as a realistic and a happy record of the year 1973-74.*

JRCT  
Ed.



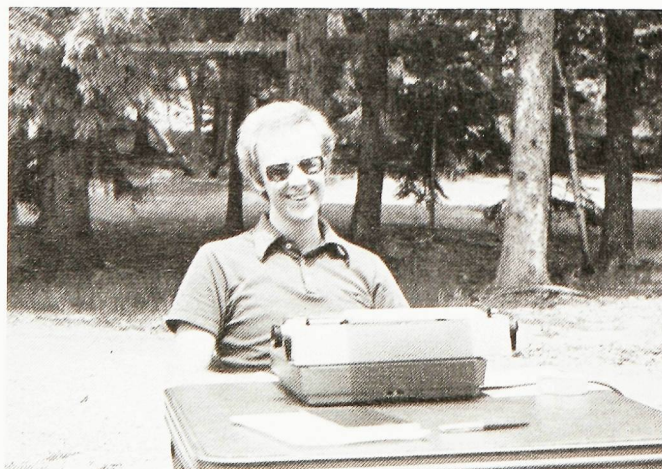
## STAFF



John Cowans



Ron Owen



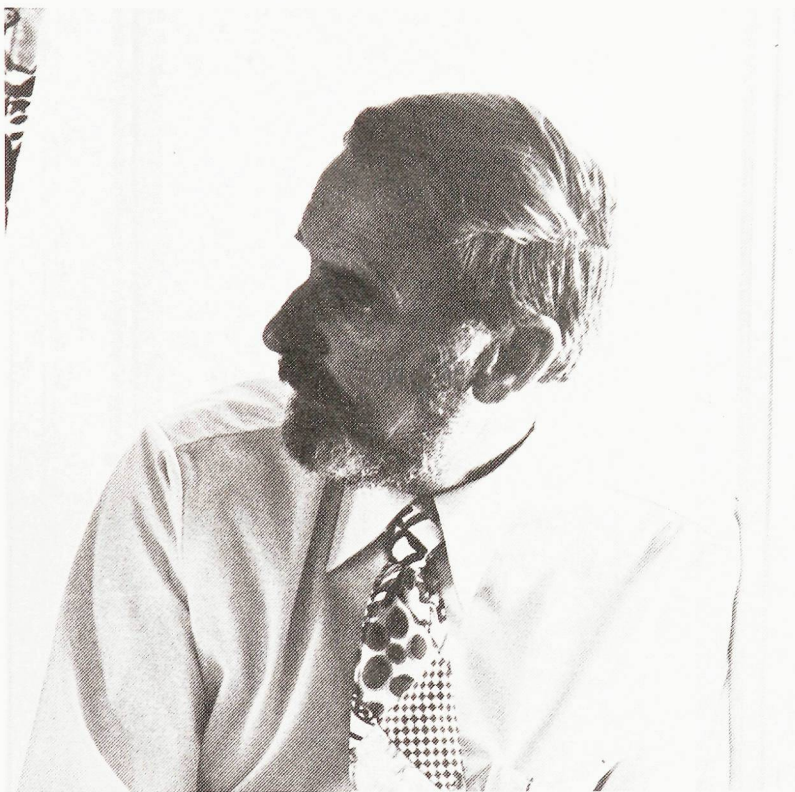
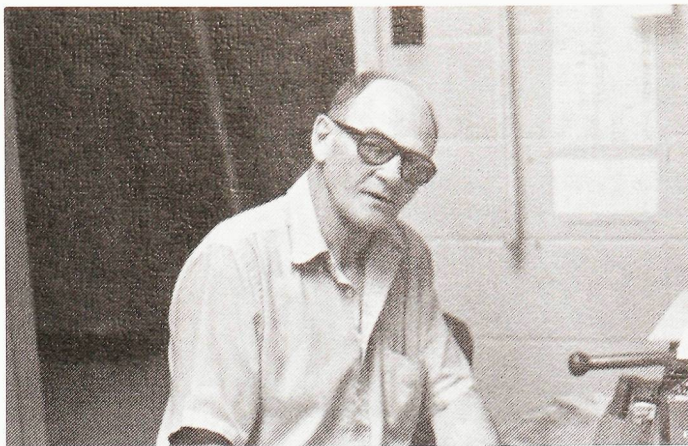
Rod Lloyd



Harry McFarlane



Sam Abbott



Art Campbell

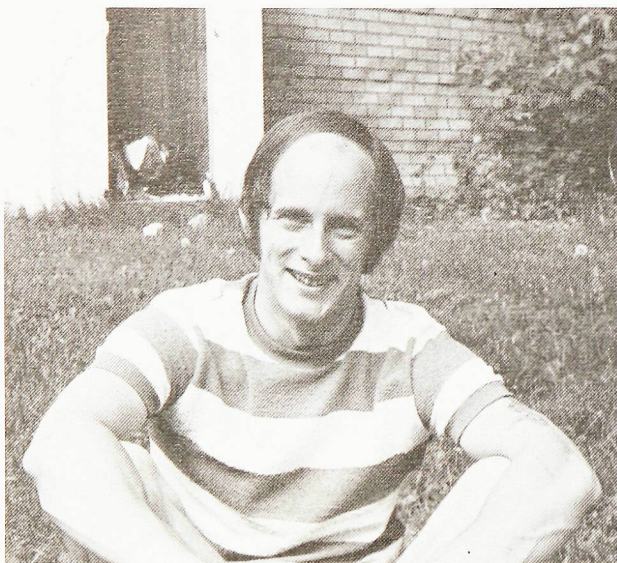


David Dutton



Bill Badger





Dave Morgan



Eric Detchon



Merv Grey



Cliff Goodwin

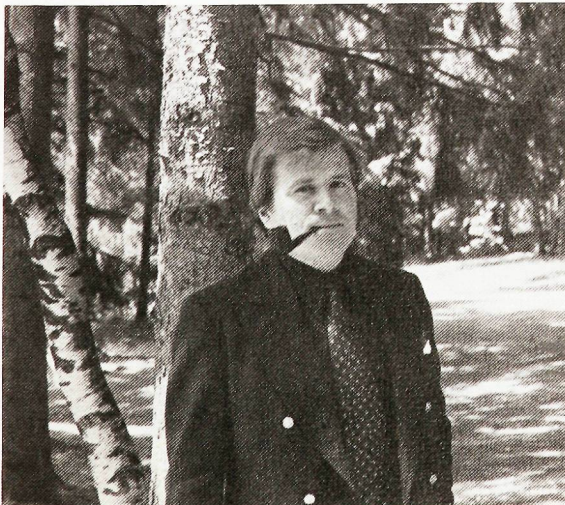


# WELCOME TO NEW TEACHERS...



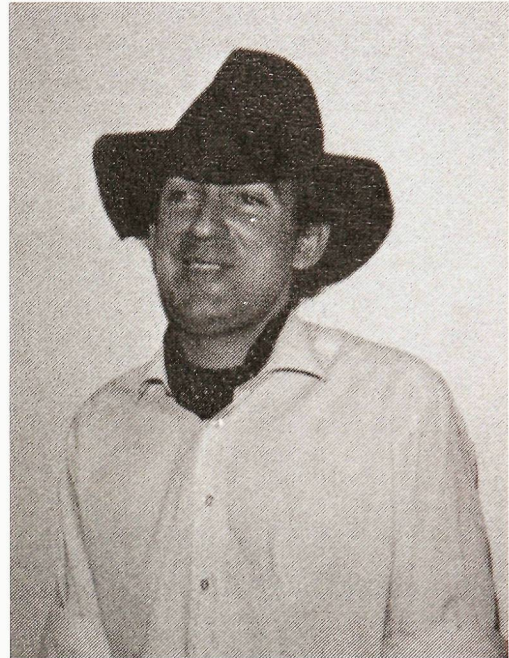
ROBERT PERRIER

"Rocket" Robert Perrier was spirited from Gagnon to Grier House, track, math classes and basketball at B.C.S. To the delight of some and dismay of others, "Rapid" Robert soon became NO-NO champ in Grier, devoted coach in track (All those early-morning trips to Sherbrooke), keen teacher of math with many hours of extra help, and finally, Romeo of the year, (just before his Maverick died!) B.C.S. has gained a highly valued person in Bob, and we wish him and Ann much happiness.



## MISS DUMAS

Miss Dumas came to us this year from Maine and l'Université de Sherbrooke to teach French, coach softball and give laps. She and her stereo soon established themselves in Glass House. Her door was always open and Little Lulu had visits from everyone except the local rats! Perhaps she'll be luckier next year as we welcome her back into her new apartment.



MR. BATEMAN (ABOVE)

Returning after a year's absence, Bates was faced with the task of taming forty-four restless females. He gave the impression of sliding effortlessly into this way of life. Being more than just a good housemaster, he also coached Senior Girls' Soccer, Bantam Boys' Rugger and assisted with the squash team that he had helped originate. He managed to do all this, and still handle the some 220 students that took Geography throughout the year. Certainly a most successful comeback.

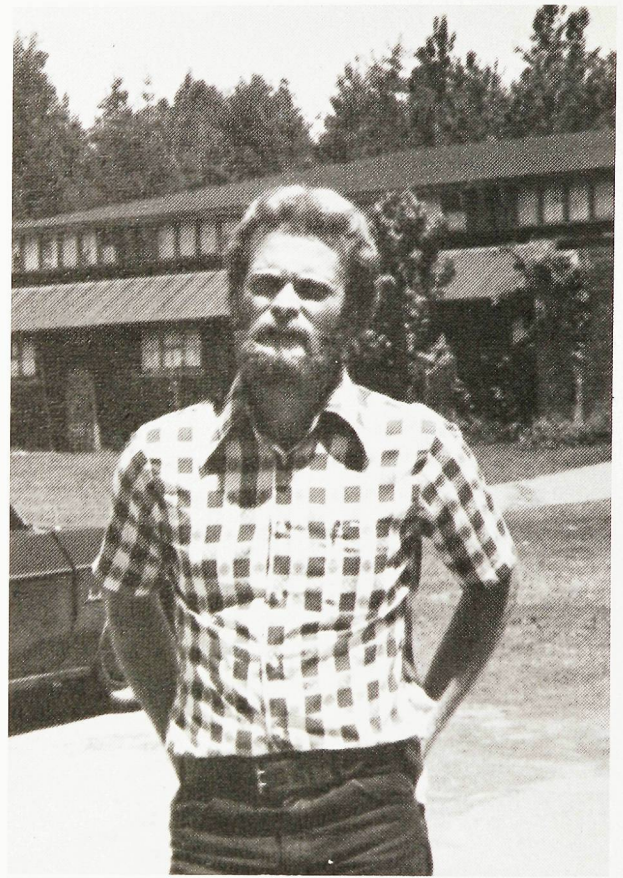
MR. MILNER (LEFT)

Mr. Milner was perhaps the most mistreated master in school this year. Having studied economics, he became a French teacher (all types do in BCS!) This figure of obviously intellectual character was burdened with the unruly athletes of cross-country skiing and track and field. He received a similar reception at the hands of the inmates at McNaughton House. There, with his family, he was confined to a few tiny cells in the basement. Not surprisingly, he will be moving next year, but will stay on campus. Perhaps the mild-mannered master will emerge from a phone booth as superman.



### MITCH MCGUIGAN (RIGHT)

Mitch came to B.C.S. in the fall as a lab assistant, and to do duty in Williams House, while he studied education at B.U. By the end of the year people who had been used to "hacking around with Mitch" found themselves in the midst of Mr. McGuigan's biology class. Mitch is a friendly type (don't let the beard scare you) and is ready to help when you need it. School life seems to have agreed with him, as he returns to B.C.S. next year as a full time Biology teacher and get those McNaughton Housers into shape. Best of luck next year Mitch!



## ...AND FAREWELL TO THOSE LEAVING

### BETTY ALLISON

It is with much regret that we say good-bye to Mrs. Allison. In her six years at B.C.S. she virtually built the library single handedly, which originally was a small handful of books and magazines to its present status as an extremely complete college library. She has always had time to talk to people about new books, magazine subscriptions or current events, (be they school or world-wide.) Mrs. Allison has loyally served the school and her excellent work in the library will long be remembered. She leaves us next year to take over the administration of an Edmonton Public Library. We wish her, and her children the best of luck.

### HUGH DOHENY (RIGHT)

Mr. Doheny, after twenty-six years of teaching service to the school, leaves for a year to study History at the Masters Degree level, at Bishop's University. The Board has granted him Sabbatical Leave for 1974-75. His presence will certainly be missed in the History department, even if only for one year. Our major worry though, is that Mr. Doheny might end up showing the B.U. history department how to teach history.





### MISS S. HAMMOND (RIGHT)

We all must reach out for bigger and better things, so with this we say tally ho! to Miss Hammond as she leaves us to go and teach at a boarding school in England. Not only has she proved herself as a teacher of English and Drama, but we seem to have another Helen Reddy in our midst. Her activities have varied from soccer, softball, choir (for a year and a half anyway!) and going across the river. Miss Hammond had a very good rapport with many a student in her two years here and while saying good-bye we wish her much luck and hope she doesn't forget us.



### ANN SMITH (ABOVE)

When King's Hall moved from Compton to Bishop's two years ago, one of the greatest assets they brought with them was Ann Smith. "Smitty" has been both at Compton and Bishop's for three years now and her care and contribution to all students is by now well known. Besides being the driving force behind all aspects of the girls' Phys. Ed. Programme she has contributed to such varied aspects of school life as Carnival, Social services, the dances, etc., etc. Despite all the afore mentioned activities "Smitty" has still found time to duty in Gillard House. It is, probably, here that she is going to be missed most next year. In Gillard (as in the rest of the School) no problem that any student had was too small for her to listen to. She gave completely of herself and, as a result was always trusted and respected by the students. Ann will still be on campus next year but this time as Mrs. Perrier. We all thank "The Coach" for all she has done and wish her all the best in the future.

### TREVOR JONES (BELOW)

"Oh never mind, it doesn't matter, I don't suppose." -- but then, on the tennis court, in the House, on the soccer field - it did matter! Trevor's meteoric appearance at B.C.S. will be remembered for his outrageous sense of humour, his flair for the unusual, and his laudable choice of wife in mid-career. House-trained at Smith, he has behaved without accident at McNaughton in the current year. It is hoped that Trev's training in meeting juvenile justice will serve him profitably in the courts of England, where, please God, the winter will be less severe. Good luck to Krysha and Trevor!







MR. NUGENT (LEFT)

Mr. Nugent is leaving B.C.S. after being here for three years. He taught mathematics and physical education while being assigned to Chapman House for duty. Football, hockey and Track and Field were the sports that he coached. Mr. Nugent had the ability to get the maximum from most of his athletes. Good luck Nuge in your future endeavors.

MISS PIETRAS (RIGHT)

In the fall of this year the Physics Department and Gillard House were treated to a breath of fresh wind from Ontario in the form of Miss Pietras. In the time that she has been here, Bonnie Pietras has proved herself to be a willing friend and a ready ear to any girl with problems and worries. She has been actively involved in the Skiing and softball programmes and her enthusiasm and spirit will be missed next year. We all wish "Big Bon" good luck and realize that her return to Ontario is their gain and our loss.

BRIAN F. ANDER

Like most of the students who know him well, Brian started his career at B.C.S. five years ago in Glass House. Being an Old Boy he already had a great love for the school, which has always been evident over the years. His concern for people made him not only a good teacher but a good friend.

As well as teaching Biology, Chemistry and assorted other things to his classes, he coached teams in football and hockey, and was indispensable to the Social Services Group. Brian left us this year to delve in the mysteries of the business world. With his memories of B.C.S. he also has our best wishes for every success.





# THE PREFECTS



BACK ROW: L.P. Dupuy, F. McConnell, A.M. Perron, J. Serventi, D. Chabot, G. Hallward.  
FRONT ROW: J. Thatcher, P. Marchuk, Mr. J. Cowans, Headmaster; A. Graham, S. Gilbert, D. Courey.

Most educators and students alike will agree that the most profitable and productive education is to be had in a well-disciplined school. Since the school opened it has been the job of the Prefect body to maintain and enforce the school rules. As different Headmasters, Head Prefects and Senior Forms passed through the school, different Prefect systems have existed. However, through all the changes, the basic theory has remained intact: that the Prefects' responsibility is to organize and lead the school.

This year a group of eleven Prefects designed a system that was not at all new to the "old corps", but was most definitely new to the majority of the student body. The system allowed the teaching staff to teach while the Prefects ran the school.

Through the advice and direction of the Headmaster, the Prefect body was transformed from a group of seniors to a group of leaders and administrators. The old institutions, such as New Student Line, Scum Line and Running Bricks returned and some brand new "instant traditions" were born, such as fifty hours of work duty. People knew where they were going, and, more importantly, they knew what was expected of them. The whole system, most of which had been designed and adapted after years of experience, flourished again.

The re-establishment of a dress code, a seniority system and a very definite set of guidelines for the students to follow combined to make the school an efficient, educational institution. The system provided the school with a strong spirit and a strength of character that was evident to anyone who watched the school in action over the year.

Fortunately the Prefects were a varied body which made them even more qualified to do the job at hand. Representing, collectively, forty-four years at the school, there existed amongst this group a band of comradeship that made enforcing any policy a united effort. Every Prefect did not perform equally, but each performed to the maximum. Under the leadership of the Head Prefect, the Prefects were involved in all aspects of school life. In the houses, in the many clubs and activities and on the playing field; Prefects were involved, providing leadership, encouragement and generating spirit, as they were expected to do. This should perhaps be the most important requirement of being a Prefect, an active interest, progressing to eventual leadership. These qualities, along with a respect and a feeling for the school and its traditions as well as the students are essential.

As a whole this year's Prefect body had that respect and was able to pass this respect on to the entire student body. The success of the system can be measured by the students' response to the school.

At B.C.S. there is a spirit and a feeling for the school that can be compared to few. This year's Prefect system was built to continue these traditions, and it was built to last. To the Prefects for 1974-1975 falls the task of maintaining it for their year and for the future generations of B.C.S. Prefects.

A.R.G.  
J.R.C.T.





GRADS







# THE PREFECTS

## PETER MARCHUK (HEAD PREFECT) (1968)

Hudson, Quebec



Perhaps I should begin by saying all the things that B.C.S. has done for me, but then again, there isn't enough room in the magazine. Six years is a long time, but it was six years I shall never forget.

I can list down all the activities that I was involved in, but there was a mutual feeling between B.C.S. and myself that we gave each other from our hearts. Sure, it gave me a GREAT position, and I played on her teams, but there was something invisible between us that I can't describe. "The more you put in, the more you'll receive." This was said to me when I was a porky twelve-year-old, back in '68, and I still haven't forgotten it. I felt like quitting many times, but how can you throw in the "towel" when the "towel" itself has trucked on for over 138 years?

The road at times may be steep, but the only way to get to the top, is by climbing. Keep climbing, School, keep climbing.

## ELOISE CAMERON (1972)

Jonquière, Québec

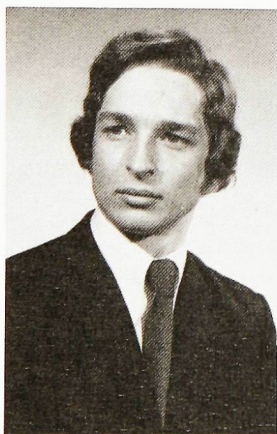
Eloise started out on the new "prefect" model- but the head proved too small-spiritually. She moved onto a denser model, of mass-not spirit. The past two years were spent in thousands of different ways, some probably more meaningful than others: three great roommates (Tracy, Riva, and Cynthia), a daily call from Daddy, a Sunday call to Mommy, frequent visits to Grier House, and we must also mention the all nighters!! She was the Diet Head, but always failed to show the example to her followers, mainly Pudge. She was an active member of the choir, the soccer and volleyball teams, and tried very hard to accomplish her duties as platoon lieutenant.

Eloise is off to Waterloo University (we hope) to pursue her career in Mathematics. We wish her the best of luck, and hope that thoughts of the two years here will remain always, wherever she is.



## DANIEL C. CHABOT (1972)

Baie Comeau, Quebec



From the depths of Baie Comeau came a flash of white ski pants; "Eh, watch out guys, maybe I rape dat pure white virgin snow!" Nevertheless there were more interesting moments when he was racking his brains over Physics and Calculus assignments.

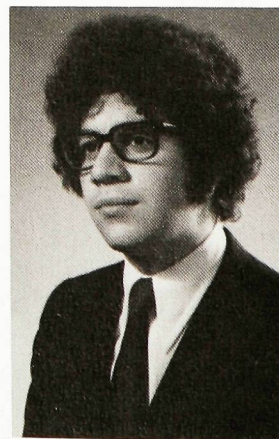
Shotgun was a member of the First Football Team, always giving his best. During the winter term he became actively involved in trying to train the Ski Team, to which he was an asset. He now looks forward to a fulfilling Rugby season.

In two long years at BCS Danny has definitely left his mark on the surroundings. We wish him luck, and we will definitely miss Shotgun next year as he goes off to the University of Delaware.

## DAVID J. COUREY (1969)

Trois Rivières, Quebec

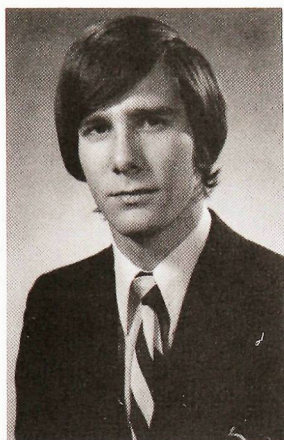
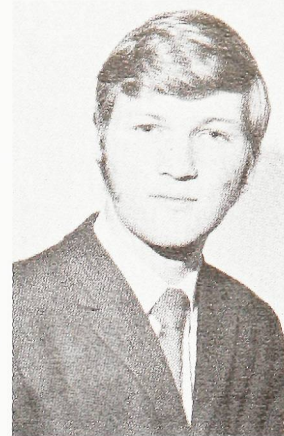
Our Dave, school Prefect extraordinaire won the BCS "Diplomat of the year award" by a short head over Henry Kissinger and Tony Graham by virtue of his rooming with Gauvin for three terms in succession -nuclear war was thus avoided. This unparalleled act of altruism was matched only by our Dave's great oratorical talents, whether it be reading in Chapel or on the way to the Funny Forum (or something like that.) Certainly our Dave, with booming voice, Dylanesque hair-do, and Michael Caine glasses will be greatly missed by one and all. He will be remembered for his boundless energy and enthusiasm for everything and anything BCS, but above all for his kindness towards others. The only sigh of relief at his departure will be from the school chef who will not have to prepare as many chocolate-chip cookies for the Prefect's Room next year.





**LOUIS-PAUL DUPUY (1971)**  
St.-Lambert, Quebec.

INVOLVEMENTS: Junior French Award (1972); Precision Squad (1971-1972); First Team Football (1971-1973); First Class Colours (1972-1973); Captain (1973); Track and Field (1972-1973); First Class Colours; Cross-Country Ski (1972-1974); Competition Team (1973); Canadian Marathon (1973); Warden (1974); no 2 BCS Cadet Corps (1971-1974); Lieutenant (1973-1974); Lighting Director for Williams House's Play, "Billion Dollar Babies" (Co-winner of 1973-1974 House Play Festival); Prefect. (see page 169).

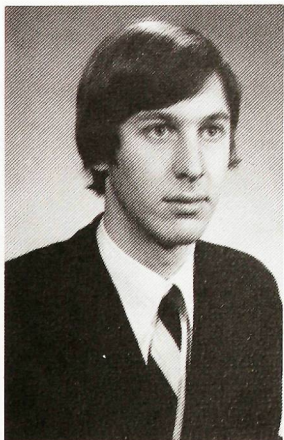
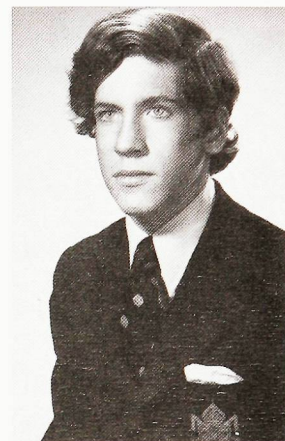


**B. SCOTT GILBERT (1969)**  
Dollard des Ormeaux, Quebec.

INVOLVEMENTS: Academic Achievement Tie Winner, Michaelmas 1969, 1970, 1971, 1972, 1973; Lent 1971; Trinity 1970, 1971, 1972, 1973; L/Cpl. Gerry Hanson History Prize 1973; General Proficiency 1973; Cadet 1969-1974; Precision Squad 1971, 1972; Black Watch Church Parade 1972, 1973; 2nd Class Colours Track and Field 1971, 1st Class Colours Track and Field 1973; Agora 1969-1971; Kitchen Crew 1970-1972; Librarian 1973; Dining Hall Monitor 1973; Magazine Copy Editor 1973; Chapel Warden (Treasurer) 1972; Head Warden, St. Martin's Chapel 1973; Student Council Prefect Representative 1973; Prefect. (see page 169).

**ANTHONY R. GRAHAM (1968)**  
Montreal, Quebec.

INVOLVEMENTS: Film Club (First Class, 1968); Choir (1968); Precision Squad (1968-1971); Agora (Chairman 1970-1974); Glass House Representative (1969); Radio BCS (1969); Server of the Chapel (1969-1971); Head Server of the Chapel (1972-1974); Cadet Corps Adjutant (1973); Cadet Corps Captain (1974); Magazine Staff - Graduates Editor (1973); Business Manager (1974); Stage Crew 1 (1971-1973); Librarian (1971-1973); Fifth Form Winter Carnival Committee Treasurer (1972); Dining Hall Committee (1973); Member of the Students' Council (1969); Speaker of the Students, Council (1973); The Black Watch Award (1973); The Tony Award Trophy Winner (1971-1972); The Grant Hall Medal Winner (1972); McGill Debating Tournament Winner (1970-1973); The Provincial Debating Tournament Winner (1971-1972); The National Debating Tournament Winner (1972); Prefect. (see page 169)

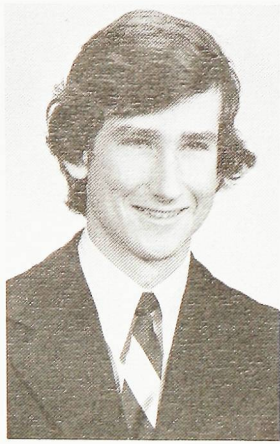


**GRAHAM F. HALLWARD (1970)**  
Westmount, Quebec.

In 1970 the school was privileged to enroll an intellectual by the name of Graham F. Hallward. Above many of his peers, he attained the respect, most admirably of both friend and foe. As an individual he strove to perfection within the limits of human originality. Although many were unable to foresee his achievements, I am privileged to say that not only did I foresee them, I swore by them.

Being well rounded he contributed extensively to squash, soccer and cricket, not to mention the trials and tribulations of Miss Chisnell. As a Cadet there could be no finer. He won the medal for the best recruit as well as that for the finest officer. However most important, he passed his Chemistry and encouraged Tom Lynch not to tease poor Faith.



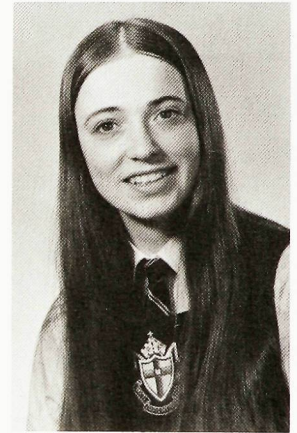


**R. FRAZER MCCONNELL (1971)**  
Montego Bay, Jamaica

Frazer, resident of Maison Schmidt (shortly to be changed to Chateau Owenbrau), and colourful native (or colourless non-native) of Jamaica departs for new lands. Speaking a rare form of English dialect (far superior incidentally to that spoken in Quebec) his voice was a pleasure to hear amidst the raucous twangs around him. In common with his predecessors, the colonial gentlemen sent out to becalm the tribesmen, Frazer possessed that quiet, dignified approach to life combined with a calm firmness and common sense when dealing with the many problems which beset him as a school Prefect. His maturity, his delightful wit and his mild-mannered and unpretentious attitude will sorely be missed.

**ANNE MARIE PERRON (1972)**  
La Sarre, Quebec.

A couple of years ago from the wastelands of Abitibi a girl, frail and thin, arrived on the steps of King's Hall, suitcase in hand. The same girl, now plump and happy, leaves us for the nursing schools of Ontario. Is it possible that this very same girl is the one that arrived those many years ago? Certainly! For Perron (does she have any other name?) has surely left her mark on King's Hall and, more importantly, BCS. Perron will be remembered best, perhaps, for her plaintive cry that, "tomorrow I MUST start my diet!" But Anne-Marie will be remembered for more than that. For her contributions to the soccer team ("But, Mr. Bateman, I'm not all THAT late"), to the Prefects ("Scott just said to me ...") and to Gillard House ("Come on girls, house meeting..."). Good luck next year, Anne-Marie, and come back and see us soon!



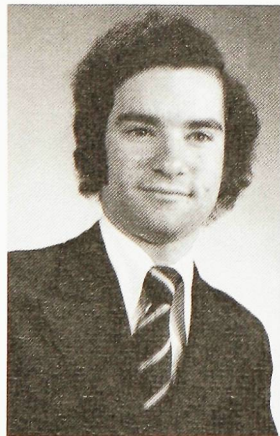
**JOSEPH A. SERVENTE (1971)**  
Montreal, Quebec.

Joe. A gutsy, dependable, hard nosed, sociable Italian.

I could tell you of his accomplishments and determination in sports; I could recount conversations originating in depression and frustration but terminating in hope and encouragement; I could tell you of a sincere individual respected by most.

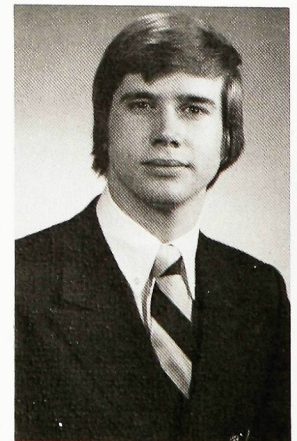
Cadet Lieutenant, Captain of First Football (colours), First Fifteen Rugby. But above all, a friend!

We wish Joe the best of luck wherever the future may lead him.



**JAMES R.C. THATCHER (1969)**  
Warwick, Bermuda

As the end of a five year long association with this community draws closer I find myself left with two strong emotions; deep regret and many thanks. Regret that never again will I walk through the halls as a student, and thanks for the many friends I've made, the experiences I've had and all the memories I will always cherish. Words alone are inadequate to express my feelings for this school and I will probably never be able to accurately calibrate how much it has done for me over this relatively short period of time. I can predict, however, that I will look forward to returning often as an Old Boy, and I can only hope that in the years to come the school will quickly develop to its full potential for the benefit of all its students.





# THE SEVENTH FORM

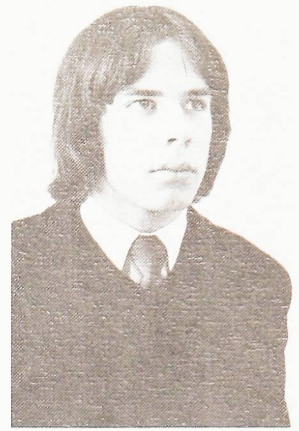
WILLIAM O. ANGLIN (1972)  
Vancouver, British Columbia

Bill's return from Vancouver was unexpected because of his obvious discontent here the previous year.

However, his second year proved to be somewhat more eventful than his first: beginning with a rather dangerous "Rendez-vous" with Miss Hammond and ending with frequent visits to North Hatley in the spring term. A thorough study was conducted by Bill's two best friends at Bishops, Abraham and Victoria. Their results proved Bill's increased activeness in school life this year.

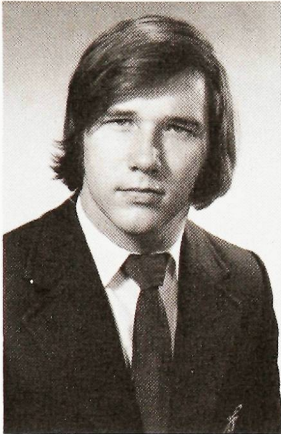
When he was not found skiing, playing football, dodging trains or chasing chickens, he couldn't be found at all.

We assume that our faithful Vancouverite will be heading back to the West Coast for the summer and hopefully will endure a more contented existence out there next year.



JOHN J. ATKINS (1969)  
Jeddah, Saudi Arabia.

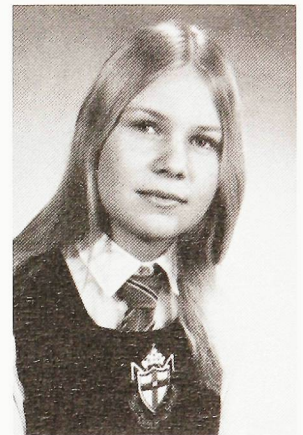
Saudi came to BCS in '69, as a Glass House member. He then spent his next year in School House, and since then has been a McNaughton house boy. He spends his time on the football field, underwater, on his motorcycle, travelling to and from Saudi Arabia, at 17 Park and in his sandbox. John will probably end up studying the Saint Francis River, and opening a motorcycle shop at the Lennoxberg international airport, and if worse comes to worst, maybe opening a garage on St. Francis Street - fixing BCS's masters wheels? Next year Saudi will probably go to B.U. or Carleton. What happens after that will depend on the price of oil.



CORINA M. CHISNELL (1972)  
Morin Heights, Quebec.

Words of thanks, of sincere gratitude, of appreciation and understanding; memories of sun-grey days and the rainy evenings, as well as thoughts of what is to come and all that has just been .... the bringing together of familiar faces, the chance for a will to achieve, the constant hope and aspiration that perhaps tomorrow will be the day, fatal procrastination, cheerful encouragement, constructive criticism, and a sought-for feeling of accomplishment, a sense of belonging, the freedom to accept or to forever contradict, a chance to give, to receive, or just to to give, to receive, or just to be left alone. Time to wonder, little time to sleep, and always time to worry, however, the laughter and the smiles can never be forgotten.

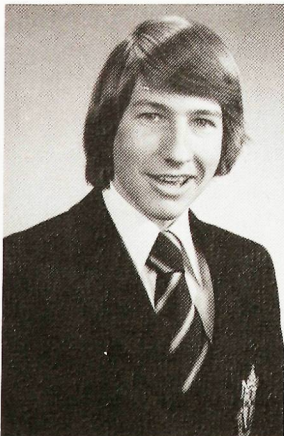
"For each of us there are miracles, we have only to step silently aside and look upon everyday things."



MARK W. EMANUEL (1972)  
Dorval, Quebec.

Profound in his thinking, Mark was obsessed with nothing but calculus, physics and pleasurable figures. He was a manual filled with prodigious erroneous, mind-staggering classic gas, not to mention his exuberant preventive smile. Yes, an intellectual he is with an inevitable amount of self-righteousness. He donated himself to the ski team, cross-country running team and was unfortunately sold to a spring of Track and Field for an undisclosed amount.

Mark, being a persistent worker, frequently worried us for he, when working, would rarely come up for air. As an active member of Park's congregation of musicians, he was one of our finest snare-drummers when not being sidetracked by, as already mentioned, pleasurable figures.







### CONSTANCE M. EVERSON (1973)

Westmount, Quebec

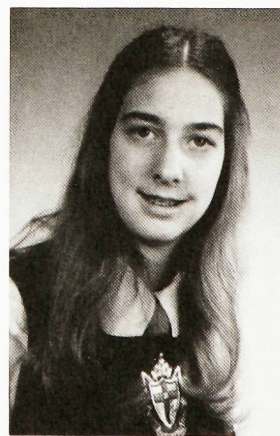
Whip came to us in September, with her black leather boots, her cat of nine tails, and her undying smile, just late of terrorizing young Study girls. At first, B.C.S. wasn't sure exactly it is one should do with a day-in-day-out-super-smile, (evidently Mother had told her about Ultra Brite). Whip knew what to do though, she went out and became a cheerleader. What is it that keeps Connie so happy? Some people say that she learned from Danny at the beginning of the year, but those who know her from the Study say that hers is a smile of satisfaction. We wish Connie the best of luck wherever she may hang her whip next year.

### JULIA FISHER (1973)

Westmount, Quebec

When Julia came in September, I wonder if she really knew what would be in store for her. Could she have possibly imagined the endless calculus assignments or the demanding hours spent at the B.U. library, or even the ungodly waking hour of 6.45 a.m.. What was it that sustained her? Was it donut day? local family ties? holidays in Bermuda? We'll never know, all we know is what we saw in Julia. We saw (and heard!) her constant arguments as she defended her horse against motorcycles. (Never again will a horse be confused with a motorcycle!) Although once she did stoop to riding in a car which won her one week of staying in at nights at the Gillard Hilton.

Julia is looking forward to Guelph and a career as a veterinarian. We are sure her future will include horses, dogs, cats and of course donuts. Who knows, maybe even motorcycles!



### CYNTHIA A. JENKINS (1973)

Baie Comeau, Quebec

Cindy otherwise known as the laughing turtle, came to B.C.S. from Portland (or Arkansas). A few weeks after she arrived she decided many traditions had to go, and, though they didn't disappear, she has held her ideals. Cindy has become a legend in the geography room for a notorious term paper. The long hours at B.U. library finally paid off. (50 pages??) This year Turtle learned how to run in cross-country crease with Mr. Perrier, though a little unsuccessfully. Not able to get away from "cross-country" she took skiing this winter.

Cindy's wit and humour will be remembered when she leaves B.C.S. We wish turtle lots of luck.



## ROBERT J. MORRIS (1973)

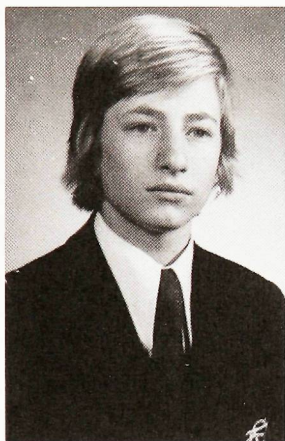
Sherbrooke, Quebec

God, where is Moe? In the library! Yep, with his pants rolled up, his tie around his head and shuffling around in his workies. The usual. He proved to be a most entertaining seventh former. Quite the "townie" laugh.

Seriously, he is a very charming chap. Sports wise, he played on first team football, and was always on the squash courts. He was a regular hockey star in the masters cup, especially when he and Ferg were on together.

Out of school, you could usually find him either the "Lion" or the "Bish Pub". "Oh no, not me, I'll never tell."

"What? Me worry? I'm a MAWMA's boy! Snap, Crackle, Pop."



## STEPHEN W.C. MULHERIN (197J)

Rosemere, Quebec

Along with the light frame and sometimes light fingers, came a cautious boy from one of the great cities of the world. Naturally, a member of that famous organization as mentioned above, he spent many hours thinking.

Not devoted only to his academics, Steve spent much time helping his overwhelming editor, finding photography subjects, dreaming of Whistler and the usual slacker sports for the better part of the year.

As you can see tis not such a hot Grad article, but if you had to do a few all-nighters, type all the copy for the yearbook and spend some of your holiday at school to do extra work, you would get to the point of not caring as I am at the present. Bye.

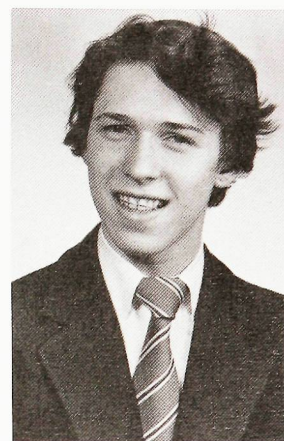
## DEREK B. PARK (1970)

Key Gardens, New York

It is strange how one will associate one thing to another or characterize something in a single word. Derek is no exception, two words come to mind about him, loyalty and thoughtfulness. An admirable quality indeed is his outstanding trait of putting others before himself. And that is why, with the help of his 'tin grin' and his loyalty, he has made his mark in the school and in his peers.

He applies himself to his work and sports in the same way. A deep concern to do better than average carried him through many squash meets and many late nights of Coq Roté.

Where next year you will find Derek B. Park I am not sure, but he takes with him four very valuable years, I am certain, and our hopes to see you soon.



## GISELLE M. PLANTZ (1972)

Curaço, South America

When Giselle came to us last year, she brought her amazing talent for track. This took her through many races and along many cross-country trails. Giselle's true self showed through this year as she has become accustomed to the way of life at school and its people.

At 5:30 every morning she would start the day at the Sherbrooke track and ended the day with a jog around the football field. Where she gets her energy from, we will never know. She never eats anything except for chocolate ice-cream.

In the future, we can see Giselle sitting behind a huge desk and she is certain to be a success.





### WILLIAM D. PRESCOTT (1973)

Keeseville, New York.

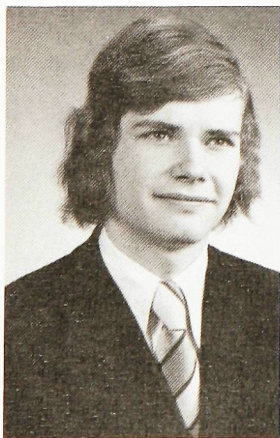
The rat was a new-comer to BCS this year, and proved to be a valuable participant in many things, from First Team Football to the Pine Tree (with the emphasis on the latter).

Presrat was seen scampering in many little places for the occasional one (?). Rat's main interests lay in Sewell, his ratness, and James his efficient adversary, who beat him many times - at least five big ones. In Chapman House, Bill was active in the pleasantries, the path, Town Talk. He was always last in the race up to school, but blamed it on the lack of rubber on his tennis shoes. We wish Bill the best in the coming years and hope that he will remain on top.

### VIRGINIA PRICE (1973)

Dakar, Senegal.

As BCS '73-'74 passes into the annals of history, many things will be remembered, football and hockey games, dances and people. One person who won't be forgotten for a long time is Ginny Price. After circling the world by age 17, Ginny gave up the "rough" life in the Swiss Alps to become a member of our 'rookie squad'. Truly, Ginny's warm personality and easygoing character became well known around the campus. Apart from being an avid member of "Horses Anonymous", she was quite active in many social events and was always on hand to take the blame for something not as social! Not only commuting from Senegal in darkest Africa, she has ventured to Quebec City for some 'important events'. BCS will sadly miss Ginny and her free wheelin' personality. A word of warning to you all: never, never be around her when Ginny gets a sudden urge to laugh!



### J.R. SCOTT PRITCHARD (1972)

Knowlton, Quebec

Ever since that English class way back when, things have not been the same for Pritch. All of a sudden finding himself in the limelight, and having lost that anonymity that had been so useful in the past, our farmer from Massey Vanier felt compelled to go out and leave his mark on BCS. On the first team football field and in the rink as a member of the First Hockey Team, Pritch could be relied on for one hundred per cent effort (even if he did lack something in style). But much more than a jock we all came to realise that Pritch was one hell of a good guy. As far as the future is concerned, time and the Admissions Officers can only tell.

### RENEE M. PROVENCHER (1973)

North Hatley, Quebec.

Another new addition to the seventh form this year was Renée Provencher. And not a bad addition at that! A good looking day student, once again upholding the reputation of the "Towny". Alive! Why just the other night ....!

It seems that Renée is an army lover, being attracted to a Major. A mature officer who never had it so good. A summer and winter ski lover, an avid sailor and horseback rider, Renée also enjoys Field Hockey and off the field activities. A diligent worker is another one of her traits. BCS is lucky to have such a big asset. "Trailer for sale or rent."





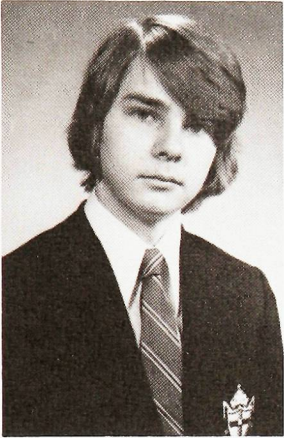
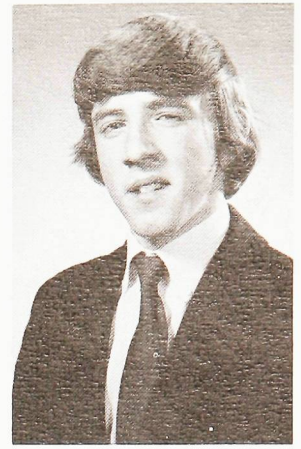
## PETER J. RICH (1969)

St. Armand, Quebec

Through the years Peter, first establishing himself as one of our finest academic students, has progressed to become an even finer athlete. His efforts as captain of the cricket team, his mobility on the first team soccer and his style on the cross-country ski team, have earned him first class colours.

A trying cadet he was, until joining Park's band, where he became a tone deaf trombone player. In the choir he sang like a dead bird and established himself as one of "Eric the Red's" stage crew performers.

His ambition, after winning the Governor General's award, is to become a Governor General or, if not that, to resume the responsibility of being Beaky's head tutor.

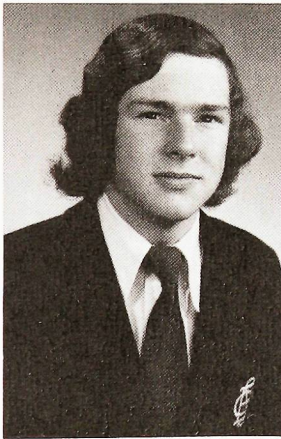


## CLARK W. ROSS (1973)

Brusselles, Belgium

After enduring two years at B.C.S., Living two years in New Jersey, and coming back for one last year, Clark decided that this way of living and having to associate with basic quasi-non-existent pseudo-intellectuals was not what life is all about. In search of the "true meaning of life" he will probably be found philosophizing in the Himalayas next year, or being a rock star in Madison Square Gardens, or else going to a super university to prepare to work at a nine to five job like his dad.

He will not be coming back for eighth next year, instead he will try and catch up to the twentieth century of the outside world.



## BRUCE A. SOMERVILLE (1973)

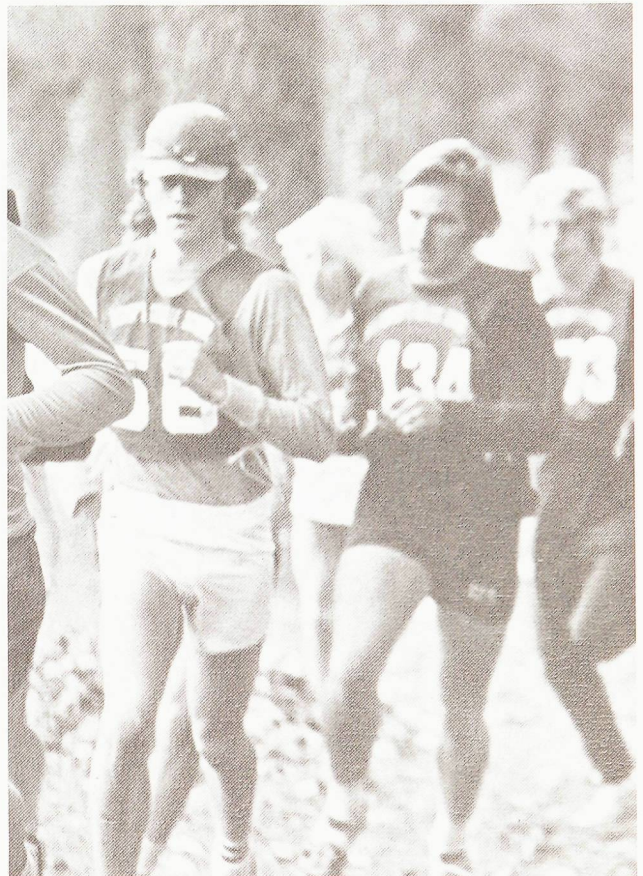
Knowlton, Quebec

From Sedbough to Bishop's; is such a transaction possible? Can he handle the social pressures, the new system, the exotic girls? Will this school affect his position of honour on the K.D.T.

Bruce (Aimers) became a quick minded member of the MAWMA'S boys, proving himself by spending many late nights working on chemistry and woodworking. This dashing young man found himself caught up in trying to grow a moustache to impress his many women.

A man with many abilities, soccer, skiing, knowltoning which covers many other talents so well acclaimed by himself.

As he flies off to Guelf next year to become a horse doctor, we have a word of caution; beware of the young hens.







## H. FERGUS WORTHINGTON-WILMER (1970)

Baie-D'Urfé, Quebec

Ferg could be heard excusing himself, "But sir, I wasn't in her car...." He is also the record holder for eating sandwiches in the dining hall, it was fifteen in one sitting.

He seemed to have a great passion for a certain trailer and a few motorcycles. No Ferg, Motorcycles are not better than horses. Soccer, Sex, Skiing, and Sailing were some of the things that Ferg indulged in. His most fatal encounter was Moe during the Masters Cup series where they would clash. You might ask, where is Ferg...Where is René?

Seriously, Ferg was a decent person, always ready to lend an ear to catch up on the latest gossip. He was always up to his old tricks and trying to do something out of the ordinary.

He was a member of MAWMA'S boys also.

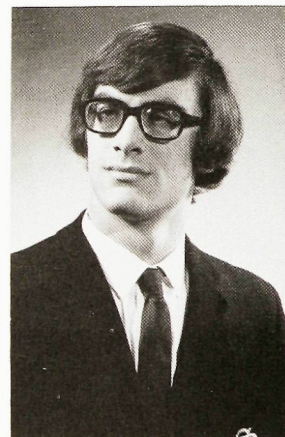
## GREGG M. WINTERSON (1969)

Vaudreil, Quebec.

Forcefully molded into the system. So young to be left alone, all alone. Then, familiarity, Growth of character and of body, acceptance of a way of life. Grievances born in pride, characters more than people. Growing old with worry, every year a hard, new source.

Then, it's gone. Torn down in rubble and dust. Horrifying skeletons dominating life. Insecurity threatening stability. Rebuilt, a new world. More natural? All different. Shaded forms of good times, reminiscence, gone forever. Modern conveniences, offensive colours. Final struggle to tear away.

Habits broken, paces altered. Torn from friends and well-known haunts. Looking back from the outside, seeing them young, starting alone, worried insecure. Through the moldings, through the growth, through the familiarity, onto ... Five years. Done!



## AND FREDERICK G. MACINTOSH (1970)

Ottawa, Ontario.

(Ah-Yes!)

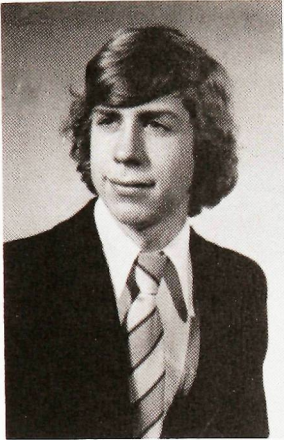
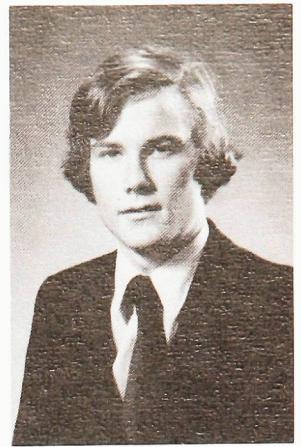




ANDREW ALBERT (1971)  
Earlstown, Quebec.

(Epitaph of a departed one.)

His was a story of success, tis true  
An athlete, a scholar and a day-boy too.

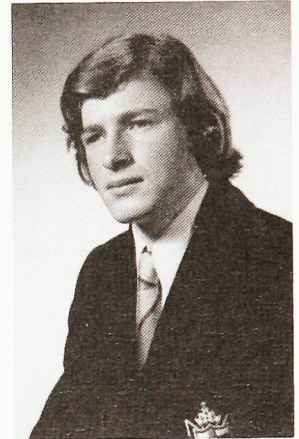


DANIEL BOITEAU (1971)  
Ste. Foy, Quebec.

Danny brought to BCS his sense of humour (french style) and personal character traits that we could never forget. Along with his bicycle, Danny could often be seen peddling some deserted road, or utilizing his sixth form privilege (for he could often be found in Sherbrooke.) At the most unexpected moments Danny would break out his grin and everything would be forgotten. We all know of his early morning parties with John in McNaughton House. For three years Danny bombed the slopes and kept his school going in the comp. ski races. His long cross-country runs were slightly broken up by short rests, but they never really did stop him long. In fact nothing has ever stopped him long for his quick wit and ready smile have always brought him to the top.

JOHN F. BONNELL (1972)  
Baie Comeau, Quebec

John is BCS's version of George Carlin. His devastating talent in humour has discouraged countless numbers of victims from working too hard. In fact John spent most of his time at BCS trying to prove his theory of academics: the amount of work done on a subject is inversely proportionate to the degree of marks. John failed to realise that his theory somehow only applied to him. John had full control of his mind. For example he could create a total void whenever he'd rather not listen to a teacher. Upon being asked a question he would, amazingly, answer correctly, making the teacher look rather foolish. For these deceptions he earned himself many congratulations for working and first team colours in Track (in which he actually DID star as a long jumper.)



BRUCE B. COULTER (1972)  
Lennoxville, Quebec

By moving West  
I learned how to go East  
By standing on my head  
I found out the importance of my feet  
Through stumbling  
I discovered dancing.  
Through slaughter,  
Kindness  
Wanting to go somewhere  
I started in the other direction  
At least I know where I am  
I am nowhere at all.

F.R. Scott

PICTURE  
NOT  
AVAILABLE





### ANDREA S. CUNNINGHAM (1973)

Pointe Claire, Quebec.

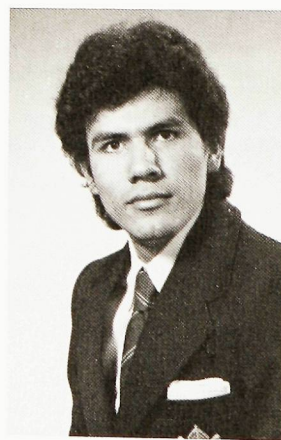
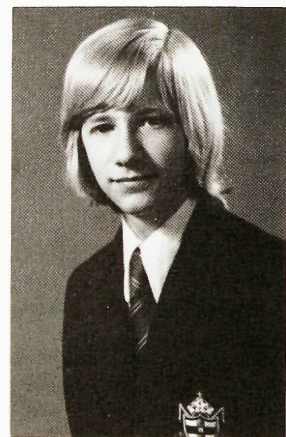
Andrea arrived this fall unaware of what Bishop's really stood for. After a few brief shocks she quickly made a name for herself on First Team Soccer but really only made her reputation stick in competition ski and Bordon ball.

We'll never forget her adventures as a member of the stage crew. We still hold her responsible for the pink house! She also made herself known among her contemporaries in every aspect of life in Gillard House. Her worldly knowledge of foreign affairs proved to be the excitement of many french classes. Andrea strove to do well at everything she undertook and undoubtedly succeeded. We hope to see her again on campus next year where she will be a welcome sight to those who know her.

### PAUL J. DANCER (1972)

Lennoxville, Quebec.

Have you ever wondered what life at BCS is like for a day student? Paul can answer all of your questions. He faithfully trudges the long mile to and from BCS twice a day. Always on time for Chapel, Paul attacks each day with a fresh, aggressive attitude. Known as a trend setter, Paul has his own easy going style. He admits though the day students are a little out of it. "What sleep in? No classes until break? How was I to know?". Paul, rest assured, if you come back next year, we'll keep you informed.



### MIQUEL J. DERNEY (1972)

Puerto Vallarta, Mexico

Miquel likes Canada a lot, in fact he likes it so much that he spends all his vacation time here. He doesn't even go home in the summer! If you ask him why, he'll tell you he's got one more year to wait before he can safely go home. It seems that the Mexican government was so impressed with his Cadet training that they are in need of his services, but Miquel thought it would be better for himself to get a good education than to go with them. So that is why we are fortunate enough to have him here with us. He's not really missing anything anyway thanks to the Precision Squad. See you again next year, Miquel.



### ANNE D. DUNCAN (1973)

Arvida, Quebec.

"Make the best of everything, and everything will be the best." Anne, a newcomer to BCS, gradually adapted to residence life with its constant late nights and teachers' attempts (mainly Miss P.) to see her asleep on time. Whether straining to hear her favourite songs on the radio, quibbling over physics problems, counting curlers or dreaming up things to do, her pet peeve still remains - 7:00 a.m. ... dozy-eyed, temperamental and mumbling into the pillow ...

Sportswise, Anne found herself qualifying for First Team soccer, then switched to an avid volleyball player, recognised by her two giant kneepads and a quick eye for "weak spots".

Some people talk about energy shortage but in Anne's case it would be more of an energy surplus. Always ready for something fun, she was able to liven up the house in minutes. Hopefully, Anne's enthusiasm and spirit will not dwindle in the years to come.



### EDITH M. DUSSAULT (1972)

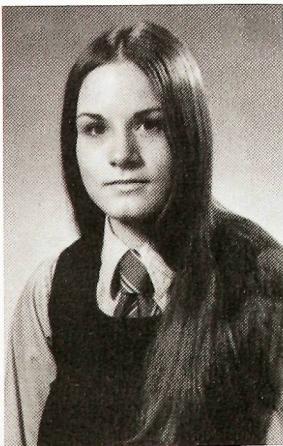
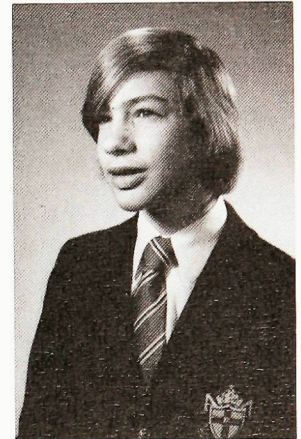
Magog, Quebec

Edith has been at BCS for what she feels were two long years. Gillard House can hear her contagious laughter (that laugh!) all day and night. Edith gets quite upset when it comes to Physics and the Physics teacher, but we know she'll hang in there. We all heard of her great escapades in her role as goalie in field hockey and her title as ski instructor. She'll always remember her chicken fight with Janus and the crêpe paper with Mary. For the future years in C.E.G.E.P. - good luck!

### JOHN EMANUEL (1972)

Dorval, Quebec.

Well known as the mystery man of McNaughton House, John became notorious as a lover of heavy music and even heavier stereo systems upon which to play the much-vaunted vibes of David Bowie (not Courey), Pink Floyd (not Lloyd) and the Rolling Stones (not Jones). This gives vent to the ancient South Korean proverb that "the quiet man likes the loudest music." More often seen with than without his earphones John produced a wall of sound matched only by those of A. MacCallum, the well known Scottish playwright. We wish him the very best vibrations, positive waves and all that. "If music be the food of love, play on."



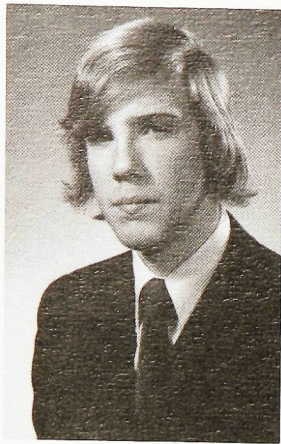
### KIMBERLY J. FITZ-PATRICK (1972)

Virginia, U.S.A.

Who's afraid of the Virginian Wolf? Our Southern Belle burst into BCS with cries of "hi y'all" and imported sunny smiles. After much teasing however, she did learn to mimic a half decent Canadian accent. In her "Virginia is for lovers" T-shirt, she wielded a wicked field hockey stick and cheered the team on with cries of, "every corner is a goal, y'all!" But her greatest accomplishment was attempting to speak French with a drawl.

Last year ... the gang, Fitz, her crazy crash diets, martian measles, tuck y'all, bisques, tell him I'm off crease, Sarah has the key, I'm gonna start my diet - tomorrow, phone calls, if I don't get a letter, I'll ... crazy Canucks, now back home it's done THIS way, I'm asleep, doughnuts and donuts, huh?





### DAVID F. FULLER (1971)

Lennoxville, Quebec.

David came to us by way of the factory on the hill. He survived one year with Stretch and has returned as an influential senior in Grier House. Along the way he picked up the name "slack", for apparent reasons. This year slack performed mightily with First Team Football, gaining colours for his outstanding work on the offensive line. During the winter he displayed his wicked slap shot with First Team Hockey. It was not uncommon for slack to wind up three feet from the goalie and still let one fly at his head. This depended, of course, on whether he ever got the shot off at all!

David has gained the respect of the juniors in Grier House (one way or another) and has set a fine example for the likes of Dumais and Co. "Slack" will be back next year in Grier House much to the dismay of Mitchell and the other hired helpers.

### JANUS M. FOX (1972)

Brighton, Ontario.

Foxy came to us from Compton last year. She was out of her room on many occasions, either to fly around with Birdie or to gossip on the phone. Her laughs and bellowing crys of "you're giving me cramps" could be heard from one end of the soccer field to the other. This same thing was also heard in harmony with Mr. Austin in the choir. The bespectacled librarian was a tyrant at her desk, swatting it out until eleven each evening and then running down to the locker room for her nightly showers. Deadly in the Dining Hall, Janus entertained us three times a day except when she was on duty, of course. Seriously, Janus was a great help around the school, a friend to many and, unquestionably, a mother to all. She will hopefully return next year to provide us with her enticing walk and that old Foxy charm.



### MARC R. GAUVIN (1969)

Athens, Greece.

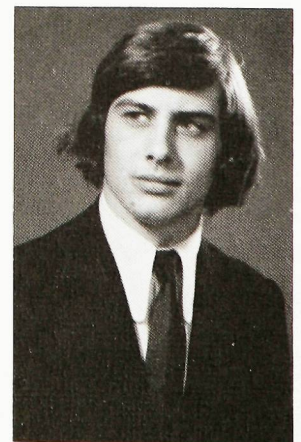
Throughout his career at BCS Marc has led the life of a "nice guy". Never before in the history of this school have such good intentions been so misunderstood. Actually, even if he is a moo-cow he's not such a bad guy, even if he does tend to sit next to your bed at the wrong time (I remember, don't you?). He's a quiet, thoughtful fellow, even if he does blow his G.D. harp at the wrong time (any time is the wrong time!). His main problem is that he takes everything so seriously. Five years at Bish is enough for anybody, and Marc is no exception. We wish him best of luck next year as he leaves us to become an expatriate artist in the depths of Greece.



### JERE A. GILLIS (1973)

Town of Mount Royal, Quebec.

This year Jere returned to BCS after a year's absence. Although he did not visit us frequently, on Tuesdays and Thursdays if at all, he did manage to pull off some amazing feats. The least of which was his functions mark and those amazing effort ratings. Our "gentle superstar" had the ability to get along with almost everyone and was the subject to doubletakings with his spectacular leg attire. It's a pretty sure thing that Jere is seeking a career in hockey. Right now he is going strong with the "Castors de Sherbrooke", from there anywhere is possible.

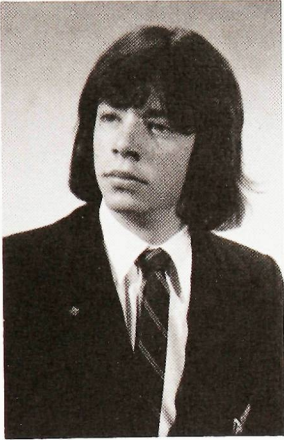




## CHARLES GOODFELLOW (1970)

Ville de Lery, Quebec.

Upon Charleys arrival at BCS, we think it happened on the first night, he realised that there was just no way he'd ever get to like this school, or anyone in it. This happened way back in Third Form and he's tried desperately to keep up the philosophy. But, as usual, it reversed on him, and people started to get to like him (well, got to know him anyway) and before you knew it, he was drowning in a sea of hateful like. He's still fighting but we know he'll sink. Honourable mention goes to his stunning track and equally stunning late assignments. We're sending him lead weights for his next season, this time abroad, and wish him a gold at the '80 Olympics.

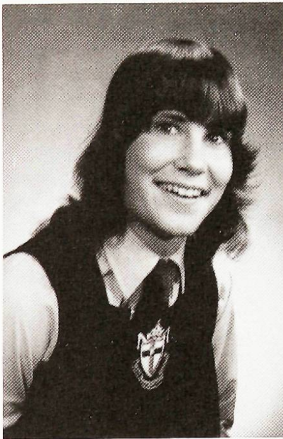


## E. ALLEN GREENWOOD (1972)

New Orleans, U.S.A.

The dog: a southern charmer who mixed well with the fairer sex. He will be greatly missed next year for he leaves the land of snow to start a music career that in time will make him more famous than Buddy Rich. Chapman House will also miss his great wit and efforts to have everyone keep the path clean. No more early showers. He could always be counted on to organise house beats on poor Howie, but ask him the difference between the Mardigras and the Quebec Carnival, the response would be "the blondes."

A sports star, not only in football, but in Chocktaw hockey and Track as well. We wish him the best of luck - he's sure to be a success.



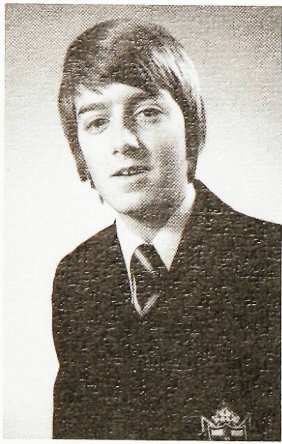
## MARY K. HUNKIN (1973)

Pointe Claire, Quebec.

A new girl this year, Hunk had, within a week, firmly established herself in BCS life. She showed an amazing skill in sports, ball handling being her speciality. She was at nearly every football and hockey game, some say there was a Tony, I mean, a reason for this. Mary had quite a vocabulary but the word prep had no place in it. Often in the house, but very rarely in her room, Mary was a great asset to Glass House; her help often sought and her opinion highly valued by all.





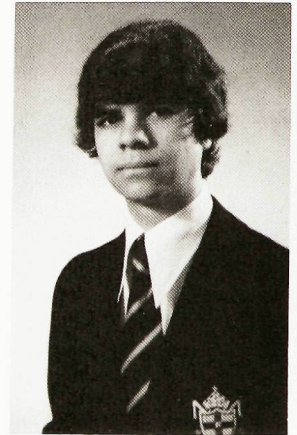


MICHAEL R. HYDE (1972)  
Beaconsfield, Quebec.

"Bishop's College: a place where one spends several thousand dollars on an education, then prays for a holiday to come on a school day." Another student from the booming metropolis of Beaconsfield Michael arrived two years ago. A tranquil member of Smith House, Michael roomed with Cloutier (and survived) while making extensive studies into the field of zoology during his first year in the house. He still can't make up his mind about which was more fascinating. Cloutier was certainly more of a challenge, although the creatures he found lurking in the cracks around the zoo made a better study, more amazing were their habits. With the dying off of several of the more colourful creatures this year, the zoology lab was closed down and Mike turned novelist. We are awaiting the publication of his first best seller.

C. STEPHEN JEFFRIES (1972)  
Altoona, Pennsylvania

Steve studies the blistering snow-storm raging outside (and through) Willy House's windows. "Crazy Canadians - why don't they live in some sane kind of climate, like Pennsylvania?" Indeed everyone asks him why he ventured so far north; he usually replies, "I don't know, I guess 'cause..." Perhaps it was to discover the great potential of a doctor, or an architect, chemistry before Beaky blasts me, go to the artroom and finish my drawing or go to the Library and finish my French?" Poor ol' Steve - all this debating is in vain, as inevitably he will be talked into playing some lunatic game for the whole afternoon.



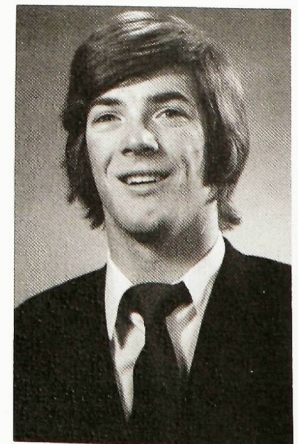
MONIQUE H. LACROIX (1972)  
Sillery, Quebec.

Mona came from Quebec to bless us with her ways and characteristics. She was thrust into an atmosphere that she could sometimes not comprehend and always found her classes difficult, but after two years of working at it she has succeeded, and not only academically for the memories of Mona skipping down the halls will ring forever in Gillard House. Her house spirit and her general enthusiasm were highest during carnival yet never seemed to falter. A friend to all, a limitless source of sweaters, records - anything we ever needed. We wish her every happiness in the years to come.



THOMAS E. LYNCH (1970)  
Montreal, Quebec.

Learning that there is more to life than controlling the "T" on the squash courts, Tom has certainly made his mark at BCS. What can one say about the spirited character that Tom was? He laughed a lot, out-cheered everyone at hockey games, dressed well and still managed to hack around. Perhaps it was this out-going spirit that made him so popular (or was it the reddish locks?). Whatever the reason, Tom was a great friend. He has controlled the halls of Grier House ever since the exhibition of his clip-board smashing, Kung Fu act. But then who knew his strength (or weakness)? It certainly was not on the squash courts where he was 'weak'. On the contrary, this was one of Tom's better (if not the best) fields of activities. The choir will miss him, likewise the football team, but it will be Tom who will be missed most of all.

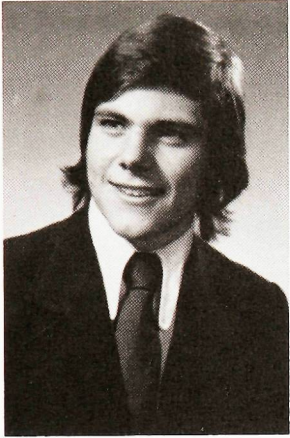




### A. STUART MACTAVISH (1972)

Montreal, Quebec.

The big moose has been ranging from the BCS treetops for two years now, and can often be observed while munching on a few of his favourite Bullrushes. Moose is one of the charter members of the Smith House zoo, as well as being one of its top ranking T.V. room members. Moose, as one might observe, is a sports fanatic - his literary selection ranges from the Gazette sports page to the Star sports page. He was also one of BCS's jock of all trades, as a first team stalwart in Football, Hockey and Rugby. Famous for his wild weekends in the big town, his well tapered antlers, and his fondness for Ben, the Moose should be back next year in an attempt to be a responsible Seventh former.



### TIMOTHY E. MCGEE (1972)

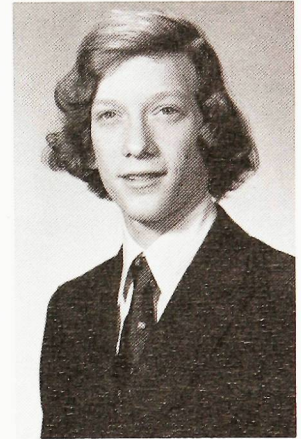
Victoria, British Columbia.

Two years ago Dice McGee, younger brother of the "Doon", arrived at BCS. Tim immediately followed in his brother's footsteps by joining Chapman House and has since proved to be a most valuable member. Dice quickly learned the school customs and rules (some the hard way) and since then has turned out to be quite an enforcer. His recognition was quickly gained with the many activities he participates in, such as first team sports, being a football star and one of the instigators of Rugby, provincial and optimistic debater, Cadet Sergeant's club and Shelagh. Tim is off to Boston (?) and British Columbia this summer in preparation for his return next fall for what, we hope, will be his most successful year yet.

### CHARLES L. MCQUADE (1970)

Knowlton, Quebec.

Once upon a fine, not so long ago, a boy came to this school. Eventually he learned how to spell. He adapted well to the system and after a year at "Booty Camp" (Glass House), he was ready to hit the big time and Williams House. With Williams House came fourth, most of fifth and hopefully all of sixth form. He can be found this year streaking around Williams House, trying to set a record for giving out No-Knows, at Glass House, or just generally romping over the grounds. Among his favourite expressions were: "No, I haven't done it either,....French?... Oh, my French!...We had physics prep?...oops! Forgot my journal again - Rod's gonna kill me!.. I don't have enough time!! But Chuck's unfailing imagination in the pursuit of happiness always seems to pull him through. His constant smile returns to us next year for what we hope will be another successful year of unusual coincidences and puzzling circumstances.



### CAROL J. MCQUADE (1973)

Beaconsfield, Quebec.

She started off as the tall, skinny girl overshadowed by her brothers and then stepped into her own role of individuality. Carol never said "Hi" without cracking a grin first and she always seemed to get into hysterical fits of laughter in math class. The house will never forget Carol's long walks which, in fact, were just long walks. We will always remember her great riding ability and her consistent quest for hard work and conscientious studying. She's known for her part as the other half of "the Long and Short Inc.", and that unforgettable quote: "Why this year was so much fun I may even be back." She proved to be trustworthy and friendly and we wish her the best of luck in the years to come.



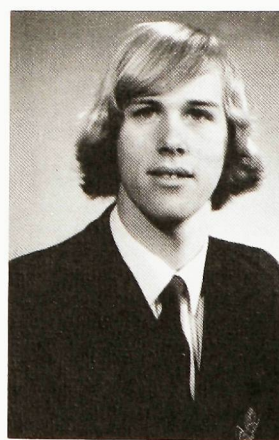
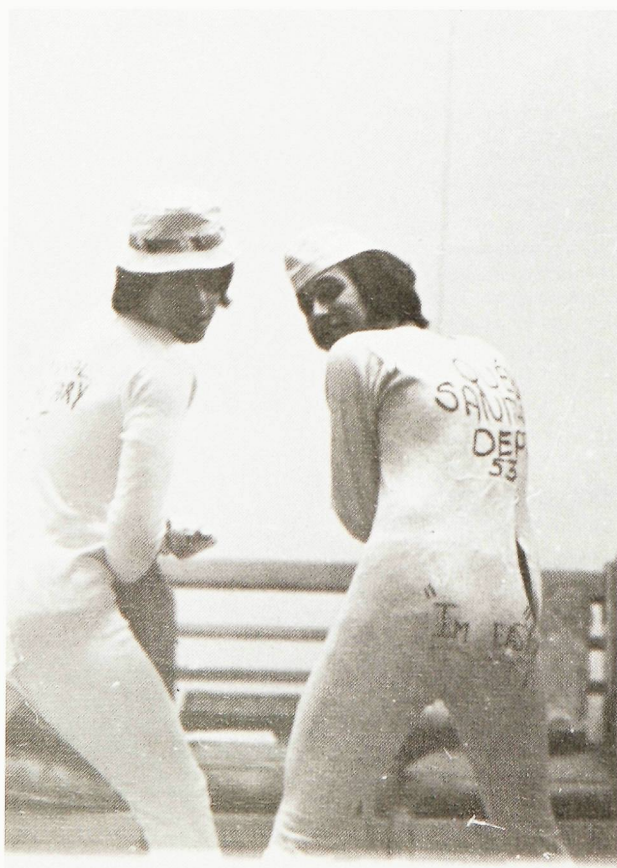
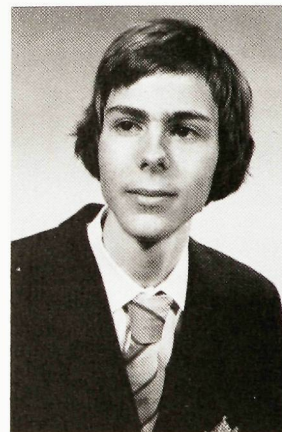


**KIM MCNEIL (1973)**  
Vancouver, British Columbia

Kim came to BCS from the North West in search of a different life, and boy did she get it! Though the system is very different from what she was accustomed to, she never once lost her smile nor the sparkle in her eyes. Kim had a hard time at the beginning of the year and went A.W.O.L. for a day, but came back to test her endurance. She was relieved of the strain of crease because of a fickle appendix. She distinguished herself in a lead role as Philia in "A Funny Thing Happened on the Way to the Forum". Mr. Perrier must be discouraged with Kim's incentive for math, but she was an important asset to Mr. Milner's streakers union (French Class?) Watch out Carleton.

**NEIL C. MATHESON (1972)**  
Westmount, Quebec.

One egg of dozens.  
Sterile gloss coats the bland bald head of the mutated sphere,  
Deflecting the glare of heat, freezing escaping senses in glass.  
It crackles  
Splinters in chips, revealing  
supple purity  
which bursts open under swelling warmth and  
the gushing fragrance and savour of the escaping soul.



**MARK O. MEDLAND (1970)**  
Lennoxville, Quebec.

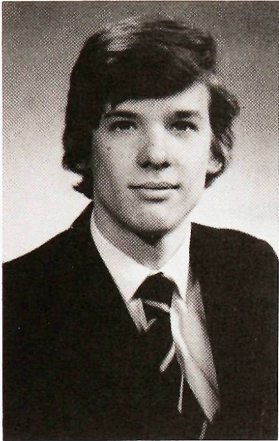
Mark arrived at BCS in 1970. Due to his connections he has managed to remain here ever since despite some incidents in the squash courts and behind the rink. He has built up for himself a reputation as an honest, hard working and faithful student. His real love is sports. (He was one of the Compton bicycle enthusiasts.) He starred for the past two years as a Left wing for First Team Hockey (when academics did not interfere.) Mark has also graced the cricket pitch serving as assistant captain of the First XI last year. Every so often Mark ventured into the big city where he continued to be plagued by his head injuries. One of Medland's greater attributes was his ability to get along with a younger girl in the school. This ex- E dormer will go far, we hope.



ROBERT G. MILLYARD (1973)  
La Canada, California

Rob landed at BCS in the third term last year, straight from B.C. Something went wrong, and Rob and his rugby talents had departed, and we all thought he was gone forever. To everyone's astonishment Milly returned this season. Somehow he managed to sneeze his way into the zoo, probably the only place he could hack. As a member of First Team Football, Rob captured the rookie of the year award, pretty good for someone who never played the game before. He was also a leader on the Chocktaws and work crew teams. If Rob wasn't downstairs in the T.V. room, he was most likely upstairs listening to his records, or else yelling "Hilarious" every second minute. Probably his greatest accomplishment was to be the only exchange student to ever come back for more. This, we're sure, good hearted Rob is proud of.

PICTURE  
NOT  
AVAILABLE



ALAN W. R. MONK (1971)  
Granby, Quebec.

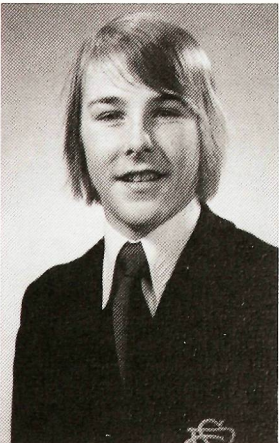
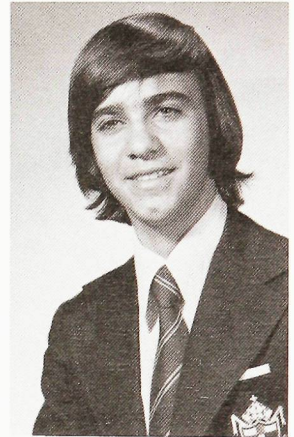
Sergeant Al was the most trusted, truthful and believable soul in the school. His stories began at 7:30 every morning (when he woke up) and were finally told by 3:00 a.m. (when he went to bed). His victims never learned; such was the beauty of Al's worrisome talent. He got his B.S. degree in fourth form and returns next year to continue in his studies on how it affects people's nervous systems. Besides occasionally being seen on the field in First Team Football and once in a while on the ice as a member of First Hockey Team, Al was also a hard worker academically, proving his genius in such subjects as Chem Study and Math. Oh yeah - he also had the lead role in the McNaughton House play. With all his natural talents behind him, Al should have no troubles next year or in the years to come.

DAVID K. MORALES-BELLO (1971)  
Caracas, Venezuela

"Hey, guess what. We won the election!", exclaims Dave. "What election did we?", someone asks. "The Venezuelan election, of course.", he answers, somewhat angrily. "Oh, so what else is new?" someone else mumbles.

Conversations like this could bother a person, but Dave doesn't let on. He was too busy with a tough academic curriculum this year to be worried (remember vectors?). Dave had extra time though which he might spend in the rink, in the Library, in Grier House, or in the tunnel, at the range.

"Hey guess what. I shot a hundred last night at the range!", exclaims Dave. "So, what else is new?", one of us asks. Don't worry Dave, we'll listen to you next year.



ROBERT W. MUDDIMAN (1972)  
Beaconsfield, Quebec.

And the Lord said, "Let there be Mud", and there was Mud hobbling down the hall, broken leg and all, to open the Willie House Tuck Shop. His mastery of the fine art of high finance took his store far, but not far enough, as it still did not reach predicted results. Putting aside this minor setback, Mud had a productive and interesting year. His lone athletic prowess has shown in soccer where he achieved First Team Colours. Although his many other talents were not quite so noticeable, they were there just the same. People will always try to forget his bizarre vocabulary and he will never understand his bizarre decision to go to John Abbott. Although this resolution is not quite final, the chances are good that he won't be back next year.





### CYNTHIA H. MULHERIN (1973)

Rosemere, Quebec.

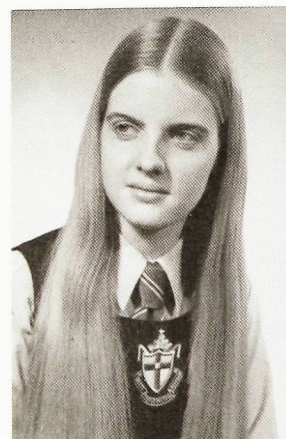
Between holidays in Florida and trips to Grier House with the week's laundry, Cynthia engaged herself in living up to the Mulherin tradition of intellectuality. For the former, Tom and Steve are indebted, for the latter, the rest of us are eternally grateful. She was the diet Queen, specializing in three-day starvation bouts which had the tendency to last only momentarily. Reaching stardom for her role in the notorious Pudge and Pidge duo, Cynthia has become a popular celebrity at "Doughnut day". While destined for a fruitful career in the laundry business, Pudge will probably sneak off to the sunny south for another well-earned rest.

### GEORGINA D. MUNDY (1972)

Ottawa, Ontario

More commonly known as George, she was one of the many recruits that came to us from Compton. Although a quieter member of our 6th Form she was far from unnoticed. If not washing her hair, it was either French Projects or math that puzzled away many a frustrating hour.

She became an active part of the choir, with only a few off-notes here and there! Also as part of the volleyball team, she tried her best. Other sports, such as soccer, she attempted but never reached the heights she hoped for. George will probably return next year to establish her mark as a Gillard House 7th Former.



### MARY H. MURPHY (1972)

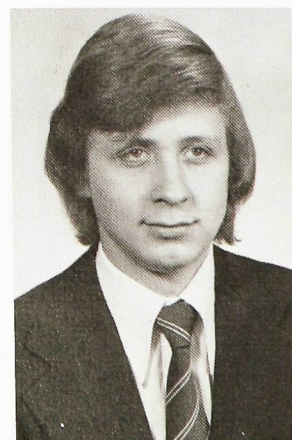
Magog, Quebec

Although not always Eric's pet, Mary was a typical Gillard House girl (you know, sash around the neck and oxfords beyond repair). As one who remembers her as a starry-eyed little girl from Compton, I must admit that Mary has adapted to life here at Bishop's. She stands out as a leader amongst the girls, and a respected member of the school... but she's not exactly perfect! As one of the stars on the soccer and basketball teams, as well as a cadet sergeant, Mary was kept extremely busy all year (I wouldn't like to even put a Price to her time.) Of course, she always found time to go and have a good time-after all, you can do more than play tennis at the Hermitage. Yet, she has managed to come out on top and we congratulate her for it. We all wish Mary the best of luck next year: let her continue to smile, and to be a true friend to all.

### JOHN F. NOBLES (1973)

Thornhill, Ontario

(John, Jake, Casa Nobles, Johnny Smoke, Sure, the To. kid.) a true Smith Houser. What else can you say about the guy! John was one of the few people who kept his cool the whole time. John was his own man. Never short of friends, Casa was cool and aloof as anyone. The only non-believer was Mr. Goodwin. A real friend when you needed one the most, and trusted companion. We hope that his Toronto charm and clean shaven face carry him and his cowboy boots to success. Salut, John.

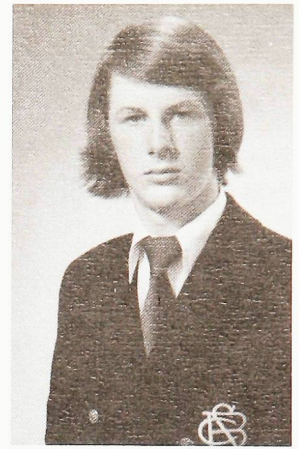




## HUGH W. NOTMAN (1971)

Vancouver, British Columbia

Hughies presence at BCS has been felt in many different areas over the past three years. A silent but deadly ace on the slopes, those who have skied with Hugh know the truth in the saying "great things come in small packages". Never heard laying down personal claim to success, Hugh went about three consecutive first team sports, and served them admirably. In First Team Football Hughie put his determination to work, and was rewarded with a two week stay in the Ottawa Civic. By the way Nots, what really happened? In the house and around the school Nots, what really happened? In the house and around the school Nots was renowned for his deductive reasoning; 10 pages = 1/2 this evening + the other two pages tomorrow." A constant boost to our moral and spirit Hugh supplied us with the due sense of friendship and honesty which we can never forget. To Nots, who accomplished more, with fewer words and less glamour than us all, our best wishes for a happy life in the West.



## MARGARET A. PAINE (1973)

Madison, New Hampshire.

Map - Lupine lover of the East wing along with siblings Carol and Gillian ... American exile ... ended up learning a lot about mushrooms and cliff jumping ... insane-swims in forty-degree water ... field hockey roadrunner ... letters (one a day) and phone calls... midnight talks... Fox and Veg... Poulet's voodoo doll... slack? ... sunrises...laughing...I don't really go to this school...Maggie.



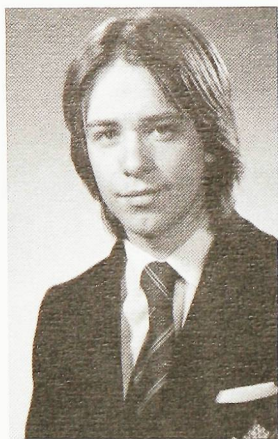
## PAMELA E. PATERSON (1972)

Beaconsfield, Quebec.

Long walks, talks, and long found friends. The good and bad times that all equal out to the understanding of Bishop's. The long hours of crying, thinking, laughing and things never to be forgotten. It's all so hard to put into words; the feelings of the past, present and future. Times of being alone, thinking, times of being all together, fooling, laughing, talking and telling. Experiences and learning the hard way, all make you realize and accept things for the way they are. I can begin to understand others, their feelings and opinions, never to be forgotten. Dreams and wishes yet to be fulfilled.







### BENEDICT PETERSEN (1970)

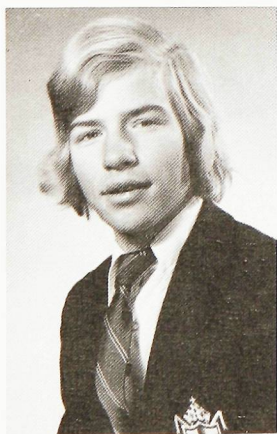
Beaconsfield, Quebec.

Ben came to BCS as a normal person, but then he entered Smith House and along with his side-kick S.T., he emerged senile. With him came his Danish thoughts and humour which enlightened his new home, the Smith House T.V. room. "Elton" Ben brought delight to the sixth form common room with his free concerts. As a football player he deserves some mention, but he really impressed us with his hockey talents. His ambition is to become a journalist; he'll probably end up writing for National Lampoon while giving free concerts at one of K.K.'s restaurants. We wish Ben good luck at Carleton or the French Riviera next year.

### ELIZABETH B. PINARD (1973)

Quebec City, Quebec.

She arrived here, babbling away in her native language with a clueless look on her face. Actually that clueless look clung to her all year but that's beside the point. Athletically she displayed prowess in running and skiing, but these were out done by her pigtails. Her ready smile helped her through all the beginning months of school. Babette was always helpful and was blessed with a sense of house spirit which never faltered. Babette is learning the law here at Bishop's and we hope that the laws she learned here will take her through to law school. (She'll never forget these rules).



### EVAN B. PRICE (1973)

Dakar, Senegal.

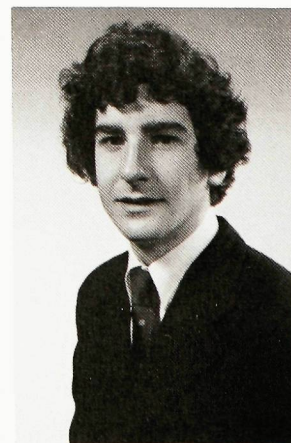
Evan arrived at BCS last fall only to establish himself as a rugged performer on the football field. Evan's other assets were his ability to blow the trombone and his strong man performances in Grier. He quickly established himself as the Don Juan of Grier and his charms took him to the ski slopes as a member of the competition ski team. Evan's rebel mind came through later in the year in Cadets and in the Physics class where he unmercifully split atoms. A magnet to the haircut list, his name was constantly sought by his superiors. We know that whatever hair-splitting adventures he is involved in next year, they will be for the good of his cause.

### TIMOTHY E. PRICE (1970)

Westmount, Quebec.

Tim came to BCS four long years ago, a junior at the bottom of the ladder. He has emerged from those days with a fine record and has been climbing steadily ever since. At the moment Tim is a driving force, sometimes into the wall, behind the juniors in Grier House. This year Tim was a valuable member of first team football on defense. He has come up through the ranks from Workie Cup, intramural, juniors, all the way to starting First Team goalie (mainly because of the backchecking).

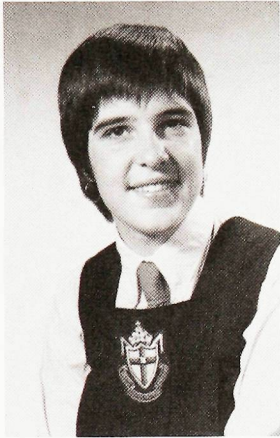
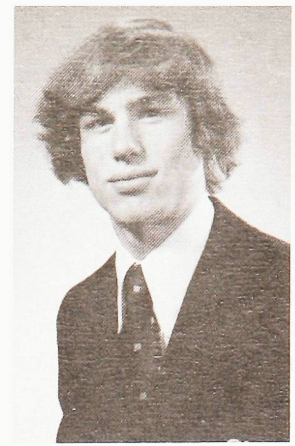
An enthusiastic member of the bicycle club to Compton, Tim has finally managed to settle down this year. Those mysterious side trips (legal?) to Magog have finally produced something. On long weekends Tim's hospitality has been very welcome to many, a weary traveller. Some other famous activities were being a witty stage manager and handing in English and Geography projects on time.





**J. ANTHONY ROSS (1970)**  
Sherbrooke, Quebec.

Tony has established himself as one of the top athletes in the school up to this year. Since then he has been seen working out with a certain female basketball player. Unfortunately for Tony she also plays right wing. In his four years at BCS, Ross has distinguished himself in many areas of school life. This year he won the Cleghorn Cup as the football team's M.V.P. Then he starred for First Team Hockey despite a tendency to find his way into the penalty box quite often. Who will ever forget Ross...coming into Montreal and the resulting confusion... washing his hair before hockey games ... as a member of the Eastern Townships dorm... taking an extra vacation... breaking and entering... winning the Junior Cross-Country... socializing with a certain track star... playing in the Workie Cup ... going nuts... at Parker's track creases... arguing in "E" dorm... and finding someone who's just as much of a jock as he is.

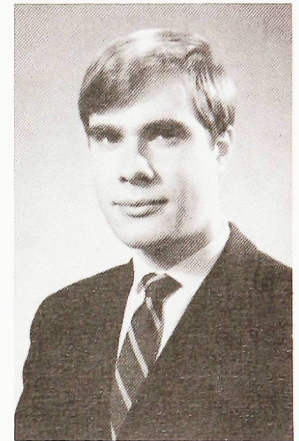


**MICHELE A. ROY (1972)**  
Senneville, Quebec

If Cathy had been here to write this it would have been a lot easier for those of us who TRIED to write this for you, but couldn't. Even though there are a number of people who know you well, it would be impossible to try to put down in words any attempt at an explanation of you. No matter how hard we tried, we could never do you justice. Therefore, only the obvious (that is: your sense of humour, your ability to cheer up other people even when you weren't particularly happy with the surroundings, and your talent at covering up a bad mood) can be said here. Have a riot next year. It was nice knowing you. Really nice.

**IAN H. SCOTT (1969)**  
Magog, Quebec.

The 'cabin boy' as he was affectionately known to some of us, provided BCS this year with its only Master Cadet, its only Ph.D. on First Team Football, and its only waiter in the Q.M. Scott, as most people called him, spent the majority of his time in the Chem. lab, trying to prove Tessa wrong, or in the wilderness outrunning Mr. Dutton on his greased Edsbyns. Ian worked incognito most of this year, disguised either as a flask or wine bottle, either way he had enough glass to handle the skipper. A devoted man on campus (or is that campos?), Ian produced some excellent locker-room literature, including such gems as "Away, Away" and "Good Ship Venus." Ian reappears from Magog next year to enlighten the choir, open the Q.M., and finish his biography on ski-wax.



**JENNIFER SEVERS (1973)**  
Beaconsfield, Quebec.

Jennifer was noted this year for her high enthusiasm for sports. She excelled particularly in Comp. Snow Shoeing. She spent most of her time playing the guitar in her room. Sugar cube fights at midnight and prep at 6:00 a.m. gave her a good excuse for sleeping all afternoon. Jennifer became adept at minding her own business and staying out of peoples way. Some still think she's a day student. However she can always be found in Glass House ready to help and talk to anyone that happens to drop in. We wish her the best of luck in the years to come.





### CAROL G. SEWELL (1972)

Quebec City, Quebec.

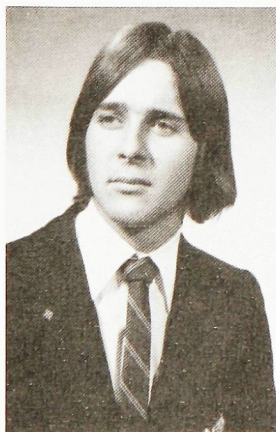
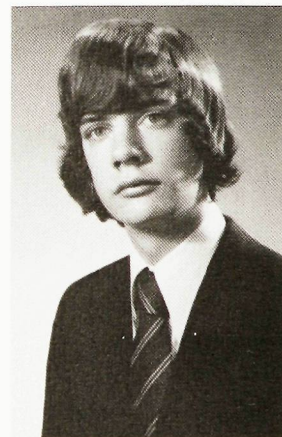
This is my report on rain. Rain is water which does not come out of faucets. If it were not for rain we would not get wet walking to school and get a sore throat and stay home which is not a bad idea. Rain was the inspiration for that important poem, "Rain, rain, go away, Come again some other day." After a storm the rain goes down the drain which is where I sometimes feel my education going. End of report.

C.M. Schultz.

### WILLIAM P. SHEPHERD (1972)

Carlton Place, Ontario

Do you know where the guy who shot down the Red Baron is from? One-two-three-four-five, No! Carlton Place, Ontario. So is big Shep. Will intends to further publicize his home town by becoming a champion canoer. He breaks out the bar bells every other day to train for the summer season. And where do those bar bells stay when not in use? Of course, in the middle of the upstairs hall, where everyone trips over them. Although sometimes angry after stubbing a toe, no one really ever gets mad at Willy. After all, life in the T.V. room would be a dreadful bore without Will's quick-minded puns, which evoke more than their share of groans. We wish him the best of luck this summer, that he may paddle his way to the finish and look forward to more puns next year.



### THOMAS V. SIMARD (1972)

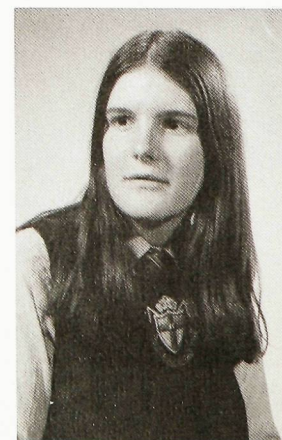
Ste. Foy, Quebec.

S.T. came to BCS last year, arriving at the zoo in fine form. He loved his new home, the T.V. room. While Dad was molding the Nordiques into a contender, S.T. organised the now famous "La Lutte Grand Prix," probably the biggest hit in years at the school. He finally got a chance to prove his hockey talents to Tippy, by leading his Penguins to the Masters' Cup final. Every weekend it was a different girl, as S.T. impressed them with his wealthy wallet in high class Sherbrooke restaurants. His golf is also world-renowned. His favourite one was the old tee-up in the fairway trick. When he wasn't doing all this, he was down at the zoo, in the T.V. room, eating his salt and vinegar chips with his Pepsi at his side. He could always be counted on to liven things up with his French-Canadian spirit and good nature.

### GILLIAN SIMONS (1973)

Pointe Claire, Quebec.

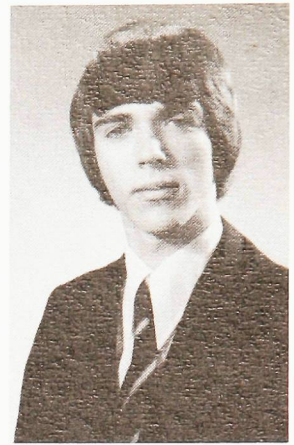
Gillian's entry into BCS this year showed us what all BCS grads stand for. Sidelights to her stay here were her interest in sports and her never ending correspondence with the outside world. We hope that her being a member of Mr. Milner's streakers union did not catch her too many colds. Memories will be of the east wing elites, prickly siblings, the coconut feast, lupine madness, narrow minded, brainwashed. P.P.'s, a Greenwich Academy dropout, kraft dinners, sunrises, my first and second roommates, pizza parties, laughing sessions ... well, what do you expect - it's prep, climbing trees, tuck shop and most of all, the wombats.





KELLY M. SMITH (1970)  
Sutton, Quebec.

Kelly began his BCS career living in Glass House, a member of the famous "E" dorm. After a year - a period of 365 disappointments - he was shipped off to "La Maison Smith." Although not a regular member of the zoo, he made his mark in other areas of house life. Kelly was rarely seen or heard running down the halls, screaming, fighting or playing ball hockey. His greater attempts included trying to suspend soft drink cans from the ceiling, and writing a novel. As the years progressed, his athletic abilities improved. He was a member of Junior soccer and later a member of Junior football. Although not all of his attempts were successful, Kelly tried in more ways than one.

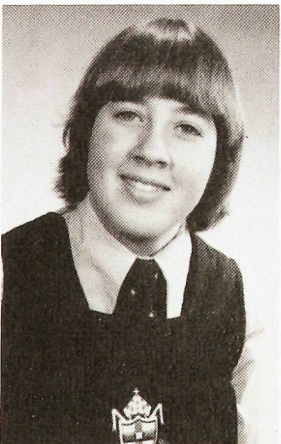


DANNY SOFAER (1973)  
Town of Mount Royal, Quebec.

I do my thing, and you do your thing. I am not in this world to live up to your expectations. And you are not in this world to live up to mine. You are you and I am I, and if by chance we find each other - it's beautiful.

DENNIS SPETH (1969)  
Quebec City, Quebec.

Denis has been here longer than most of us can remember but, despite a possible case of over-exposure to the school he has maintained a quiet, anonymous air about him. From early Glass House to Williams House seniority he has occasionally been mixed up with his twin brother, but Denis has maintained his individuality. A valuable member of the competition ski team for the past few years, we hope he finds bigger and better mountains to hot dog on next year. His ambition is to be a pro ski racer unless he ends up as ski instructor at Hillcrest. We wish him all the best.



TESSA G. SPOEL (1973)  
Westmount, Quebec.

Did you get problem eight on last night's math assignment? Have you done your journal? And what about the Physics prep? Well, whether you're finished or not you can rest assured that Tessa's got it done. Always ready to bail you out, Tessa could answer almost any question. Most important though, she didn't seem to mind and was glad to help. But don't get the impression that she worked all the time. On the contrary, she never seemed to and had huge amounts of free time, which she spent doing such things as visiting the mail room, going on ski marathons, writing letters to a host of friends, smiling, or answering your questions. Good luck at Dawson, Tessa, and keep smiling.



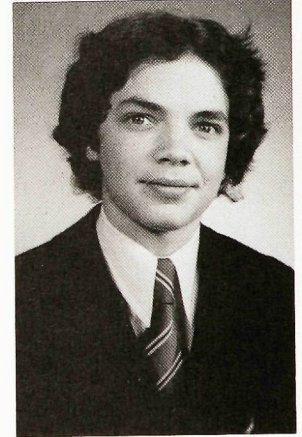


DAVID J. STENASON (1969)  
Beaconsfield, Quebec.

David Stanley Stenason came in second form and has had one goal ever since, to play three first team sports in one year. Today he has accomplished this dream and has his eye on another which only he knows. For the moment though, he concentrates on better hockey and more weight for Rugby. But Stan is not all jock. He's an inventor as those in "E" dorm will remember, a participator, as those juniors in Smith House will testify and a scholar (?). His near spotless record is only blemished by periods of insanity in third form. Remember the "word of the week" club? watering the grass on top of Mr. Kelly's apartment? "egg warmer"? Remember them well Stanley, we your colleagues will never forget them. We wish Stan the best of luck wherever he may find it, and hope that he's had as many laughs with us as we have had with him.

ROBERT L. SUTHERLAND (1973)  
Westmount, Quebec.

Bobby came to us with all his love from Westmount only to find it wasn't the country club he dreamed it to be. Bobby's pockets were always filled with all sorts of odds and ends and his favourite sport in any season was running across Centre Field. A determined football enthusiast, "Suds" left his mark on the Bantam Football field. His eagerness for french class undoubtedly pulled him through the year. A physical specimen, his sense of humour was never outdone by his awesome strength. With as much house spirit in him as any other Grier Houser, we hope that he will return again next fall.



DAVID M. THRAVES (1971)  
Sackville, New Brunswick

David quietly slipped into the BCS Fourth Form menagerie of 1971, trying hard all the time to avoid the less pleasant aspects of boarding school life. He, quite calmly and silently, went about his own business throughout Fifth and Sixth Forms, perhaps causing a breeze here and there. He is a Maritimer, and is proud to show those who aren't from down east, that the Maritimes are not as backwards as they might think. David plans to go overseas next year to continue his education in the field of science. He hopes someday, to become a surgeon.

YVETTE A. VON GRIEKEN (1972)  
Curaco, Netherlands, Antilles

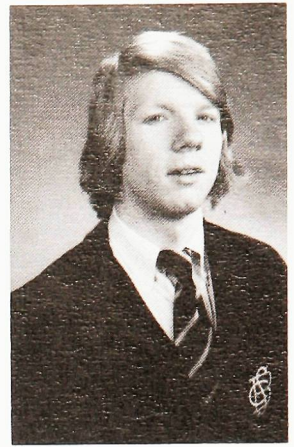
She is quite often mistaken for a "spic" although suprising as it may seem, she is really Dutch. An avid hockey fan, she can be found amongst her post cards and maps of Curaco glued to her radio, listening to the latest score of the Montreal Canadiens. Whether in curlers, or just writing letters, she is always up to date on the latest weather reports and hit songs, very important to Gillard Housers. During the year she was a member of our volleyball team, constantly suprising us by her violent serve. Also she did her best in those rather comical soccer creases. She was always amongst the first at hockey games to give her "Bish" cheer. Although she leaves Bishop's, she will probably study further at a business school in Montreal.





DAVID W. VAUGHAN (1971)  
Vermont, U.S.A.

An all time scoring champion and everybody's soccer hero who scored 60 goals in three years on the First Team and who collected 33 points playing one year of First Team hockey. Dave will be remembered for his high house spirit during the Carnival, his great acting ability (?), and outspokenness in school. A guy with more friends than you can count, Dave fits well into the Chapman House mold. A fellow who had no need to preserve his bisques, he was often hanging out in Sherbrooke with the boys. With a good head on his shoulders and a winning sense about him, we know that whatever he undertakes he will make a success of it. Best of luck at U.N.B.



DAVID J. VINEBERG (1969)  
Sherbrooke, Quebec.

After five long years of creeping around the crumbling corners of BCS, Mardy is now ready to face the world. With him he takes his acute ability to slice people to pieces with one of his vicious verbal thrashings. One of the keenest sports minds in the land, a complex knowledge of all the hotspots in Sherbrooke (including Au Bon), and the ability to humble hockey players twice his size. Mardy has always been an avid BCS sportsman in football, hockey and rugby (and an armchair quarterback). His projections into the Drama field were tremendous, as he was always able to pick up laughs just by being himself. When the mighty Vines slinks away next year, we will miss him.



SANDRA M. WESTHOFF (1972)  
Maracaibo, Venezuela

Charge! Sandra's bearing down the halls, leaving everyone bobbing in her wake. Lookout! She's got that devilish slant to her eyes, the mischievous smile on her lips! She wicks past with a cock of her head and the "Good morning" that leaves you feeling like a guilty suspect. Where's the Sandra who, battered by field hockey sticks and midnight essay writing, staggers into class under a ton of books and headaches, and out again for kleenex? Isn't she the little Dutch (or is it Venezuelian?) girl in the disintegrating shoes, the ragged shirts and the scarred leotards? Doesn't she wear the expressions of puzzlement in Chemistry, of exploding laughter, and of snoozing mid-class tranquility? Not now; determination is poised to leap from her face. It must be doughnut day.

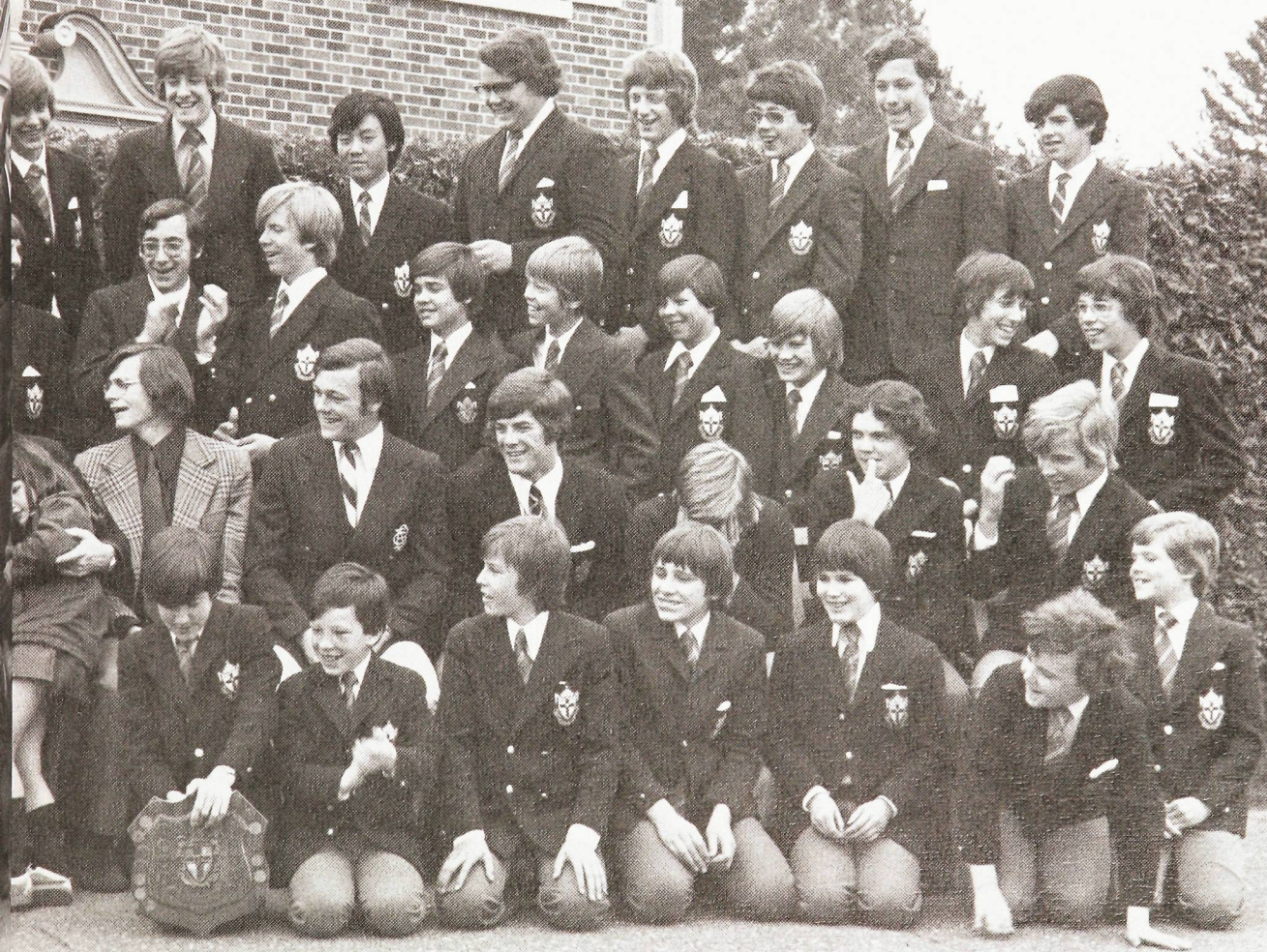






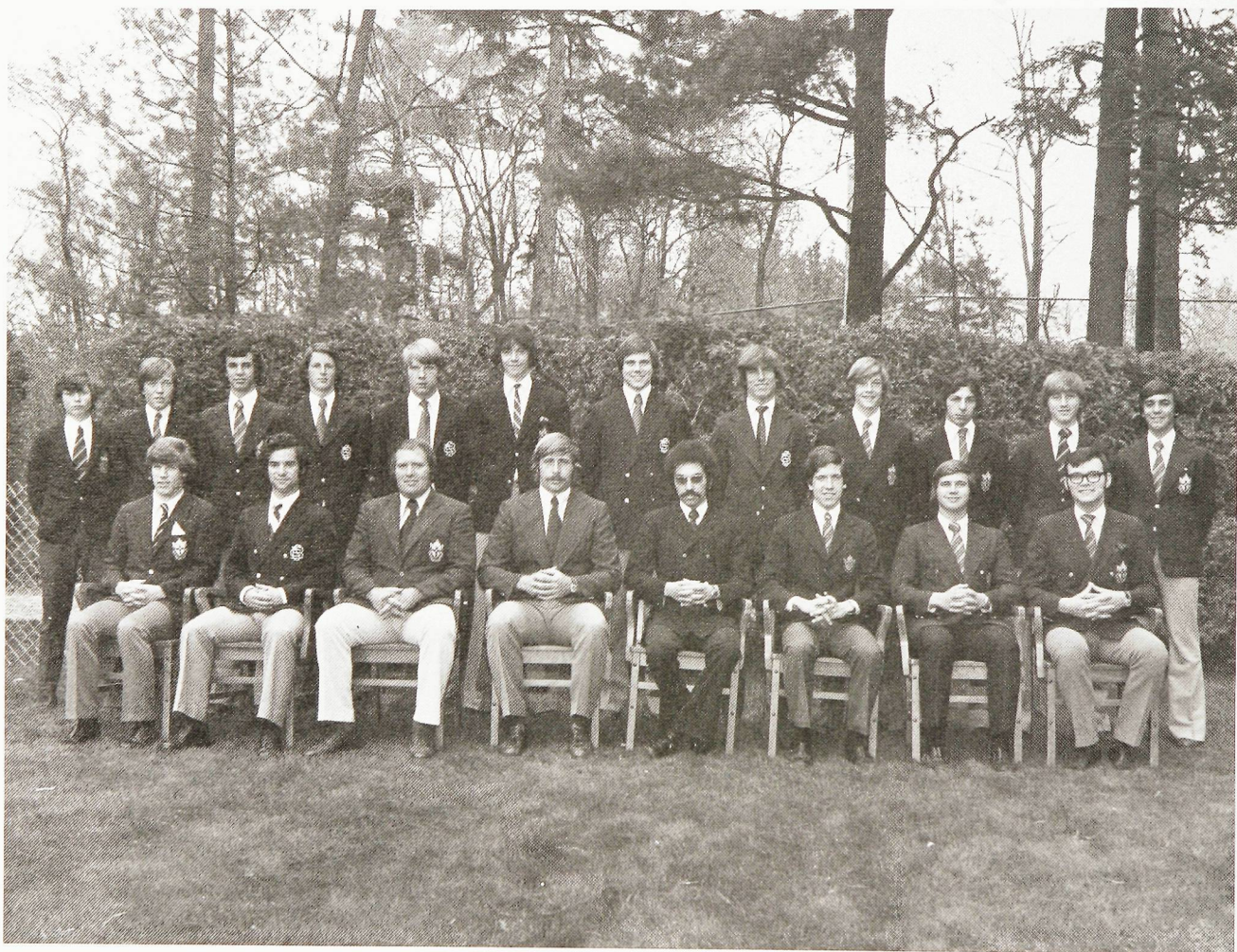


# HOUSES





# CHAPMAN HOUSE



BACK ROW: A. Park, D. Roberts, S. St. Jean, H. Notman, D. Vaughan, A. Greenwood, T. McGee, T. Ross, D. Stoker, M. Vineberg, H. Goldman, D. Morales.  
FRONT ROW: W. Prescott, J. Serventi, Prefect; W. Nugent, Esq., D. Campbell, Housemaster; J. Sterlin, Esq., A. Graham, Prefect; J. Thatcher, Prefect; R. McIntosh.

## CHAPMAN HOUSE



Another year has ended for Chapman House. However this one stands above the others as an exceptional one, with the strongly united array of personnel. Chappy's talent was soon evident when the cross-country run produced a second place finish. Thanks go to the engineers of that finish Mess. Albert and Ross, for finishing in the top five.

Soon after the House boxed its way to a draw in the house play competition, with "Title Go", as last minute musical effects were added. When the carnival rolled around, the house more or less "cleaned up" in sports, but was nipped at the tape due to a submerging snow sculpture.

This year the house was highlighted mainly by the same members as last year. The only real difference being, the prefect quantity increased 300%. Making the rounds one would start in the executive suite, where, who else, but Tony and James could be found.



Across the hall, "on the Bio", featured our portable Jerry's disposer, Robot and Marty, stuck for a third year on the bottom floor. Next door, the resident tennis pro Ashley, roomed with Dacre and Poncho, the range men.

Our new boys in the house, Howie and Serge, took many lumps for their intelligent comments, but were valuable for house spirit.

Proceeding up the ever so thin stairs, we encounter the "Ah Yes" chamber, where our BU correspondent was stationed. Roommate Tim seemed always to be doing, "Bloody essays" or Boston "Urban Studies".

Opposite this duo, lived Dave who became very family conscious this year, visiting his "Old Grand Dad" on most weekends. Meanwhile Allan changed hobbies this year from basketball to "Dogology", not forgetting his talent with a brush.

On the other side of the paper wall, Tony and Hugh continued with multitudinous parent leaves, for rest, although Tony did curb his interests slightly.

In the last room we find Bill, always early to the house, and early leaving, for those now famous showers (?) Last but not least Joey had a good year all-round, keeping his hands full most of the time.

Dropping to the cave, we thank the Campbells for their hospitality, despite their constant need of babysitters. Our other two housemasters were typecast with their respective pets. Not only our house but the whole school will be very sorry to see Mr. Nugent, his family, and Heidi leave. Also many thanks to Mr.



Sterlin and "Dauphe", the latter will long be remembered for her T.V. room letdowns. Next year approaches as one of the best on record.





# GILLARD HOUSE



BACK ROW: M. Lacroix, S. Johnston, J. Henry, K. Wyatt, A. Cunningham, K. FitzPatrick, G. Mundy, Y. VanGrieken, A. Duncan, S. Grass, W. MacDougall, J. Campbell, M. Allison, H. Crockett, K. Hart, R. Matchett, A.M. Belanger, D. Cramer, L. Ouellet, E. Dussault.  
MIDDLE ROW: C. Sewell, J. Fox, C. Chisnell, C. Everson, Miss B. Pietras, Miss A. Smith, E. Detchon, Esq., Housemaster, Miss D. Hewson, A.M. Perron, Prefect, J. Fisher, R. Provencher, M. Murphy.  
FRONT ROW: J. Caron, S. Pease, K. Keeley, D. Laframboise, R. Singer, F. Sheridan, D. Simard, A. Pettigrew, H. MacNab, V. Doheny, A. Elliott.

## GILLARD

This year we were overjoyed (?) at finding ourselves blessed with Big Bon, notorious for her amazing ability to give laps. "Sexy Smitty" returned to corrupt her troop of innocent young girls, with the help of Penny-or was that vice-versa? Mr. D. got new slippers while Miss Hewson and Co provoked us all to indulge in prep.

Downstairs, mornings began with shouts from Karin and Susan. Joanne could be found on the phone, while Rosalie spent most of her time in Crickett's room. Kathy's cry of "Anne-Marie are there mice in this room?" recalls a frightful experience. Jane... was that baby powder spilt accidentally? The MacDougall-Anglin team took up residence in the downstairs common room, but that's as far as he got! Sarah and Allison were our junior rebels, while Diane, Danielle, Robin, Nancy, Frances and Heather (\$6,000,000 brain) were our indoor noise promoters, not to mention the house chefs.





Raymonde and Mona dieted on tea but tuck was still well financed. George and Yvette came out on the bumper end; their room situated by the "ladies room". 2 A.M. phone calls brings Carol and Shelagh to mind. Debbie was usually screaming at something while Heather preferred to watch the scenery. Morning sunshine brought Connie with her good cheer while Corina could be found reminiscing over Graham. (God only knows which one!) Julia saddled her horse while Perron galloped to the Prefects room. Lyn dreamed of exotic ski hills-Fitz's duty remained with tuck. Anne worked on Physics or planned a practical joke with Edith. Andrea was our house stalker while Janus provided all with her motherly care. Some say that strange man on the balcony was - Murph! Fooled you Gillard! Last came our late (somewhat stunned) arrival Katie. She certainly dropped a few surprises from her window!

The day girls were all fortunate enough to represent Gillard - they did a great job and we were pleased to have them.

Gillard showed its talent and spirit by cleaning up in the cross-country. The carnival proved to be not so successful but we proved our superiority in Spirit. The rest is still to come. You've all been great. Good luck and thanks!





# GLASS HOUSE



BACK ROW: M. Roy, L. Gosling, T. Spoel, M. Hunkin, C. McQuade, E. Pinard, J. Severs, P. Patterson, M. Paine, P. Mulherin, K. McNeil.  
 THIRD ROW: B. Bell, F. Hallward, H. Pangman, D. Folland, M. Hamard, F. Thompson, F. Guibord, C. Molson, J. Claeys, E. Buchanan, J. Hamel, G. Merrill, E. Gobeil, A. Poole, S. Weissman, S. Plantz, S. Pease, K. Teron.  
 SECOND ROW: C. Jenkins, G. Plantz, Mrs. M. McGregor, A.J.S. Bateman, Esq., Housemaster; Mrs. Bateman, Miss L. Dumas, V. Price, S. Westhoff.  
 FRONT ROW: K. Patrick, S. Hibbard, I. MacNab, M. Livingstone, D. Perron, L. Buchanan, L. Adamson.

## GLASS HOUSE

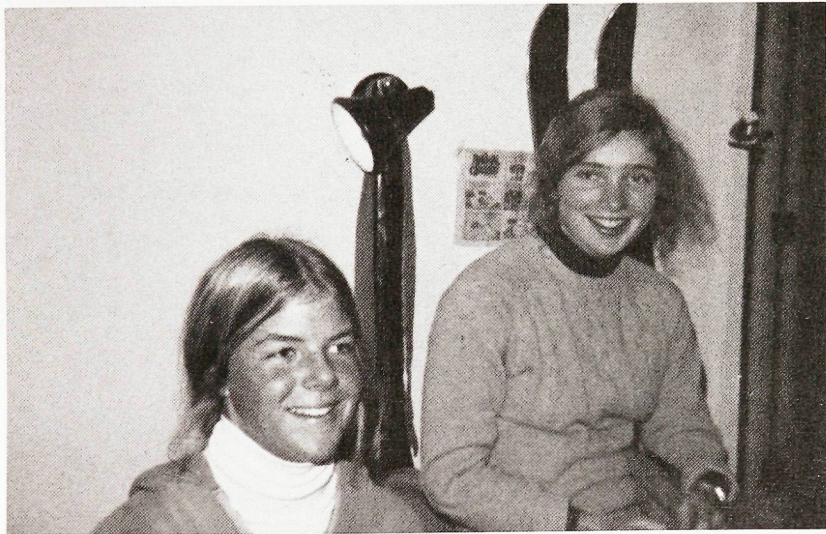
Streakers Jenny V., Sue H., and Kim T....our witness to the great refrigerator heist - Frances...Pudge, launderess extraordinaire ... remember the ransom notes in the case of the great teddy bear kidnapping where Frank and Cathi M. lost their teddy bears and strong man Ellen rode an alligator down the hall? ... Linda's sweet sixteen ... Berni's shower cap ... Giselle and Sharlene - spies turned track stars ... Ginny and Cindy and peculiar races down the hall ... the start of a new firm - Poole and McNeil, Hookers at law ... shaving cream, baby powder, shampoo fights a la Jeane H., Donna, Leslie A., and Judy ... and the less rambunctious people - Malcolm's women, the author of the international bestseller "How to Raise Your Pet Prefects for Fun and Profit" ... Kathy P. and Jenny H., who spent most of their time in showers ... Lezlee and Denise resident tap-dancers and exercisers during prep ... Martine and fad diets ...

Heather's early mornings ... Iona the horse lover and Meg the Glass House poet.

Our Olga Korbitt - Kim P. ... Romeo and Juliet ... Babette - token separatiste ... everyone ought to have a Venezuelan friend and everyone in this house does ... Pam Picasso ... our own Germaine Greer ... Map who supplied the house with groceries ... Gillian and macaroni munchies ... our east wing rebel Carol ... Mary the house spirit ... and two members of the house we lost and miss...

Remember our superlative snow sculpture - a turtle?! ... centre of the jogging craze ... special Christmas party ... couples in the cloister ... hot chocolate at hockey games - a stereo ... beating Gillard in the Carnival Games ... screams and accents in the house play ... Mrs. Bateman's birthday cakes ... ghosts and bats and things that go bump in the night ... Thanks to "Bates", "Big Sue", "Little Luly", and Mrs. McG.







# GRIER HOUSE



BACK ROW: G. Atkins, P. Fenton, A. Marcus, B. McNicoll, D. McDonagh, A. Shepherd, S. Singer, W. Yoon, B. Campbell, M. Setlakwe, D. Theberge, C. Tudela, B. Way.  
 THIRD ROW: C. Kaufman, H. Delgado, M. Duquet, L. Duval, M. Hodgson, R. Hyndman, T. Langill, M. Levitt, J. Molson, I. Morales, B. Rodeck, D. Scheunert, P. Shaw, D. Simard, M. Weir.  
 SECOND ROW: T. Price, D. Fuller, D. Park, P. Rich, G. Hallward, Prefect; C. Goodwin, Esq., H. McFarlane, Esq., Housemaster; R. Perrier, Esq., P. Marchuk, Head Prefect; T. Lynch, S. Mulherin, R. Sutherland, E. Price.  
 FRONT ROW: P. Clermont, B. Cliche, A. Dumais, G. Gantcheff, N. Hauck, D. Mitchell, T. Mosley, M. Ray, S. Steigler, E. Tremblay, J. McKinnon, R. Coulombe.





## GRIER HOUSE

"Unity in Diversity", a term that could well be applied to the house's performance this year as the last remnants of 'Old Grier' welcomed another flood of young drafts. D.B.P. was eager to teach them the ropes and did so in a typical fashion, with a clipboard and a smile.

The motley crew of fourth formers did much to create original disturbances partaking in everything from mass brawls to marathon phonings to CKTS radio. Shep the self-appointed musician, played a variety of concerts for the "Pump House Gang" at their nightly meetings in the lower common room, while Suds and Co. operated out of various locations, each one proving equally disastrous for business. In addition the lower ranks-Boo Boo Cliche and Yogi Dumais, the top floor arm wrestlers and Cool Max, your average American tourist.

There was, as expected, a certain amount of "Tom-foolery" by the head instigator of horseplay. He charged a nominal fee for his performances, which had the habit of lasting all day.

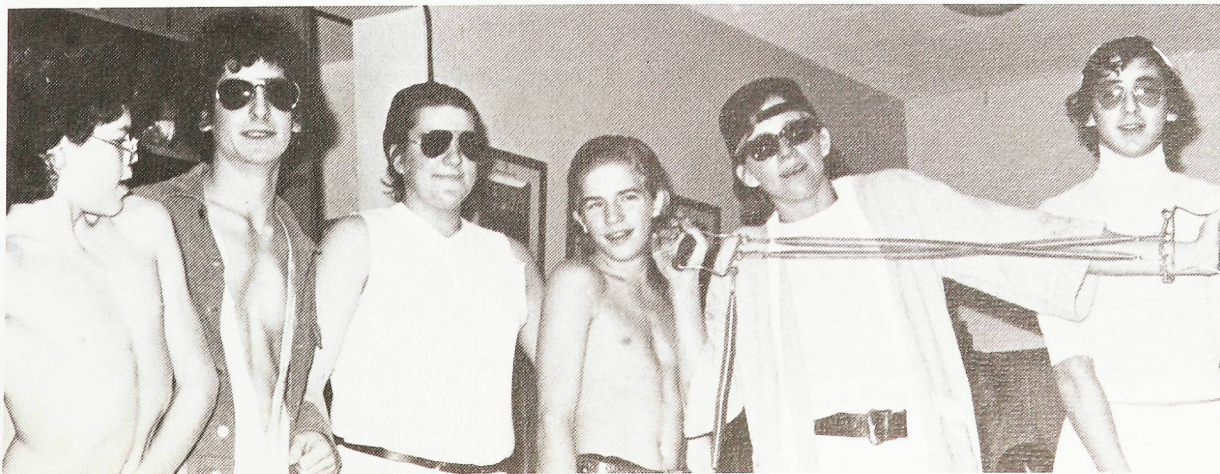
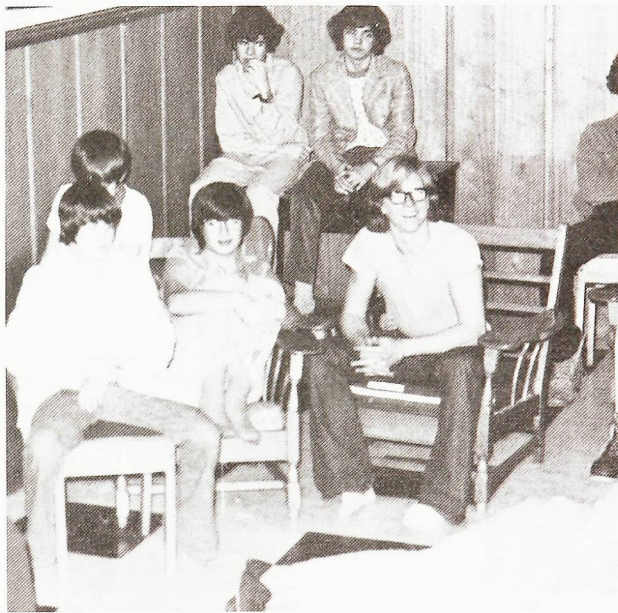
Wake-up almost became a thing of the past as we

charged around the house at 7:45, shouting unmentionables at the walls. However our efforts did not go unrewarded. For all the exercise and healthful spirit, there was always the inevitable reward - laps. The house board was nearly always filled to capacity, its notices conjuring visions of track stars-in-training, their limpid bodies appearing daily for strenuous morning exercise.

Our efforts in Inter-house competition gained the Junior Cross-Country Shield and second place in the Carnival. With regard to the latter our efforts in snow-sculpting went virtually unnoticed as the magnificent boot lost out to Green House's Cave.

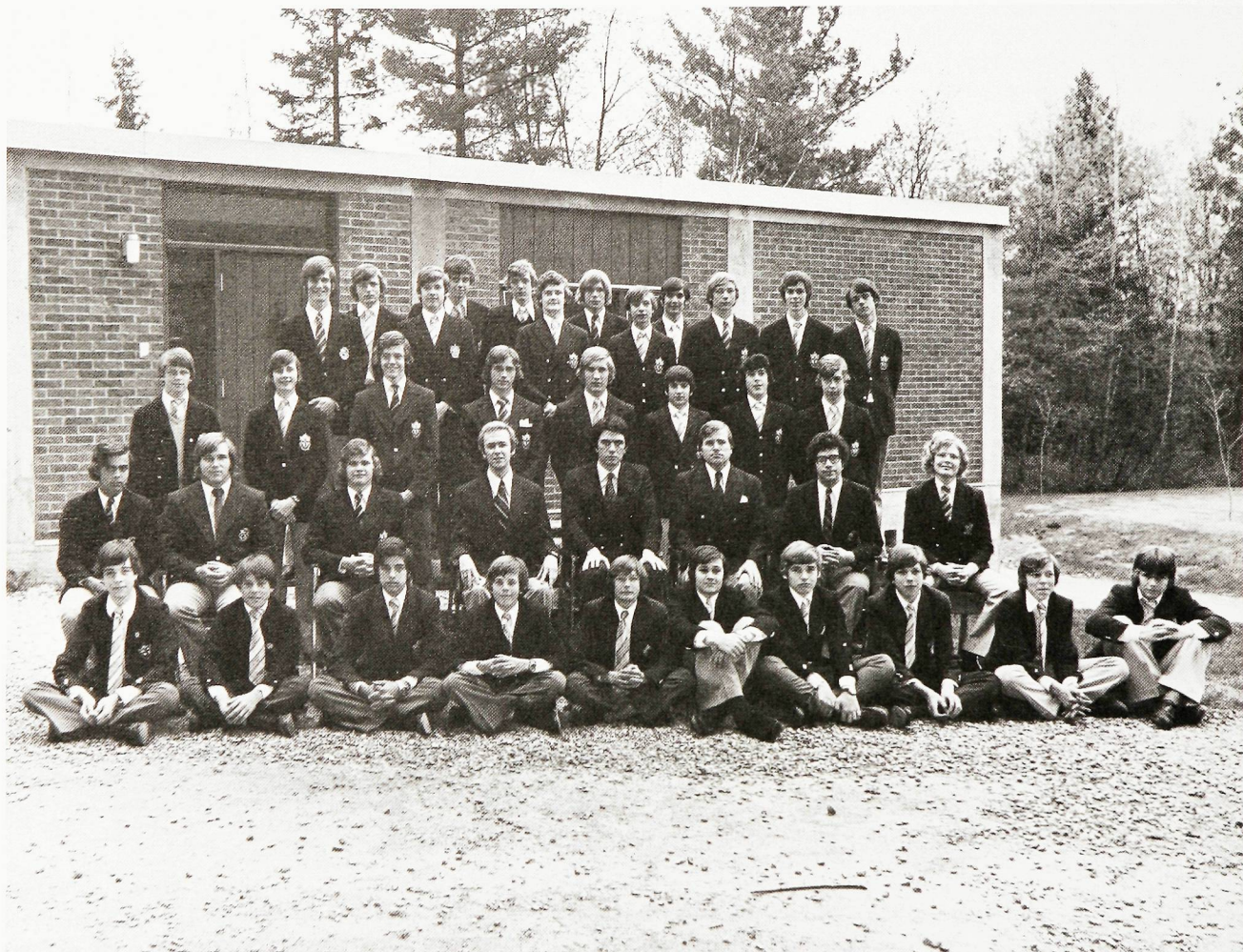
With spring at heart if not in the air, Park donned Bermuda shorts and set up permanent residence in the Goodwin's kitchen. The crew moved their activities to centre field, giving 'Pump Squad' victims time to breathe. As always, Housemasters Perrier, Goodwin and Uncle Harry contributed enormously to unity and spirit and we would like to thank them for their infinite patience - even though we were the greatest.

P.S. Congratulations on a fine catch, Bob!





# McNAUGHTON HOUSE



BACK ROW: H. Busse, J. Bonnell, A. Monk, D. Bonnett, B. McQuade, D. Horner, P. Fenton, J. Emanuel, S. Corrieri, R. Hodgson, N. Matheson, R. Garneau.

THIRD ROW: S. Muddiman, B. Barden, B. Messier, D. Sewell, R. Vaughan, K. Matson, J. Ross, D. Boiteau.

SECOND ROW: C. Goodfellow, J. Atkins, S. Pritchard, R. Lloyd, Esq., Housemaster, T. Jones, Esq., P. Milner, Esq., D. Courey, Prefect; M. Gauvin.

FRONT ROW: C. Blood, J. Hibbard, R. Tudela, I. Stephen, M. Kral, C. Lacroix, C. Paine, M. Fenton, R. Schleiermacher, A. McCallum.

## McNAUGHTON HOUSE

The fact that this article was written at three o'clock in the morning by two, who, at the time, were committing all sorts of no-no's worthy crimes, is in itself quite enough to give one an idea of the life to be found within our four walls. But we wish to go on.

Even the addition of two new housemasters did not help us in the least. We were still out of it in one way or another, as in, by example, the fantastic night life to be found commencing within half an hour after lights out, (and extending into wake up), such as the superb moonlight balcony parties hosted by Bonnell and Boiteau, or Courey and Pritchard's lengthy theological dissertations into the moral and spiritual development of our school, as well as Ross and McQuade's starlit explorations into new territories,





(they always came back GLASSY eyed...)

And then, when we had finally stumbled out of the house up to breakfast, and had crawled into our seats, the day shift of McNaughton Housers took over: Atkins, our only portable wall, represented us strongly around the school, while Sewell and then Vaughan took turns carrying on a Dunn-oriented tradition. Kral, our wall climbing Mexican jumping bean, served the field of entertainment brilliantly, while Monk, our pride and joy, paraded the true McNaughton House qualities, with Goodfellow close at heel, cursing his every move. Then of course there was Schleiermacher, whose claim to fame was his lengthy name. And always Matson, our secret weapon for the future.

Anyway, getting back to those masters, who consisted of brand new Mr. Jones and even brander Mr. Milner; let it be said that they did not need any training, for it was obvious to them after a short while that what you can't fight, you join. And finally Mr. Lloyd, whose soft footstep and subsequent pounce are now infamous, but who truly stood for those that did.

And that's the story of '73-'74





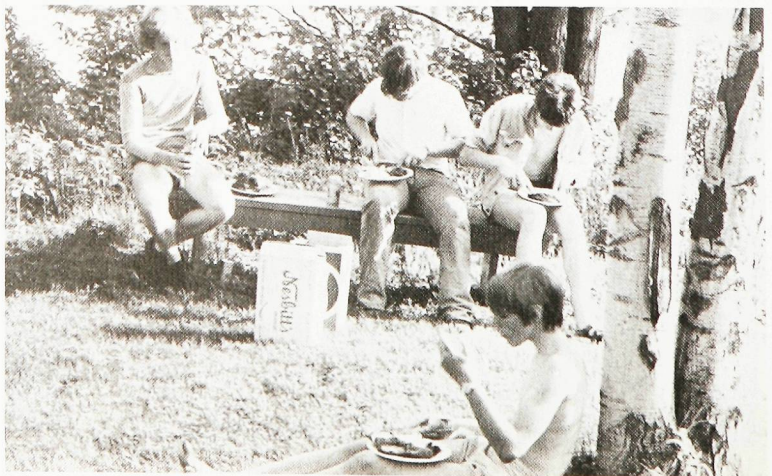
# SMITH HOUSE



BACK ROW: W. Toothe, R. Millyard, J. Nobles, J. Gillis, D. Payne, M. Shupe, J. Theberge, D. Creighton, A. Speth, N. Lomasney, M. Grey, Esq., Mrs. Gray, D. Morgan, Esq., B. Rossy, M. Hyde, P. Laframboise, P. Jarjour, K. MacDougall, P. Ouellet, T. Simard, S. MacTavish, B. Duval, P. Tinari.

SECOND ROW: C. Ross, D. Stenason, B. Petersen, G. Winterson, S. Gilbert, Prefect, R. Owen, Housemaster; F. McConnell, Prefect; F. Wilmer, I. Scott, K. Smith.

FRONT ROW: J. Stairs, J. Francis, D. Hovdebo, Cleo Gray.





## SMITH HOUSE

This year, as the old regulars and somewhat placid-looking new boys entered the house in September, they all knew that they had a tough act to follow from the original zoo of '73. This year's edition acknowledged the challenge placed before them and set out to conquer their B.C.S. rivals. The Green and White was well displayed during the Carnival as Big Smith took all honours despite all odds. But the zoo has always prided itself in its ability to invent adverse (or was that perverse?) activities, which sometimes leave normal human beings in inexplicable awe.

Of course, the inhabitants of this residence never go unrewarded in their quest for perfection, an example of which is always on display in the T.V. room in the form of prestige-our awards won by Stanley, Ian and John. There are several other objects and activities (a lot of them unusual) to be observed in the T.V. room, with the lone exception of the T.V. itself. Prolonged rowdiness in this haven situated deep within the bowels of the earth is immediately quelled by a simple tap on the pipes by the zoo-keeper above us. As in any zoo, or any establishment which houses animals, feeding time is mandatory. This task is taken care of by our tuck shop, which is kept open every five minutes, (right Ben), courtesy of S.T. Moose and Stanley, Inc.

In spirit and togetherness, the Green and White are unsurpassed, as every member of the house contributed wherever the effort was necessary, usually led by the likes of Rossy and Simard, with our trusting prefects (everybody knows their names) always keeping a watchful eye from the wings. Come spring, the infamous Smith Gardens opened up featuring the first annual S.T.-Ben Golf Classic Banquet, which presented several efforts in driving balls across the river.

Good-bye Mr. Ander, and good luck; Welcome Mr.



Morgan; Thanks to Mr. Gray for his tight rule and Rugby jargon; and most of all, thank-you Mr. Owen, for believing in us to the end.





# WILLIAMS HOUSE



BACK ROW: P. Mackenzie, A. Stairs, W. Anglin, B. Somerville, L.-P. Dupuy, Prefect; A.P. Campbell, Esq., Housemaster; D. Dutton, Esq., M. McGuigan, Esq., D. Chabot, Prefect; C. McQuade, M. Emanuel, R. Pollock, M. Derney.

FRONT ROW: G. Scott, R. Muddiman, D. Thraves, S. Jeffries, D. Lorimer, M. Burgess, W. Shepherd, W. Guy, D. Sofaer, R. Ludlow, A. Keeley, J. DePaul.

ABSENT: D. Speth.

## WILLIAM'S HOUSE



Twisting a homemade script into an extravaganza of a play, the house soon shocked the rest of the school into realizing that we had something good here. Written by Rob Muddiman with the help of the players, it literally "stole the show" and became the best house play this year. But enough of my modesty. I'd like to tell you what truly original, creative, assorted and basically down to earth people we had here this year.

The house was graced this year with the beautiful music of a budding Mozart; Wold and a budding Edgar Winter, Ludlow, as they played piano in our newly acquired common room, a green-house-of-a-room where comfortable furniture was present and blaring television was not.

Seventh form rose in numbers this year by



doubling its prefect population and keeping three others who added their own kind of spirit.

Wearing a chef's hat and ready to run, Chabot was most helpful in relieving pre-cross-country tensions. Notorious for running tuck shop down to such unthinkable depths as minus one hundred dollars, Dupes, was renowned for always paying back with considerable interest. The other seventh formers were less conspicuous, when they were in the house.

Sixth form was an assorted bunch with some enthusiastic masterminds of diabolical schemes including Mud and McQuade. Good to have you back Charlie! Good common sense could be found in the domain of Shepherd and Jeffries and with the houses most senior of seniors, Miguel. Thraves was usually quite quiet, while Soafer could often be found preaching the glories of T.M. and Speth was permanently mesmerized by such classics as Batman or the Flintstones, only getting up to change the channels in the corrupt, evil depths of that infamous black hole where the vidiots passed the time and ate tuck.

The rest of the house was always willing to give full effort and enthusiasm to house activities, and to indulge in gossip and heavy conversation during prep.

Alas another year has passed. The house's vines



have grown a year longer, a year thicker, and its brick walls slowly sink in the dust of time.







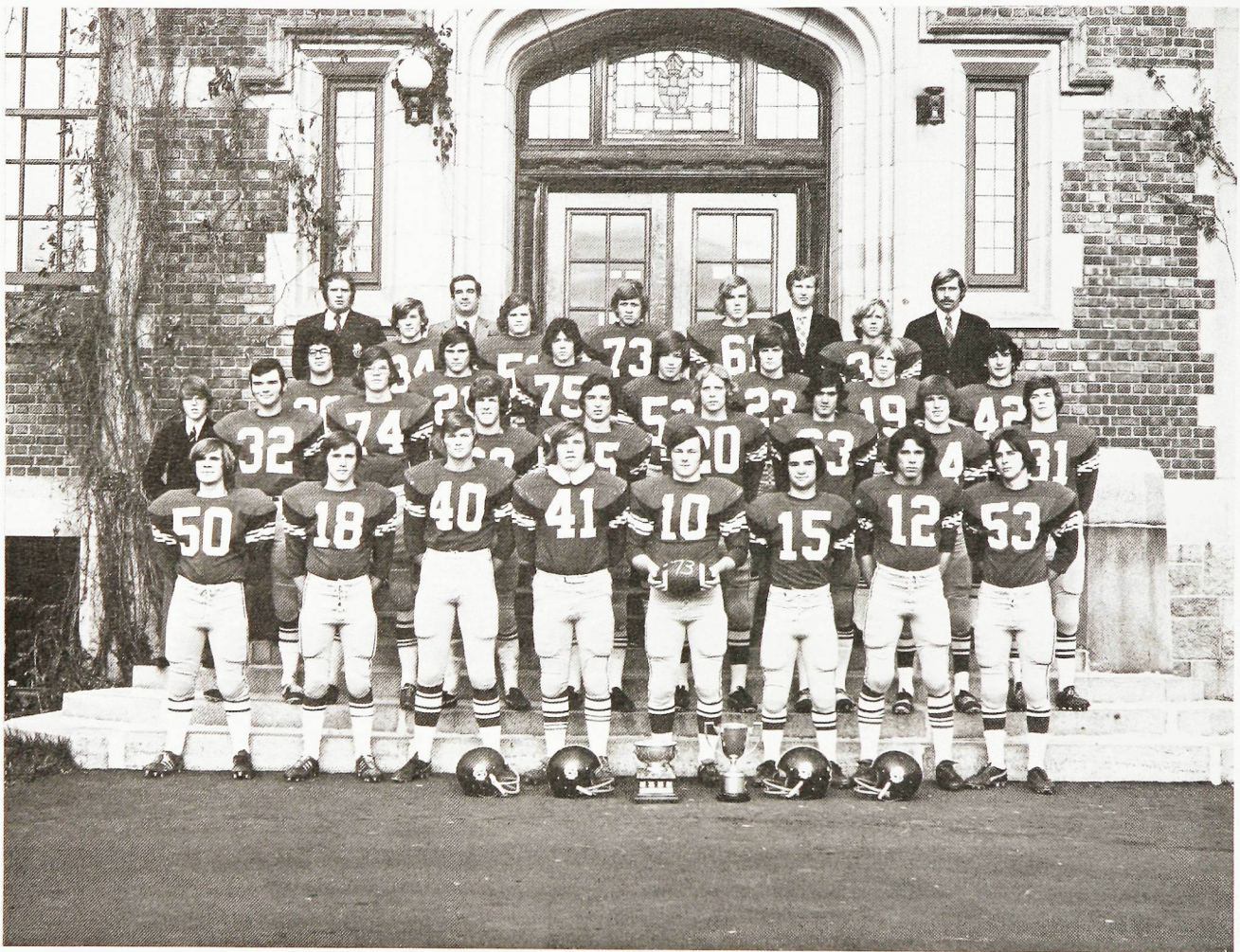




SPORTS



# SENIOR FOOTBALL



BACK ROW: W. Nugent, Esq., A. Monk, J.D. Cowans, Headmaster; S. Pritchard, J. Nobles, D. Fuller, M. Grey, Esq., J. Molson, D. Campbell.

MIDDLE ROW: D. Coury, T. McGee, A. Greenwood, B. Peterson, B. Morris, A. Keeley, T. Price.

SECOND ROW: J. Francis, R. McIntosh, M. MacTavish, B. Prescott, D. Chabot, R. Millyard, S. Correr, T. Ross, T. Lynch.

FRONT ROW: I. Scott, D. Sewell, L.P. Dupuy, J. Atkins, P. Marchuk, J. Servente, B. Anglin, T. Simard.



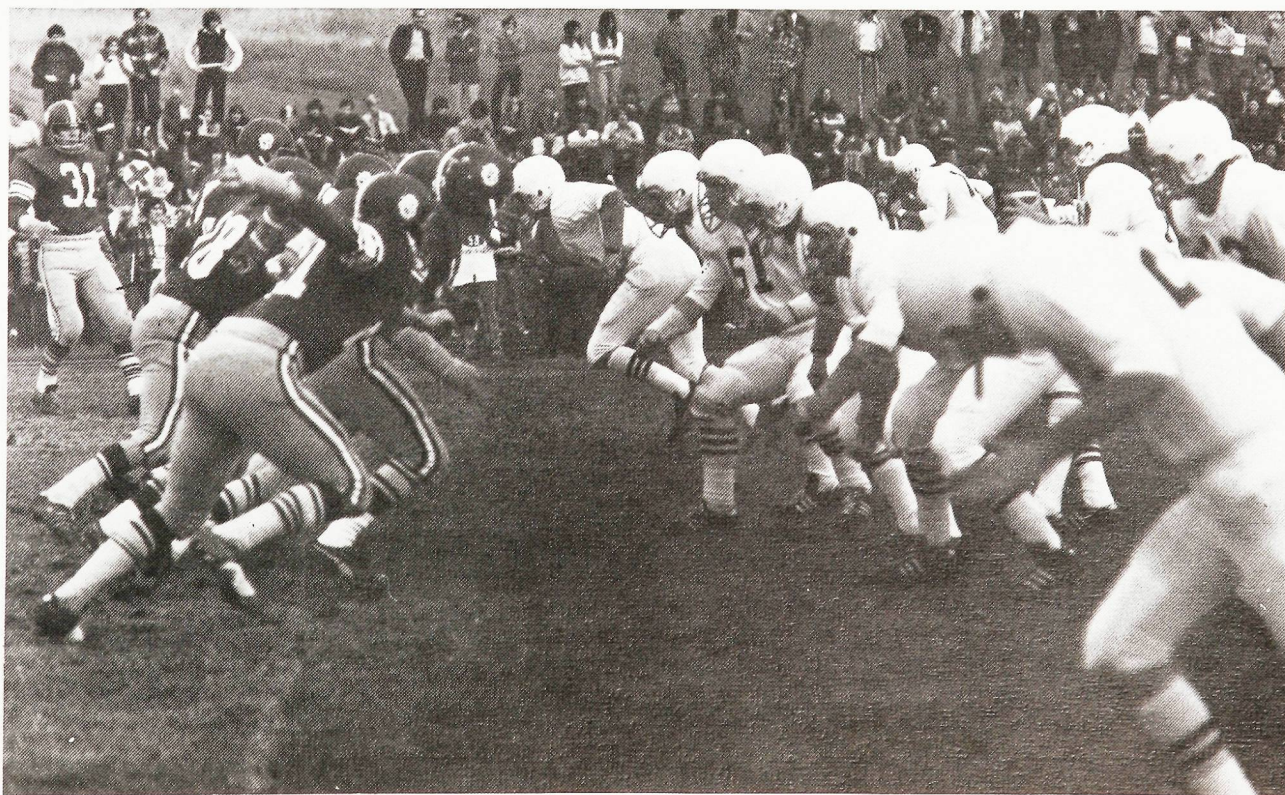


## SENIOR FOOTBALL

This team was poised, well drilled, and comprised of talented individuals. Quarterback and Co-Captain Marchuk, found offensive football to his liking, and was able to pass his way through the secondary and into the record books. Award winner Tony Ross, was the prime target for aerial shots, and steadied his homeland on defense as well. Unsurpassed in outright excellence, Anglin's accomplishments will not soon be forgotten. As leading scorer in the ETIAC, Bill carried our conference colours with winning confidence.

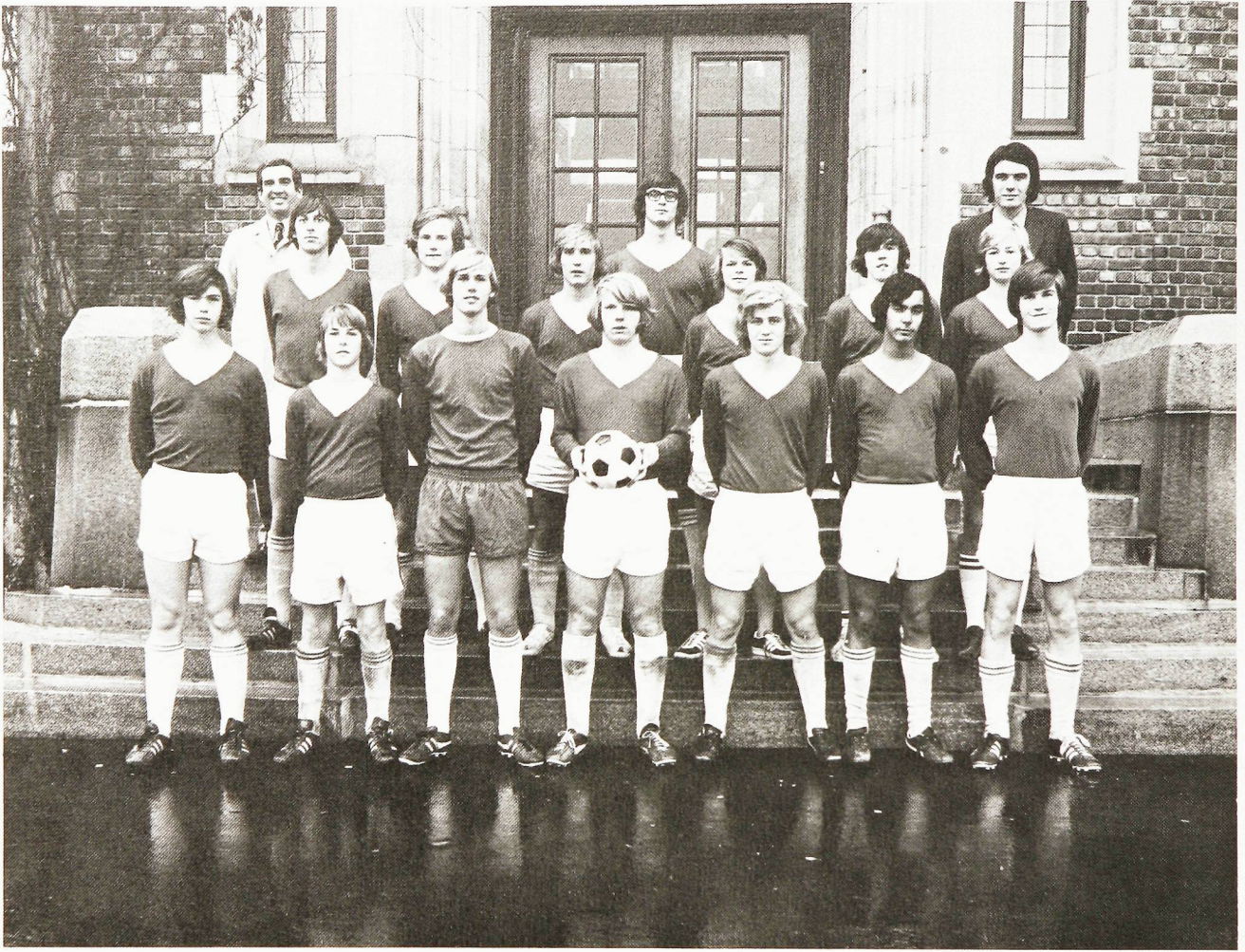
When people speak of BCS defense '73 they speak of J. Atkins. A key to success, John ran his defense with cold efficiency, immovable, irreplaceable. Co-Captains Servente and Dupuy were the silent objectors to defeat. Dominating the scoreboard game after game, each victory brought new found strength. Rob Millyard our rookie sensation was inspiring, maintaining a high level of quality performance. Leading ground gainer McGee led a new back field respectability, Ashbury felt the effect. On the lines offensive and defensive, penetration was the demand, MacTavish, Fuller and Prescott the answers. It seemed this team lacked little, with the Montreal Gazette ranking us no. 2 in Quebec, we were humbled just twice, yet two bitter disappointments.

On paper, on the field, a vintage team in its entirety. Behind this machine stood a coaching staff of great ingenuity and foresight. Their contribution shows in the record. BCS in '73 had its finest team of the decade. There is silverware to mark the path it trod, there are memories to spark those prospects who follow.





# SENIOR SOCCER



BACK ROW: J.D. Cowans, Headmaster; G. Winterson, T. Jones, Esq.  
MIDDLE ROW: G. Hallward, A. Albert, R. Vaughan, S. Muddiman, P. Rich, S. Mulherin.  
FRONT ROW: D. Stenason, R. Muddiman, M. Medland, D. Vaughan, Capt.; F. Wilmer, W. Guy, H. Busse.





## SENIOR SOCCER

In the early days of Autumn, over on the lush fields that belong to First Team soccer, there was a gathering of soccer players who assembled to produce one of the finest, if not the finest soccer team ever seen at BCS. It started with coach Trevor Jones introducing his new regime, which had us standing in awe as yielded the 3-3-4-1 system. We had three forwards. Included were, the 30 goal scoring punch of David Vaughan, the artistic style of winger Albert and the determination of Ferg Wilmer on the right side. Indeed this combination of scoring and offensive power would be more than enough to overwhelm the opposition. In the half line the Muddiman clan, and fiery Richard Vaughan, kept the opposition honest as this trio was all over the field, and the other team, both offensively and defensively. Four defensemen? Certainly this was a twist but there was hardly a team which could break through the age old duo of Dave Stenason and Turk Wintersen, and when they did, Mark Medlands impressive average in goal was equal to the task. Meds was a pretty hard man to beat when the chips were down. Hallward, Rich and Mulherin, were the other defensive stalwarts, who shared the outside positions. Tuck's ability to kick the ball till it was lost to Grier House, Stanley's slide tackles, Wayne's war hoops, Richard's big mouth and talented foot, Graham's conservative style, Andrew's "crosses", Dave's leadership and drive, Henri's "Headers", Mark's ability to play goal with broken fingers, Fergus' positioning, the pre-game quadrophonic up at Trev's, Steve for his photography and his ability to play every position on the field, Peter's managing and fine defensive work, and the Muddimans, Scott and Rob, for their opposition scaring size. We might even have been heroes, if it wasn't for that powerhouse football team on the other field.





# SENIOR GIRLS' SOCCER



BACK ROW: S. Bateman, Esq., C. Everson, A-M. Perron, S. Weissman, J.D. Cowans, Headmaster.  
MIDDLE ROW: J. Campbell, C. Mulherin, A. Duncan, C. Lewis, A. Cunningham, M. Murphy.  
FRONT ROW: C. Chisnell, K. Molson, E. Cameron, F. Guibord, E. Buchanan.

## FIRST TEAM SOCCER

At the beginning of term when we all jogged out onto the soccer field to begin our first term crease we found the unexpected. Our coach, who was new to us all, seemed to be feeling a little more unsure of himself than we did. I suppose I would too if I was faced with a bunch of over-weight females and asked to make a team of them. But as the days progressed so did we. Those soft summer rolls began to shape up into some sort of muscle and the minds began to expand with knowledge.

"Bates" took an attitude towards the team and the game that I am sure was unexpected of most. He always gave us the idea he wanted to win but after one of our frequent losses his attitude was the same; no disappointment, no regrets, maybe there could be

even a little more determination seen in his eyes.

Item-forward line. This consisted of five girls, each very different as far as style and outlook towards the game. At center forward and captain of the team we had Eloise Cameron. She was a hard worker and a steady hustler, showing her ability mainly in the ball-handling aspect of the game. Next came Murph, first recognized by her head-band and noted speed and always being on the ball, she contributed greatly to the squad. Jenny Campbell comes to mind while on the subject of speed. She had the makings of a great soccer player. The line was rounded off by Cathy Severs and Françoise Guibord. Each worked hard all the time and adding tremendously to the spirit of the team. Cynthia Mulherin, substituted frequently into certain positions of this line. Better known as Pudge, her efforts shall not go forgotten.



With mid field, our strongest part of the game, we think of Cathy Molson. Those booming kicks and her know how in controlling the game certainly deserves credit. On her left and right sides, her roommate Ellen, and Corina could be found. Both carrying the same control which forms a strong mid field. Anne-Marie Perron regularly fitted herself into this line. Bringing life and an all-round boost that was often needed.

Anne Duncan and Andrea Cunningham made up our defense. Working well as partners, they were often there when they were needed.

Now what can be said about our goal tending. The best I could say is that we were backed with a smile with Connie Everson playing a little more than Sandra, we depended on them as our anchor. Ah yes, we can't forget the coach. Often seen pacing up and down the sidelines or as he says it, "following the play". Mr. Bateman gave us the respect and sent us into the games in the right frame of mind. Thanks sir, we needed that.

As far as our season goes, it was thoroughly enjoyed and it couldn't have ended better than by beating Galt in the last game of the season.

Many thanks to all who made up the team, especially Mr. Bateman 'cuz we really never knew how you put up with us.





# SENIOR FIELD HOCKEY



BACK ROW: Miss A. Smith, K. Wyatt, M. Roy, L. Gosling, A-M. Belanger, K. McNeil, J. Cowans, Headmaster.  
FRONT ROW: M. Paine, R. Provencher, M. Hunkin, E. Dussalt, S. Westhoff, K. Fitzpatrick.







This year's field hockey team based their season on a lot of hard work, a good coach with good coaching techniques, a bunch of good-humoured, sensible females, and a little luck.

We had a tough season, with only last year to look back upon, and the majority of the team were rookies, but the experience we gained from this season was incalculable. Smitty was forever running us, screaming at us, scrimmaging us, and last but not least, teasing us. We based the team on spirit, and we sure had enough of that! Whether we won a game or lost a game we came off the field full of happiness and bruises.

We had many tough, close games, against our opponents, Galt and Richelieu Valley. Some which we won and some which we lost. I can seem to remember if we ever played a game with the full B.C.S. unit out there on the field. It was usually between Kim's fickle appendix, Sandra's dentist appointments, Fitz's regular off-crease excursions or Gillian's Extensive ailments, that kept us from being a regular unit. But the support was always the same with Smitty yelling at us to help each other out, Fitz's "lets get a goal y'all", and Michelle's never ending wild man cries that kept us from breaking apart.

The most memorable experience of the season was the six-a-side tournament at St. Helene's Island. We fought against twelve other teams until we finally were defeated by Richelieu Valley in the championship game.

Our never ending scoring threat in Mare babes, with Michelle, Linda, Map, and Nee close behind, kept us going. Our faithful defense was held up by Fitz, Sewell, Sandra, Kim, Gillian and our fearless goalie "Duppy-Dussault".

Special thanks goes to our ever faithful photographer and to Miss Smith who did such a tremendous job of putting up with us all season.

R.P. AND M.H.





# JUNIOR FOOTBALL



BACK ROW: M. Levitt, B. Ander, Esq.; K. MacDougall, N. Lomasney, C. Goodwin, Esq.  
 THIRD ROW: R. Garneau, R. Ludlow, S. St. Jean, B. Duval, G. Atkins, C. McQuade, P. Fenton, D. Stoker, P. Ouellet.  
 SECOND ROW: D. Bonnet, K. Smith, M. Burgess, A. MacCallum, B. Campbell, M. Setlakwe, M. Fenton, J. DePaul.  
 FRONT ROW: M. Zarbatany, B. Messier, S. Singer, M. Vineberg, T. Langill, D. Lormer, D. Horner, C. Ross.

After a slow start the determined Junior Football squad came on strong to a 5-3 win-lose season. The season started off on a cold, wet windy Saturday afternoon on the hill at Alexander Galt. After 60 minutes of pushing and shoving the Junior squad trudged off the mud soaked field with a 19-0 lose. The next two games were to end with similar lopsided scores although the caliber of the play was improving.

After our fantastic warm up, Selwyn House thrashed our disorganized boys 32-0, ruining our Montreal roadtrip. Stanstead was able to score three touchdowns even though the purple and white squad carried the play.

Even with this terrible start the spirit was not down, the boys were ready to go. Led by the quick thinking Q.B., David "Broadway" Vineberg, back from his Jewish holidays, the purple machine was ready to be put in high gear.

Bolstered by four seniors on the defence squad,

Quebec High was the first to fall by a score of 15-14 in a very exciting game. With the taste of victory the team was ready to seek revenge against the Galt Pipers. Led by the strong inside running of Peter "Bear" Fenton, the quickness of Pierre Ouellet's running and pass catching of no deception, the Junior squad rolled to a one sided 21-7 victory. The next two games were turnabouts from the previous encounters. Stanstead was trounced 21-0 and Selwyn House was beaten easily 29-8, but Selwyn House won the Noseworthy Trophy despite a valiant effort in the second game to narrow their lead from a 33 point to an 11 point lead.

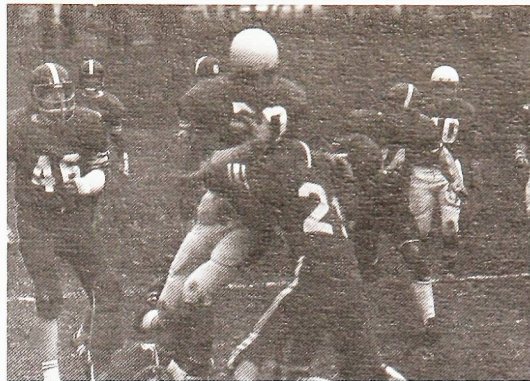
Many boys were starting to become of age, Mathew Burgess emerged to become a powerful, quick runner, John DePaul was becoming a capable outside runner and Steven Singer was becoming a solid performer, playing both offencely and defencely.

The group was becoming a solid, competitive team.



The season was completed with a 16-0 victory over Ashbury College, running our undefeated string to 5.

This Junior squad, molded under the watchful eyes of Mr. Goodwin and Mr. Ander, had many inspirations and individuals which produced the great teamwork and spirit. The season will always be remembered for Mark Levitt's solid, red socks, Danny Horner's gang of puddle divers and Blair Campbell's perfect record of never getting to crease on time. This was a great season as the team worked hard and achieved results from good basic blocking, running and tackling. As the whole team knows, none of this would have been possible if it weren't for the two great coaches. Thank You.





# JUNIOR SOCCER



BACK ROW: D. Dutton, Esq. J. Stairs, A. Shepherd, B. Way, W. Toothe.  
MIDDLE ROW: R. Hodgson, J. Nethersole, A. Stairs, R. Pollack, D. Wold, D. Speth.  
FRONT ROW: J. Ross, W. Yoon, D. Scheunert, I. Stephen, P. Laframboise.



We began the season with no real talent and no real stars, but soon developed into a good colourful team that had winning potential. How could we fail with Mr. Dutton's advice on practicing with tennis balls and efforts to control ourselves with bizarre stretching exercising? The team had plenty of come back ability, as they counteracted a loss with a win in the very next game. Amongst these comebacks was the defeat of Stanstead to the tune of 3-0.

The Juniors will remember those game by game position changes which somehow worked out quite well, David Wold's field migrations which unwittingly led his playing of almost every position by the end of the first half of the game. The sturdy defence team of Laframboise, Stephen, Shepherd and John Stairs did a fine job of helping the running halves and were in turn backed up by many great saves by Alan Stairs.



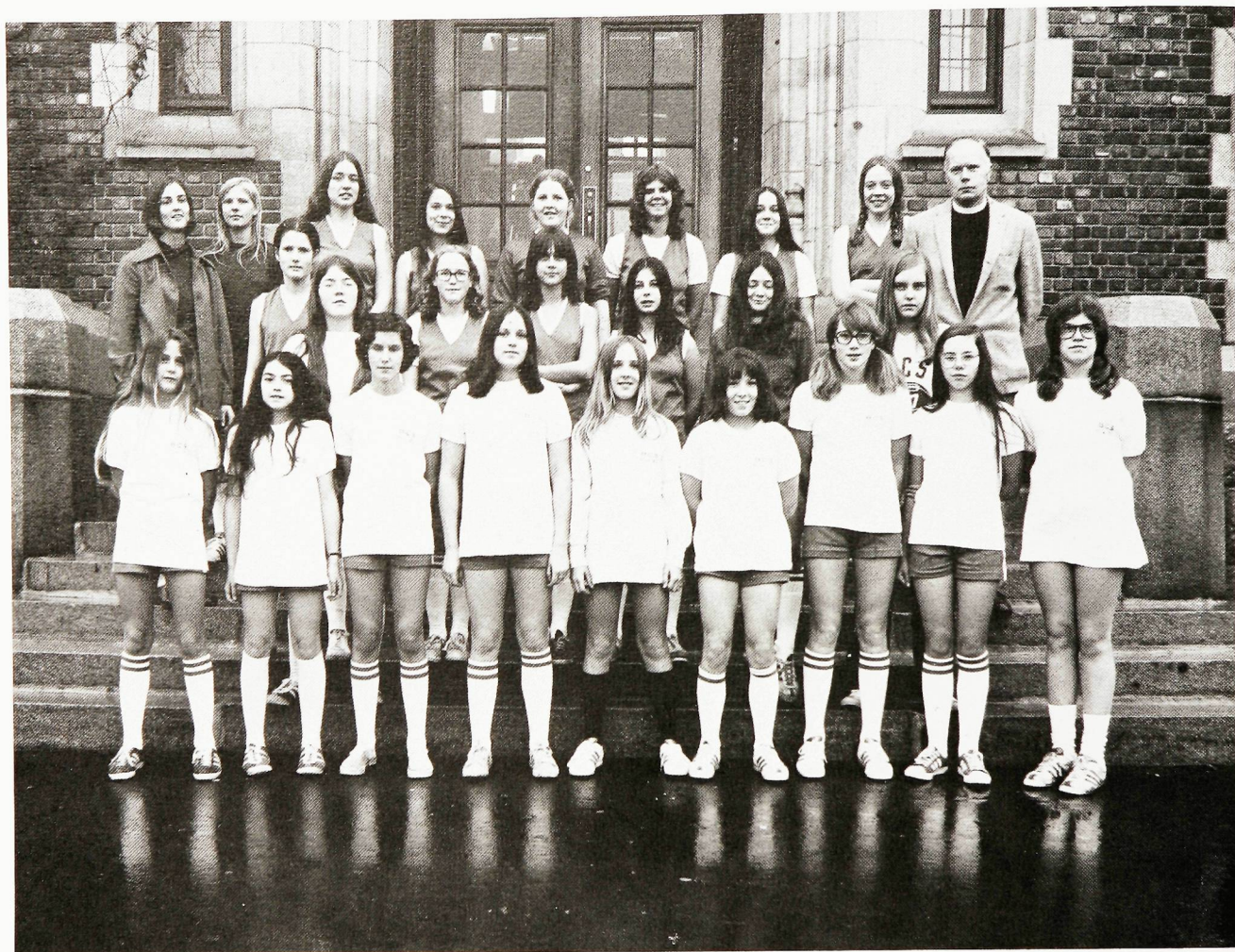
Especially effective were the dead eye lefts; wingers Yoon, Hodgson and Nethersole's bull-like center rushes, fortunately cushioned by his unique head gear.

Mr. Dutton pooled his knowledge of static and dynamic physics in order to teach us how to kick the ball and even participated in some of those torturous "On your back, up six inches" exercises. We all hope that he finds his new cap as effective as Wold's was for bringing good luck, and wish him well in next year's Junior Soccer team.





# JUNIOR GIRLS' SOCCER



BACK ROW: Miss S. Hammond, K. Keeley, S. Pease, H. Pangman, J. Vaughan, S. Grass, D. Cramer, M. Allison, Rev. D. Roberts.  
 MIDDLE ROW: I. Mahtab, S. Jervis-Read, M. Livingstone, V. Dohney, J. Caron, K. Patrick, C. Pease.  
 FRONT ROW: D. Laframboise, F. Sheridan, F. Hallward, K. Teron, S. Hibbard, D. Simard, D. Peron, H. MacNab, R. Singer.

We started the year with five veterans, a mess of recruits, two coaches Miss Hammond and Rev. Roberts. At the beginning we all had a little summer flab to do away with, coaches included. But as the season progressed we found our muscles hardening and our minds expanding. With the never ending patience that we certainly needed coming from our coaches, and the always apparent spirit that was coming from the players, B.C.S. fielded a pretty good Junior Soccer team.

We of course had stars on the team, just like any other does and found that the light shined brightest on Sarah, who was the strength of our mid-field, closely followed by Jenny whose capacity seems to run in the family. Vicki, who had an all-round great season and Kim Patrick who tended to look like our scoring threat. But the others are not soon to be forgotten.





Our goalie, who we could always turn to for support, was Karin Keeley. The defence duties were very adequately shared by Susan and Margaret. The mid-field consisted of Heather, Jenny and Sarah, each carried out their soccer duties to the fullest. Now to the forwards. Kim and Jo Jo could always be depended on for their certain little french comments, and Vicki, our faithful captain, with Meg and Iona, rounding off this all important line.

Now you put us all together and you had a fun team with great spirit. We didn't win too many but we learned how to lose and how to lose well, and sometimes that can be just as good as a win (or so we were told). We would like to thank the Bantams for their help and support. And many thanks to Miss Hammond and Rev. Roberts for putting up with us for so long.

S.G. AND I.M.





# JUNIOR FIELD HOCKEY



BACK ROW: K. Wyatt, and Penny, F. Thompson, G. Merrill, M. Hamard, T. Spoel, A. Elliot, Miss A. Smith.  
FRONT ROW: W. MacDougall, B. Bell, H. Crockett, A. Poole, A.M. Ballanger, L. Quellet, R. Matchett.

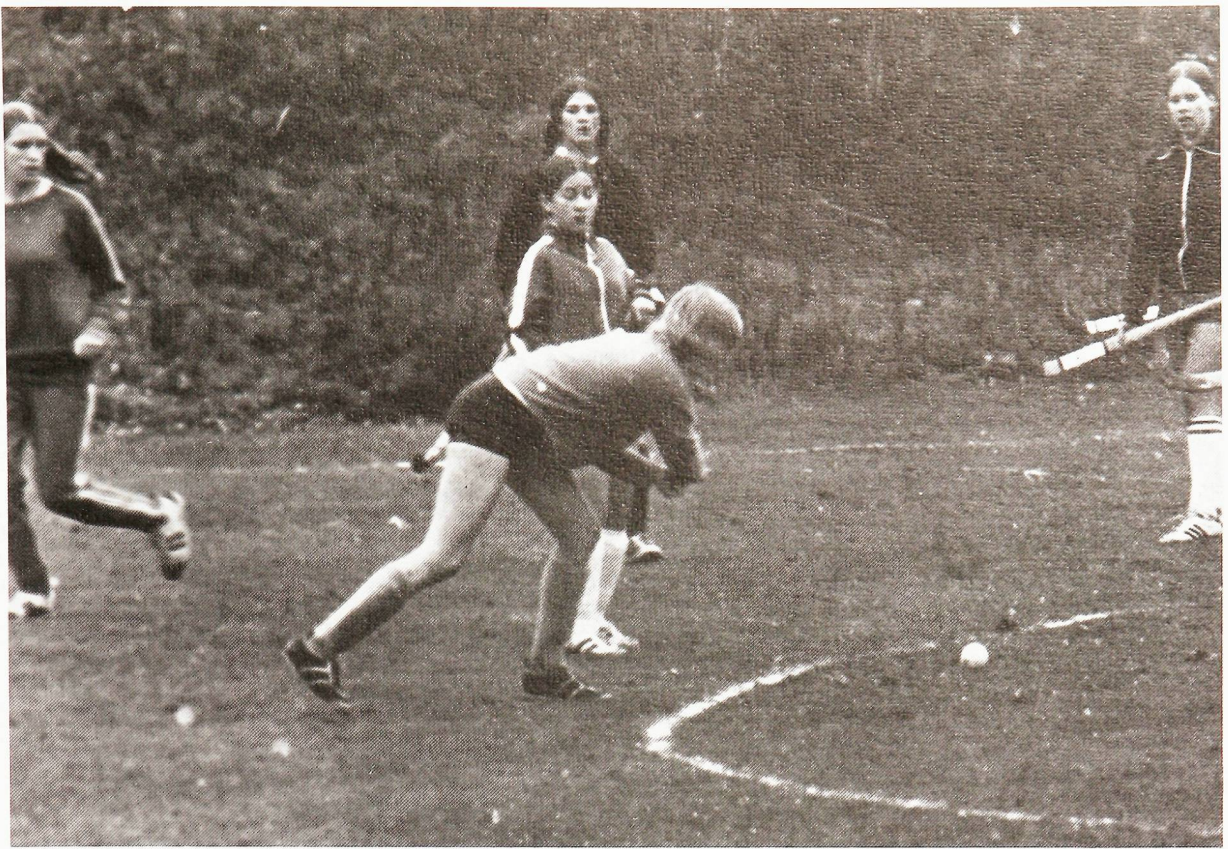
Once upon a time, twelve girls got together to play a game that they knew very little about. That was us this fall. It was a game that required plenty of coordination, lots of hard work, and above all, good team spirit. Our coach was Miss Smith, our manager Kathy and a strong supporter in Penny who attended each practice and game. We soon found out first what we had gotten ourselves into for two and half months. It meant creases in sun, rain, hail and mud. But in this time we learned some powerful methods of self defence. You see, bruised shins were found to be almost compulsory after each day.

In net, one could certainly hear Andrea. Using her amazing ability and footwork to save us from many goals. Our only experienced player was Tessa. Her arrival to us from Richelieu Vally was most accepted and her usual occupation was explaining what off-side was.

Heather and Rosalie, frequently brought up to the senior crease, could be found practicing their little moves on the side lines. In field hockey of course. With another quick glance one could find Wendy and Lynne, and Bernie cutting one another down while taking shots on Andrea. Boom-boom, Gay and Frances are practicing their drives, often using each other as targets. Martine is standing around asking what time crease will be over and Allison is, oh where is she? There she is still running her two warm up laps. Miss Smith is trying to figure out some even teams for relays while Penny and Kathy head for the side lines.

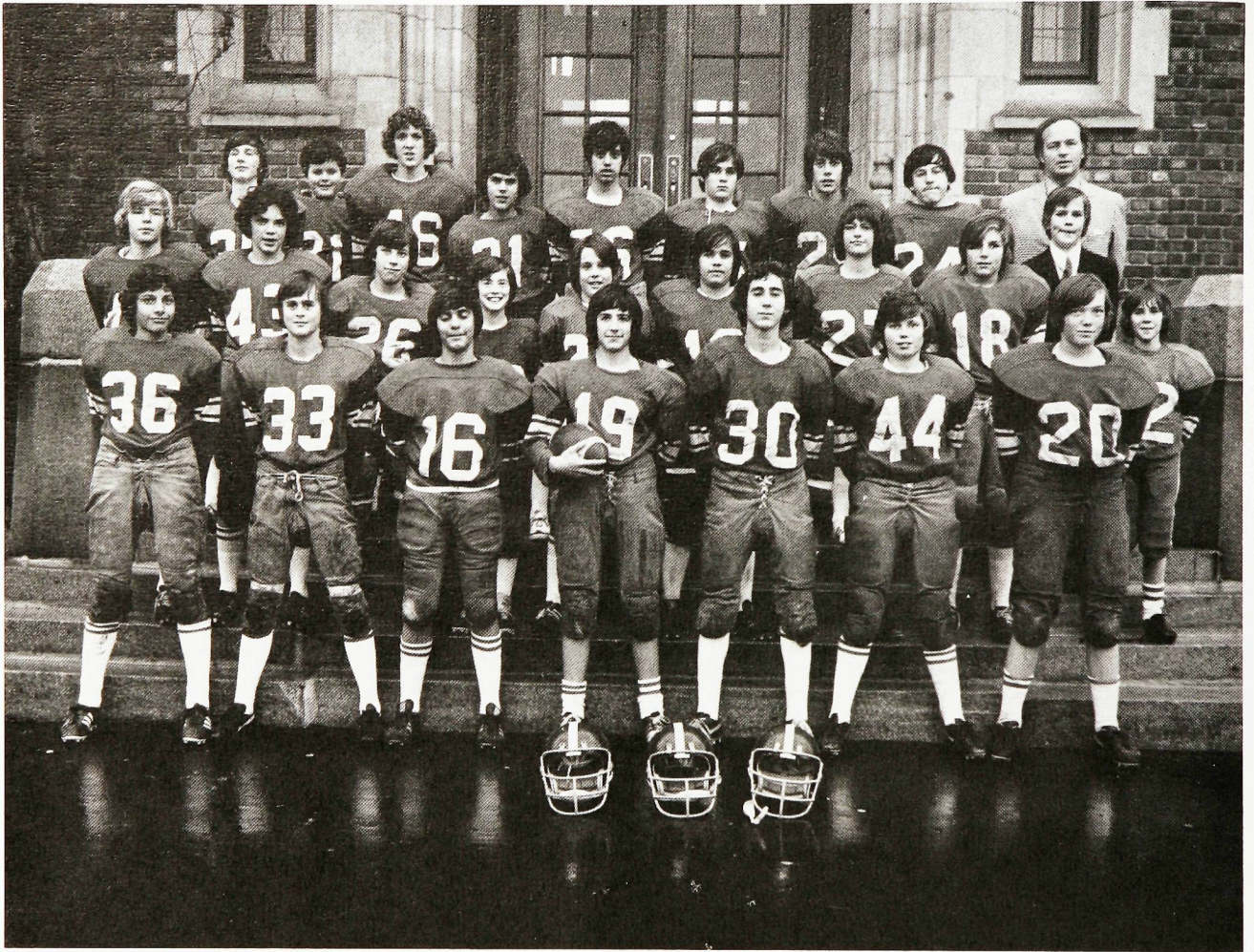
Our season was truly an experience if nothing else and the tournament we hosted was a lot of fun. On behalf of the team, thank you Miss Smith for your time and patience.



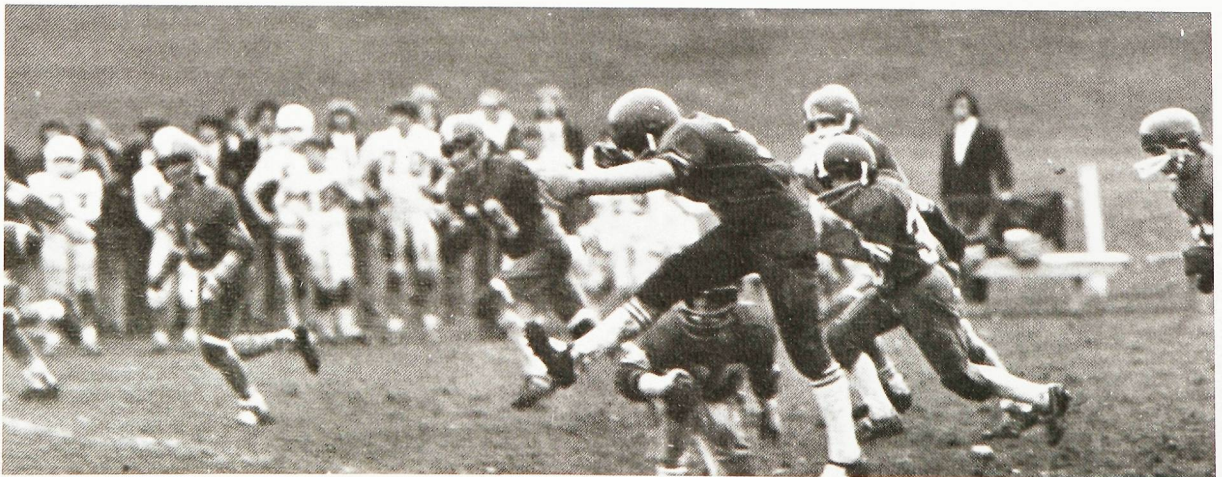




# BANTAM FOOTBALL



BACK ROW: B. Barden, B. Cliche, B. McQuade, G. Scott, R. Tudela, C. Lacroix, D. Theberge, P. Provencher, W. Badger, Esq.  
MIDDLE ROW: E. Price, R. Sutherland, M. Weir, M. Austin, J. Hibbard, I. Morales, F. Seveigny, P. Mackenzie, M. Ray, S. Budning.  
FRONT ROW: D. Speth, D. Hovdebo, D. Morales, K. Matson, B. Rossy, A. Park, D. Roberts.





This year's Bantam Football was fortunate enough to have in its lineup a good number of experienced players who aided both our offence and defence in play. With the help of Mr. Badger and Mr. Doheny we attempted perfection in executing our plays, but we never quite made it. We went into our first game with high spirits and as should be expected, butterflies in our stomachs. After every tough play, St. Hubert managed to pull through with a touchdown in the last three minutes of play. The final score was 18-12.

We started mending our weak points, and after a couple of games we met for the second time, Hudson High School. Now we were playing at home for the first time of the season and this advantage seemed to pay off for us. We had complete control of the ball in the first half and scored our first eight points on a left slant, a fine run by Bruce Rossy. In the second half Hudson had some pressure on, but our defence, headed by Ivan Morales was able to hold its ground.

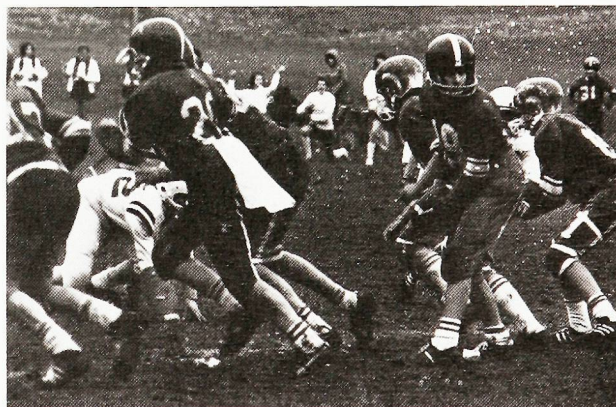
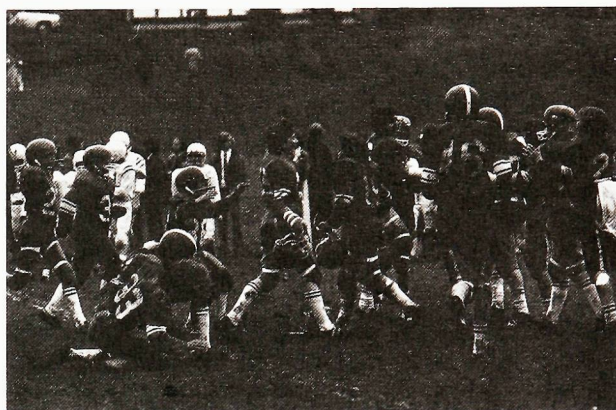
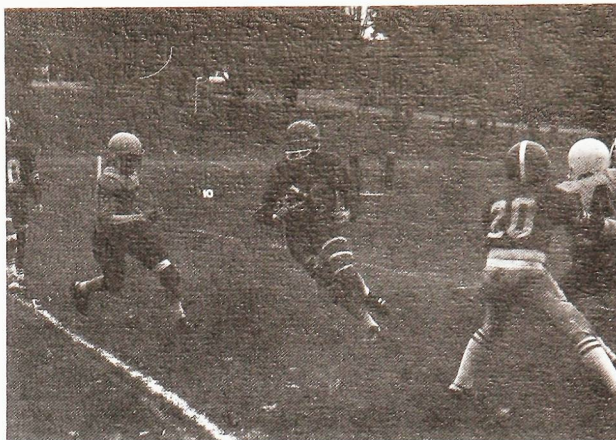


Our offense came back and scored its other points as the team won itself a shutout. It was a walkover as the final score was 16-0.

Our last game of the season against Selwyn House seemed to have been wrapped up until the final seconds. It was a foul up on a punting situation that took us for a heavy loss in yards. On third down and long Selwyn House went in for a touchdown, though their conversion was unsuccessful it didn't matter for the final whistle sounded only seconds later. The final score was 6-2. We collected our points on punt safetys by Ivan Morales.

Our leading scorers for the season were Ivan Morales and Kevin Matson with 18 points apiece, Bruce Rossy with 16, and Ashley Park and Donald Hovdebo hustling close behind. Our thanks go to both our coaches and all the players who put so much into it, to make it such an enjoyable season. This year's Bantam Football team has followed in the steps of the Senior Football team and broken all club records at the Bantam level. Best of luck to next year's team hoping that they will be able to make it even better.

A.P. AND D.M.





# BANTAM SOCCER



BACK ROW: P. Milner, Esq.  
 MIDDLE ROW: D. Simard, P. Clermont, N. Hauck, D. Mitchell, S. Steigler, G. Gantchef, J. McKinnon.  
 FRONT ROW: R. Coulombe, M. Duquet, L. Duval, R. Hyndman, H. Delgado, T. Moseley.



Our soccer team was excellent in spirit, determination and laughs, usually at ourselves. Yet we lacked one aspect, and that was a winning season, three out of four isn't bad. We were victorious in a reasonable amount of exhibition games, and our league were always exciting and vigorous. The motley crew of Hodgson, Fields, Simard and Duquet were constantly all over the field. They were so much over the field that none seemed to be able to find them. Although on certain occasions they would surpass all expectations and produce a goal, and even sometimes two, they were usually assisted by such stars as Mitchell, Tiny Tim, Gantchef, Hyndman, oh and of course if one looked hard enough he could usually distinguish Dumais, somewhere in the crowd.

Much credit has to go to our goalie, Luc Duval, who unfortunately suffered from a broken arm, he of course was making an outstanding save at the time.



The team would like to give their thanks to Mr. Milner, who never stopped encouraging us when we were down, and provided us with many a humorous moment. Thanks.

R.H.





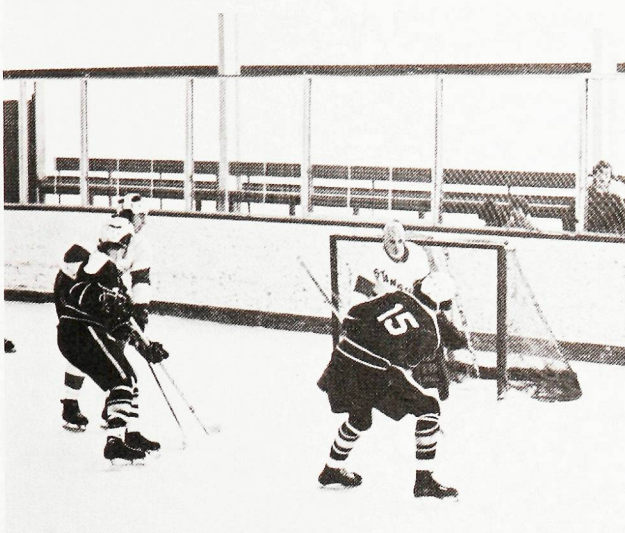
# SENIOR HOCKEY



BACK ROW: T. Simard, J. Cowans, Headmaster; C. Goodwin, Esq.  
 THIRD ROW: A. Monk, D. Stenason, D. Fuller, S. MacTavish, G. Winterson.  
 SECOND ROW: K. Matson, T. Ross, J. Molson, M. Medland, S. Pritchard, D. Vaughan, R. Vaughan.  
 FRONT ROW: B. Peterson, J. Servente, T. Price, P. Marchuk, S. Correr.





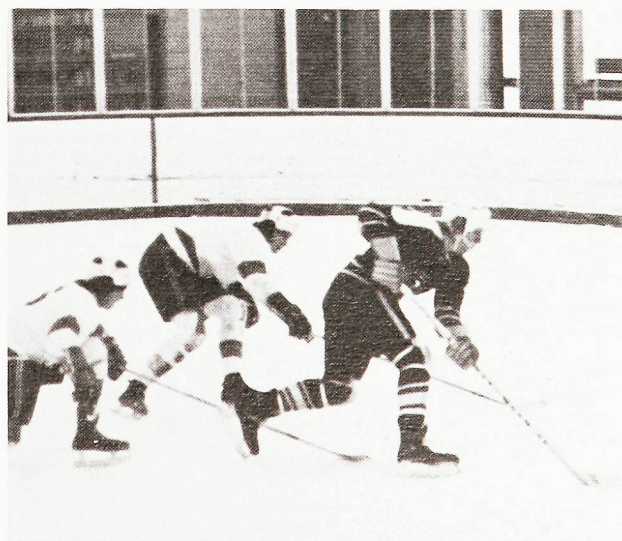


## SENIOR HOCKEY

At the beginning of this season, the inter-squad game showed that this year's edition of Senior Hockey would be an explosive combination of talented veterans and eager rookies. The goaltending was organized on the three goaler system which featured the experience of Ben Petersen, the key performances of Tim Price and the surprising effectiveness of import Scott Corrieri. On the defence captain Marchuck was enjoying his fourth consecutive season and led the team through thick and thin. The other three defencemen were Stan Stenason, Gregg Winterson and Moose MacTavish who were all rookies. The team's most eyebrow raising department was its collection of fast and powerful Forwards. An excellent first line consisted of Tony Ross, Rick Vaughan and Mark Medland. The second line was more defensive minded, with Kevin Matson centering Dave Vaughan and Joey Servente, who had a habit of scoring his goals in bunches. An example of how well balanced this year's team was; the squads third line of Scott Pritchard, Al Monk and Boomer Dave Fuller could always be counted on doing an effective job. Last but not least was KK Molson who filled in whenever the occasion arose.



This year's campaign was marred by inconsistency, as we played 500 hockey, despite our nine game undefeated streak, during which the team played its best hockey and defeated hapless Richmond, Galt, Hebron Academy, Stanstead and Ashbury. In tournaments this year the team found itself psychologically unprepared for the BU tournament and came up fourth from the top with only one victory and that being over Massey Vanier. However we gained back our respectability by being runners-up in the LCC tourney, where we destroyed Ashbury 9-1. In the second term we shrugged off our Stanstead mentors, beating them three times, tying twice in a series in which tempers flared and blood was shed. In handling the Hebron Team, BCS reaffirmed Canadian Hockey's supremacy over the Americans. The teams annual trip to Ashbury, was a semi-success, in which we lost the first game and won the second. Although we had matched the Pipers from Galt during the regular season, they proved the better team when they ousted BCS in a four game series. Our warmest thanks must go to that duo in the striped tuques, "Tippy" Goodwin our coach who taught us all those basic fundamentals, and ST Simard who managed to get all those vital "stats".





# SENIOR GIRLS' BASKETBALL



FIRST ROW: F. Guibord, H. Crockett, S. Grass.

SECOND ROW: J. Campbell, M. Murphy, M. Hunkin, C. Sewell, E. Buchanan.

THIRD ROW: P. Paterson, J.D. Cowans, Headmaster; Miss A. Smith, K. Wyatt.

## SENIOR GIRL'S BASKETBALL

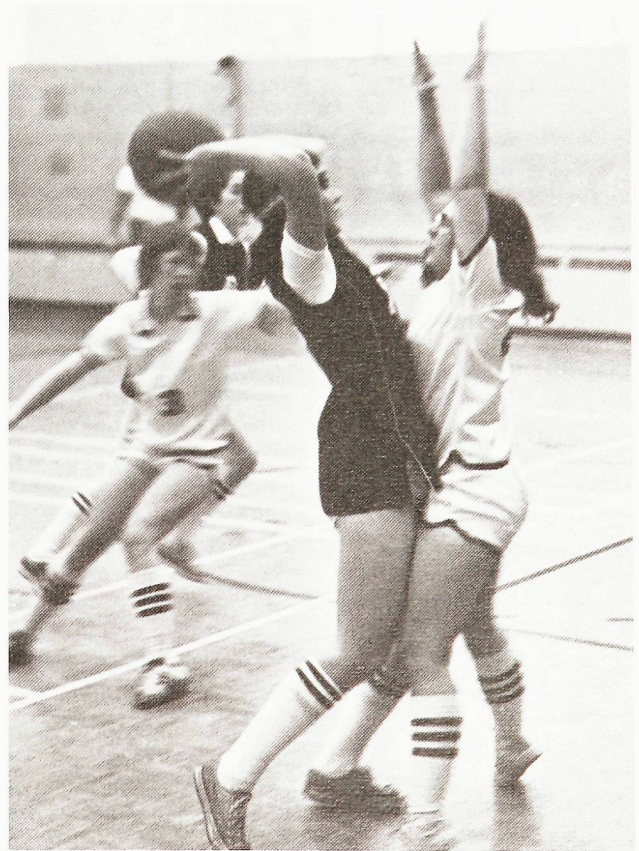
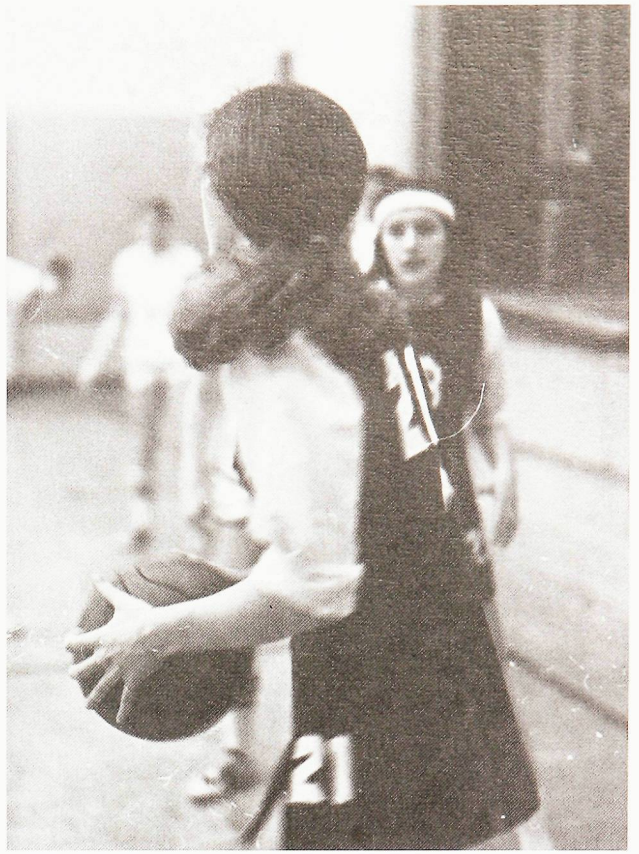
What did you say this game was called?? Basketball, how do you play it? Well, we soon learned, didn't we Frank, Jenny? With a small team, faced with only memories of last year's season, eagerly, we hit the courts. Having to run to Lennoxville Elementary School for practices in pouring rain or in a fierce snow storm is just one of many of our fond memories left with us. On good days we would be faced with only two gigantic puddles on the court, both products of leaks in the roof, and both Sewell found very hard to evade. Our most cherished moments - trying to keep Smitty off the court during practices - finding Hunkin's own private cheering sections at Galt and Richmond - Murphy leaping and bounding down the court, oops she forgot the ball!!! Many others like Heather's witty comments, "What am I playing? what

position, what side, which way are we going," Sandra's never-ending supply of gum, Ellen's amazement at getting to choose her very own number, and Sarah's star performance in front of her mother. No matter how hard we try there are just some things that are unforgettable!

Our season, on the whole, was certainly most profitable. We lost a few and won a lot. With Miss Smith and Penny on the sidelines, the juniors cheerleading, and our avid spectators, it was certainly hard to fail. With few or no substitutes at each game, the last buzzer always brought a great sigh of relief. Games at Richmond, Massey-Vanier, Galt and here all are to be remembered.

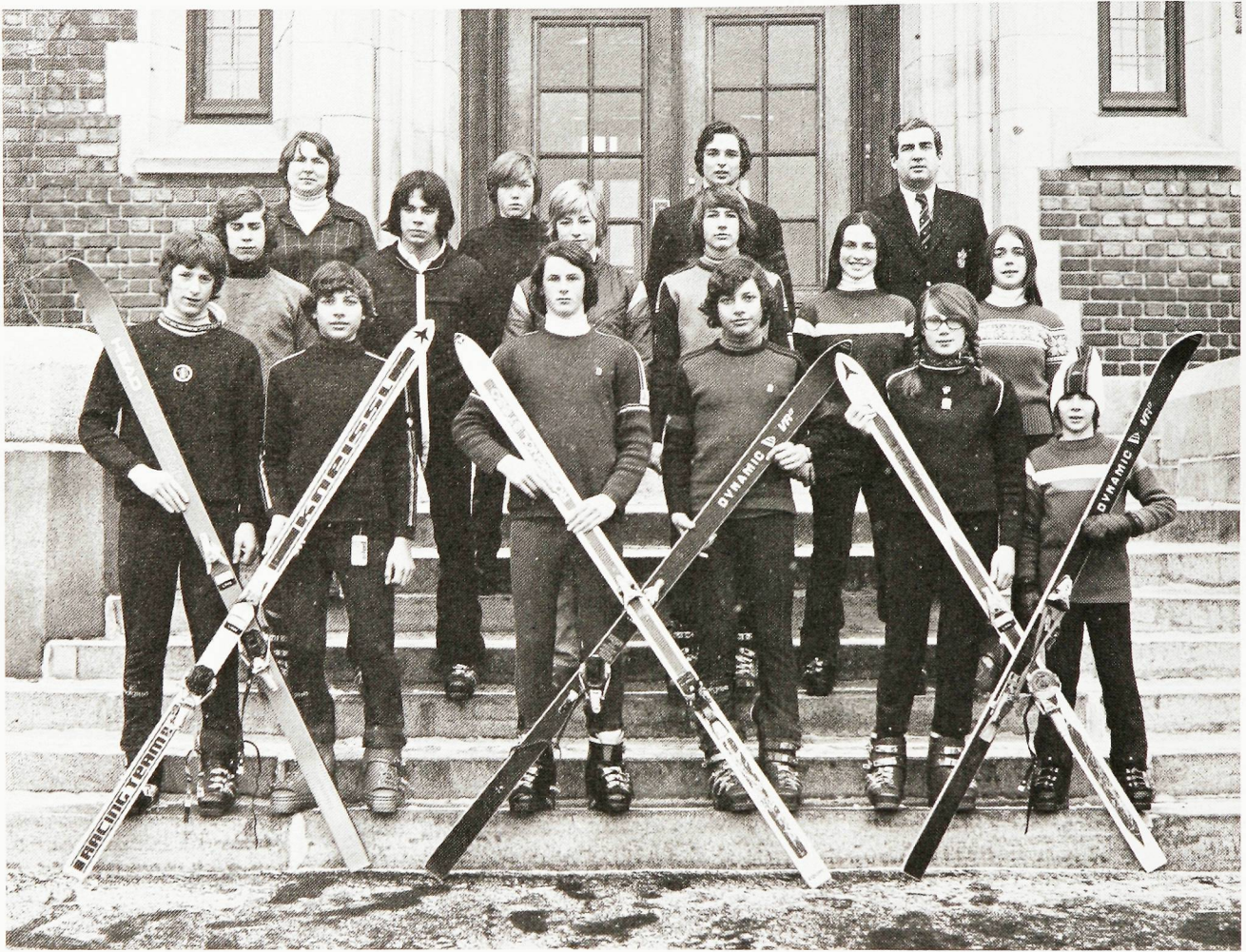
A special thank-you to Miss Smith who, by showing us good play, good sportsmanship gave us great spirit, made us the team we were. Thank-you for a great season.







# SENIOR SKI TEAM



BACK ROW: Miss B. Pietras, D. Roberts, D. Chabot, J.D. Cowans, Headmaster.  
MIDDLE ROW: D. Boiteau, W. Anglin, S. Mulherin, M. Emmanuel, R. Provencher, L. Ouellet.  
FRONT ROW: M. Setlakwe, A. Speth, H. Notman, D. Speth, D. Perron, S. Budning.  
ABSENT: C. McQuade.

This year was a trying one as snow conditions were plagued by bad weather. This meant less practice, and fewer races which were badly needed.

However when our team hit the slopes it was evident that we had the ability, along with the style (such as Ferg's great poling.)

Our first test was at Owl's Head and although skiing may seem like an individual sport, our team, led by Anglin's second, followed up with many consistent placings to have excellent team standings.

The next race was at Orford which Bill won for the Sylvestre Cup. The course was icy and chunky and yet the few who finished held excellent positions.

Those who finished in top ten positions in zone competition during the season, were Anglin, Emmanuel, Notman, Lynn Ouellet and Roberts.

Our Owl's Head Independant School Meet was cancelled this season. However to offset this loss we

dumped Stanstead 118 to 84 in a dual slalom.

The spirit, occasionally hampered by the continuously poor weather, remained quite high due to an array of personalities. Again this year, we were blessed with two lovely females, Renée and Lynn.

Whenever Shotgun was talking to the head coach, there was peace on the slopes, as our captain kept the team under strict surveillance. If one couldn't find Bill flipping fences (on Purpose?) or Steve landing face first trying to get some action photos, they could always see Renée and Lynn slaloming down the hill with that excellent forward lean! Ferg was never far behind.

Other greats on our team were Budning, sometimes mistaken as a hut in a rut. The Speths continued their brotherly challenges, while Roberts and Setlakwe kept their eyes on Perron. Boiteau felt Orford was too small and therefore spent most of his



time at Mont. St. Anne. When Emmanuel couldn't be found on the chairlift he was probably on the slopes, while Notman was perpetually trying to get our ski instructor to laugh.

Many thanks to Miss Pietras for the time and effort which she put behind our team. We all had a good time and worked hard on our turns (never taking time for a little free style.)

Think snow!!





# SENIOR GIRLS' VOLLEYBALL



BACK ROW: H. McFarlane, Esq., J.D. Cowans, Headmaster.  
 MIDDLE ROW: J. Henderson, Y. Van Grieken, R. Henri, S. Weissman, A. Poole, E. Gobeil.  
 FRONT ROW: J. Henry, W. MacDougall, A. Duncan, F. Thomson, M. Roy, G. Mundy, J. Fox, J. Hamel.

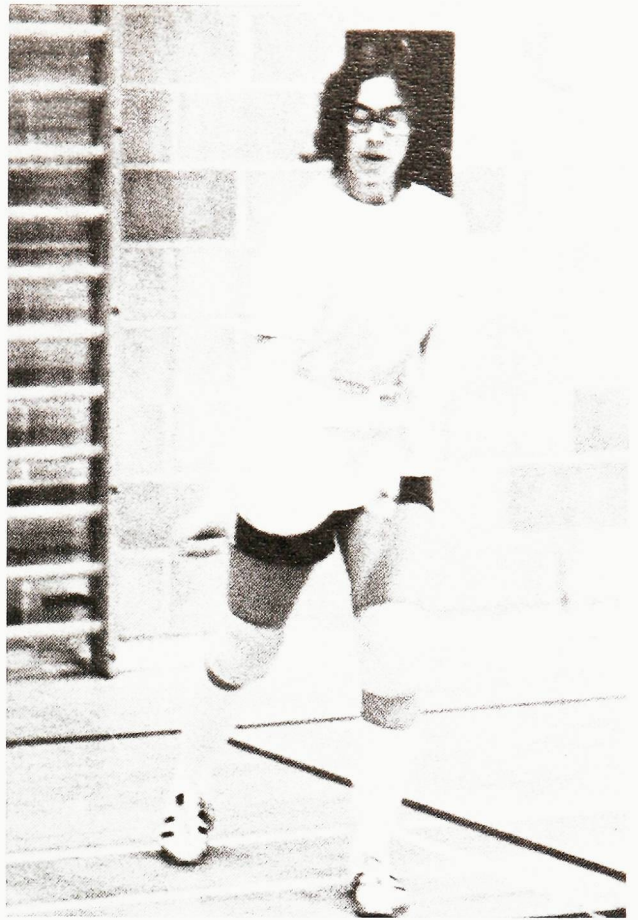




## SENIOR GIRLS' VOLLEYBALL

What can you say about a team that had everything? Split up into an "A" and a "B" team, our season got into the swing of things immediately. There were days of course, when the "B" team beat the "A" team with ease. But is that such a surprise? Consider the power they had on their side. "Hercules Henri" with those power packed shots, Yvette's booming serves, combined efforts by Jenny and our ever-faithful assistant-manager Jeanne, and between giggles Foxy managed to contribute some serious volleyball. More of the "B" team's power came from up north, contributed by Esther. Andrea and Sandra cannot be forgotten with their good attendance records, and last but certainly not least, we have Fitz. A very energetic manager and player from the south. Her daily greeting was usually something like "Do we have to have crease today?"

On the other side of the net we hear Michelle's wild-man shouts of "mine, mine." Jane and Wendy are giggling and whispering about the latest, while George stands calm and cool without a worry. Now comes the famous bag-line - Anne, willing to serve forever if given the chance, Eloise, who was always trying to be serious but rarely successful, and Francis, leading us with her never failing, well almost never failing serves. Quite often we had the pleasure of witnessing Mr. McFarlane's great talent. We owe you a lot sir, how you ever put up with us we'll never know. Our gratitude goes out to Tom Simard, for the hard work and time he spent with us.





# SQUASH



BACK ROW: M. Grey, Esq., K. MacDougall, B. Sutherland, J. DePaul, S. Bateman, Esq.  
FRONT ROW: A. Stairs, A. Albert, G. Hallward, F. McConnell, A. Park.

## SQUASH

To many, this was the year the squash crease came of age. Four years of practice and experience had produced two players of fine technique and considerable court skill.

Tom Lynch filled the number one spot with distinction, and fully deserved the honour of being invited to play in the Canadian Championships in Edmonton in March. His strength, shot-making and much-improved temperament enabled him to beat any other school's first player that he came up against.

Graham Hallward had the often disheartening job of filling this second place, for despite his dedication and fine touch, he was often a shade outclassed. At number three he was too good for the opposition, but that is often the way it is.

Below those two players, was a crease of thirteen others, which proved a blend of age, strength and

talent. Derek and Ashley Park always gave their best - a tennis best? - and Alan Stairs improved immeasurably all season.

We played both Montreal Squash Clubs - beating MAA and losing to a strong MBSC team. For the first time, the team travelled to play in the Ontario Schools Tournament, losing to Trinity College and Appleby College, both by 3-2. The best display may have been in a triangular game with MAA and TCS, when after a poor display in the morning, all the players fought back in the afternoon to clinch the match and win outright. The fact that we can now live against that type of opposition shows that BCS squash is up to standard, and the coaches are already thinking about next year's training programme. Expect rather more work in the gym! And a few girls on the crease! And its usual enjoyment of a social and energetic game. Now we need those two promised new courts.



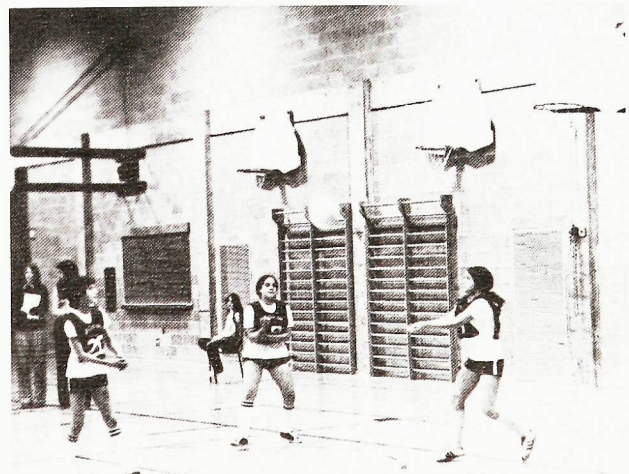
# JUNIOR GIRLS' VOLLEYBALL



BACK ROW: E. Detchon, F. Hallward, H. Pangman, M. Hamard, P. Cramer.  
FRONT ROW: K. Patrick, K. Teron, R. Singer.

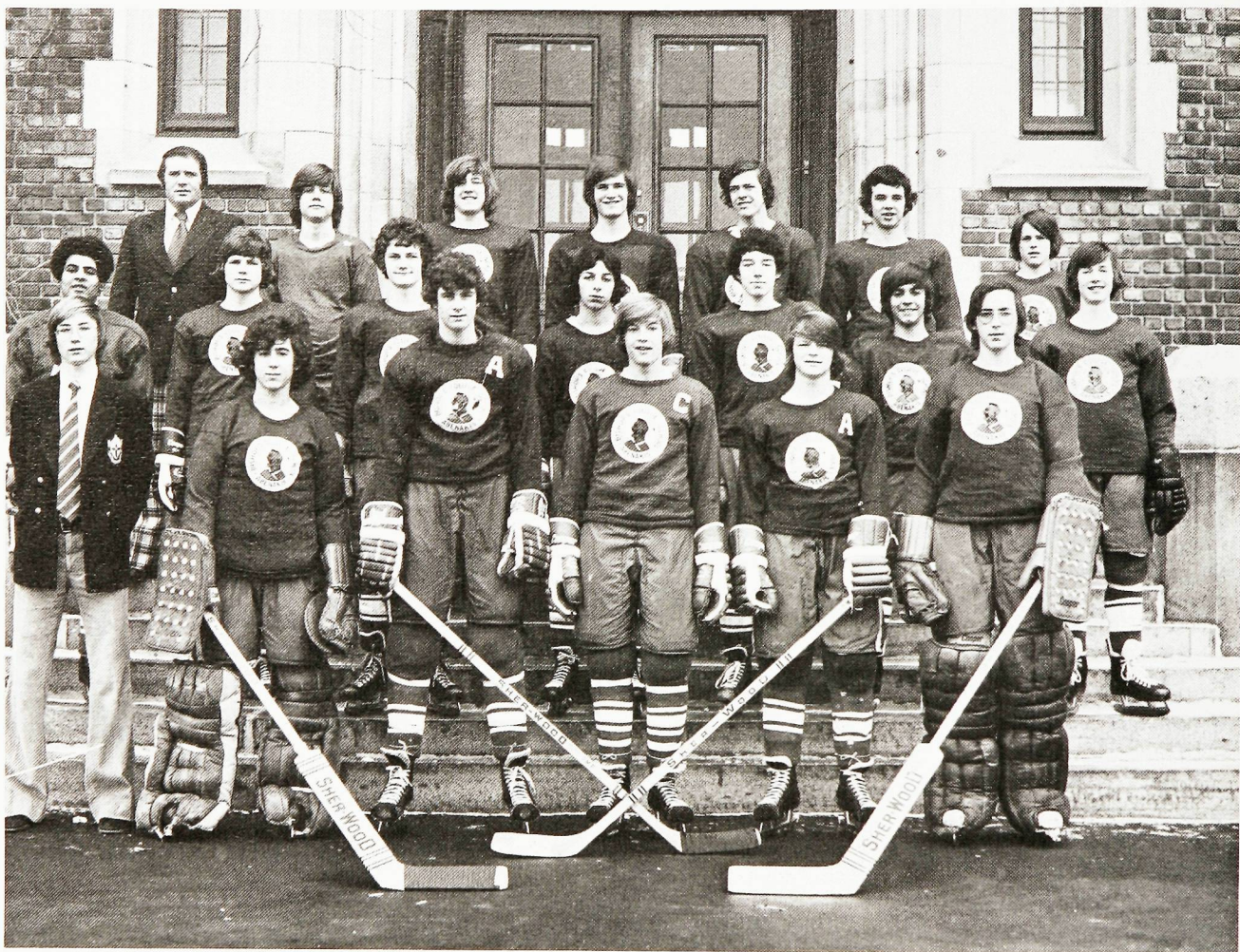
Our season was one not filled with victory after victory, spotlights and glory, but more of an unforgettable season of power-packed creases, laughter, good sportsmanship and above all, great team spirit. In fact, we only won one game against Massey-Vanier, but I am sure none of us will forget that look of happiness on Mr. Detchon's face at the end of the match. Memories - Faith's promised peanut butter sandwiches, Kim Patrick's frog walks, Robin's power-packed shots, the French Connection of Simard and Caron, Iona's style and Cramer's giggles.

The season was loads of fun - an understatement. With a Bantam team formed from the younger Juniors our season carried on. We proved ourselves more at this level than at the Junior level - victories were more plentiful. Not as well known for drawing crowds, we threw together a pretty good Bantam season with again, laughter and our own way of keeping ourselves entertained.





# JUNIOR HOCKEY



BACK ROW: W. Nugent, Esq., A. Shepherd, S. Singer, H. Busse, B. Messier, S. St-Jean, J. Hibbard.  
 MIDDLE ROW: J. Nethersole, A. MacCallum, D. Horner, D. Vineberg, A. Marcus, D. Morales, B. Barden.  
 FRONT ROW: R. Hodgson, B. Rossy, D. Bonnet, D. Stoker, S. Muddiman, M. Levitt.







This year's squad had only 5 players returning for the second year on the team. Coach Nugent had a lot of rebuilding to do. Graduates from the farm club, (Hurons) gave us the nucleus of a well balanced team. The real talent we needed was obtained in the rookie draft from Truro, N.S. We negotiated with the officials and obtained partial playing rights to a visible and fiery forward from Sherbrooke.

We had some ups and downs this year but all was straightened out when it really counted. After two tense games we eliminated Seminare in the semi-finals. Then we moved on to the regional for the finals. We gave them a fight for the cup, that neither team will forget, losing by a narrow margin.

Our early morning practices finally got to us, and left us with an impressive second half of the season record. Various antics and qualities of some players will be remembered, such as Muddiman's slap shot or pot shots, Nethersole's "angle" shots, Hibbard's proving it isn't a gronks' game and big Blue disagreeing with him. We must not forget Rossy and Levitt who kept us guessing all season long.

I don't know how to thank Mr. Nugent for all his effort he put into the team, and sometimes not getting all he wanted out of us. We wish him the best of luck to wherever he goes next year.





# JUNIOR GIRLS' BASKETBALL



FIRST ROW: V. Doheny, L. Gosling, A.M. Belanger.  
 SECOND ROW: J. Vaughan, G. Merrill, R. Jervis-Read, R. Matchett.  
 THIRD ROW: P. Patterson, Miss A. Smith, K. Wyatt, Manager.  
 ABSENT: A. Pettigrew.



Remember that first basketball crease when the coach determined the true globetrotters from the inevitable slackers by making us run through the golf course in pouring rain? Those of us who stuck it out do and may now reminisce on our not so victorious season.

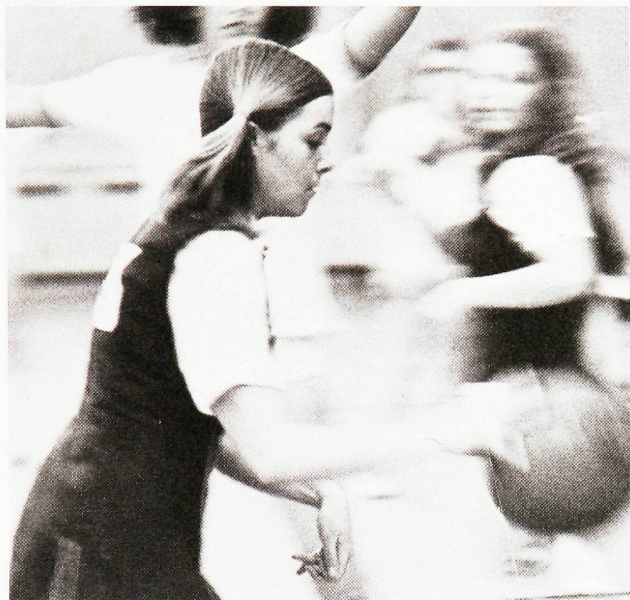
A challenging game of basketball is won through the use of five or more girls' skills and talents, and by simply out hustling the opponents. It just so happens that neither of these important factors were completely present on our squad, so, at numerous schools, throughout the season we saw defeat. Losing is certainly not what counts - it's how you play the game. Our opponents never knew that.

Memories of---Boom Boom hopping down the court, what was Ruth guarding? Rosalie's incredible knack for scoring not points but fouls, Jenny and Vicky at study-hall, Linda on the floor, Gay's marvelous attempts at scoring two points, and those



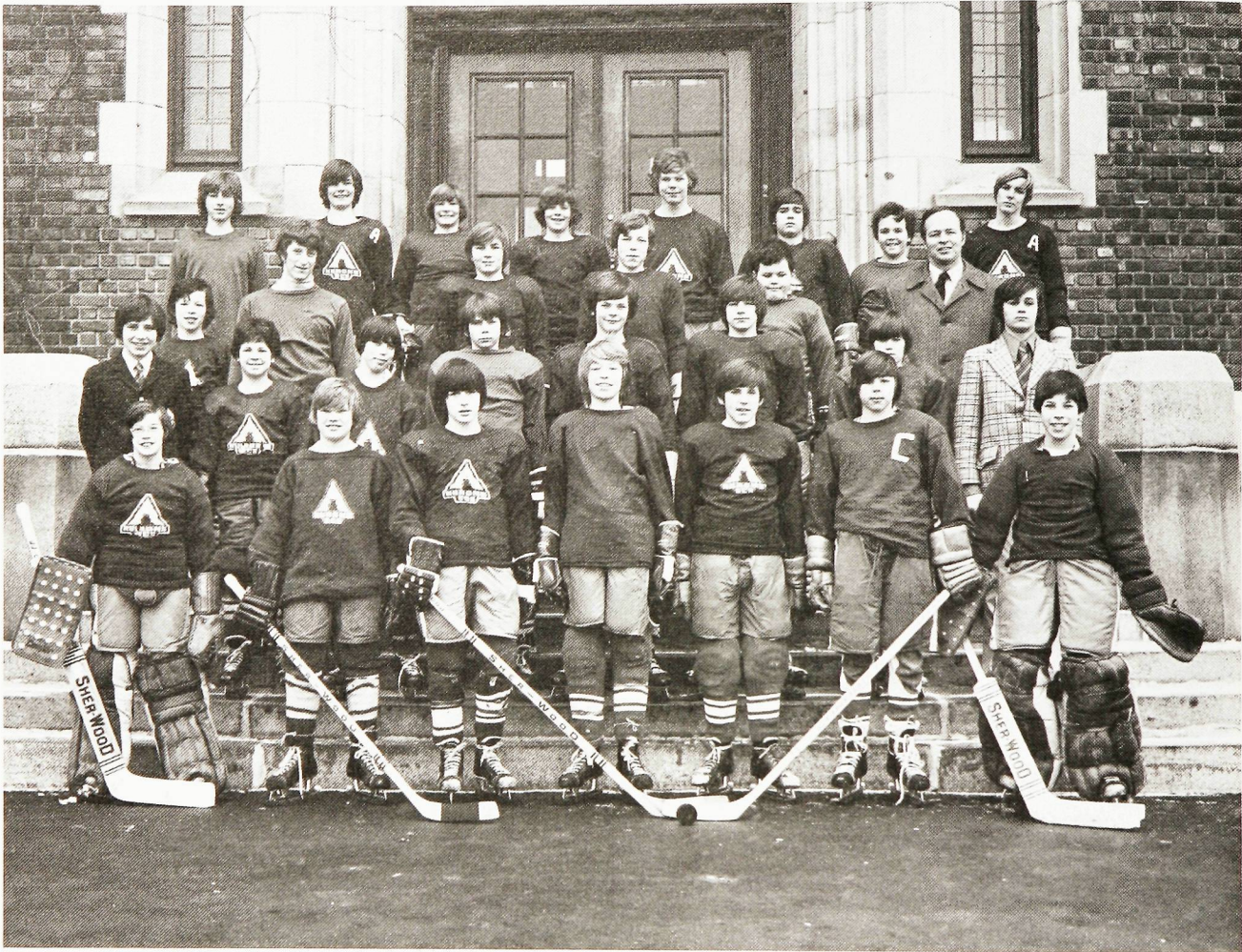
many seniors that substituted for us in our time of need.

How can we possibly thank Kathy, our manager, enough for all those statistics she compiled throughout the season: turnovers, shots, rebounds and Miss Smith for her steady patience and great encouragement? Words can't quite enough - it was great.





# BANTAM HOCKEY



BACK ROW: H. Goldman, P. Toothe, M. Kral, I. Stephen, B. Duval, I. Morales, J. McKinnon, J. Stairs.  
 THIRD ROW: T. Moseley, M. Setlawke, P. MacKenzie, R. Schleiermacher, B. Cliche, W. Badger, Esq.  
 SECOND ROW: S. Steigler, A. Dumais, P. Clermont, M. Hodgson, L. Duval, M. Duquet, N. Hauck, C. Lacroix.  
 FRONT ROW: M. Austin, P. Shaw, R. Hyndman, B. Rodeck, D. Mitchell, D. Scheunert, M. Weir.

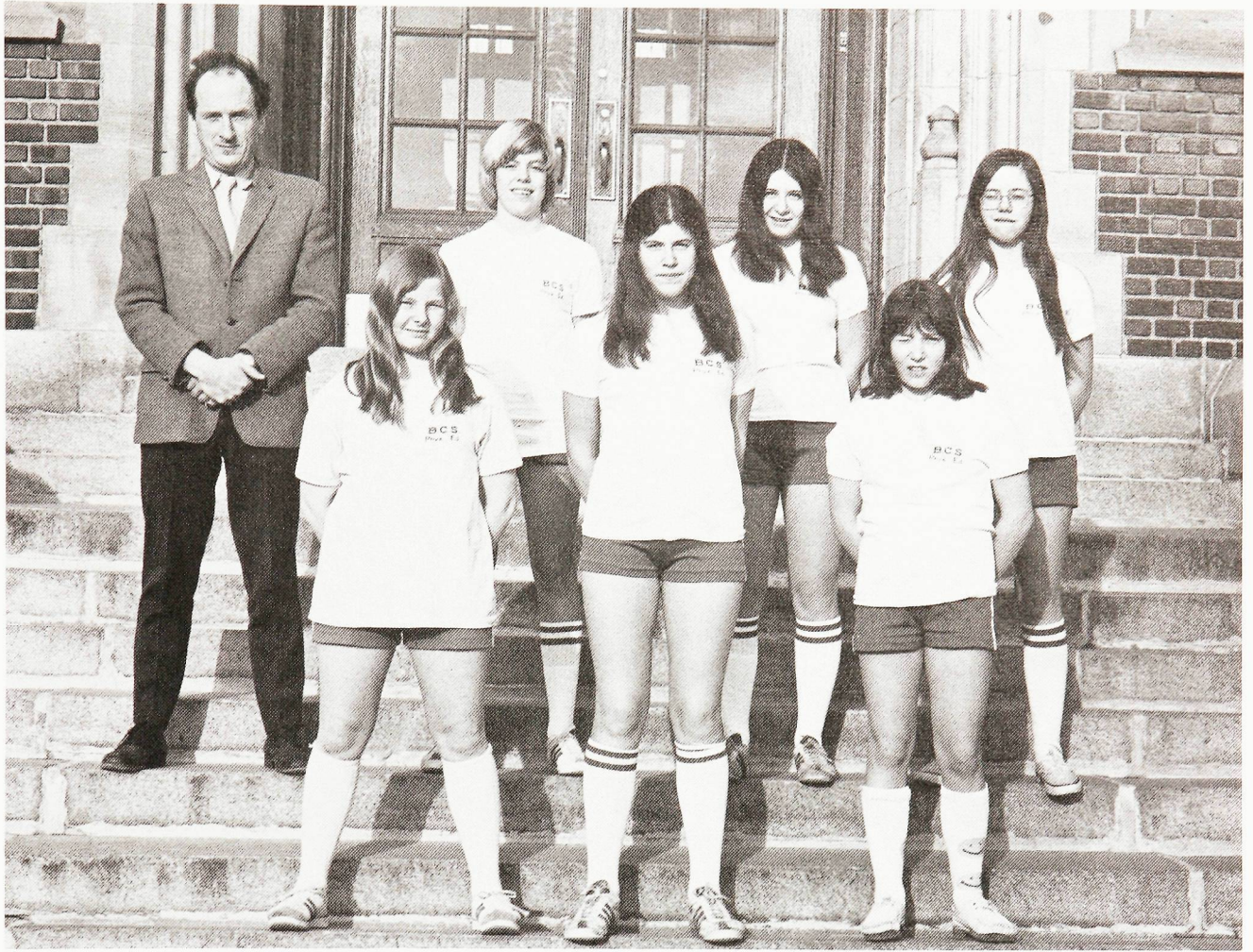
This year's team's most important, and well deserved win was their decision over Selwyn House School, in what was a hard fought game at Selwyn House. The remainder of the season did not produce a perfect record, but did show to everyone involved that we had improved a great deal since the start of the year. Many newcomers to the game, were superior ankle skaters, but unfortunately this failed to give them the edge, in speed or maneuverability. However this problem was soon remedied with hard work, and determination. Our coach Mr. Badger worked us on our skating and stick handling drills and these were a tremendous help to all of us.

All those on the team would like to thank Mr. Badger for all his help and advice in forming the team and playing as a team, and to Maj. Abbott for arranging our games and ice time during the season.

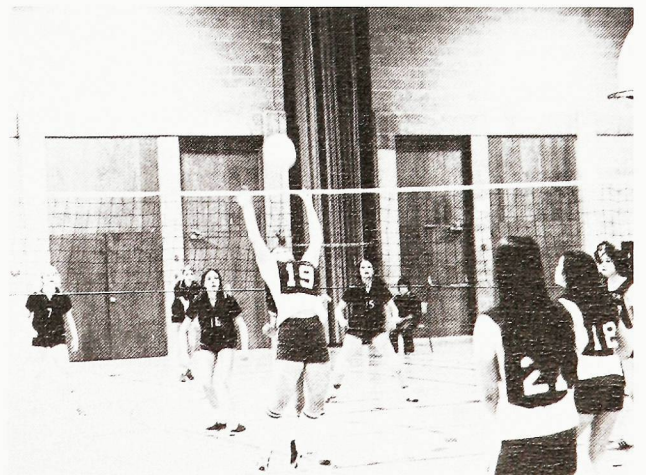




# BANTAM VOLLEYBALL



BACK ROW: E. Detchon, Esq., L. Buchanan, K. Patrick, H. MacNab.  
FRONT ROW: N. Caron, R. Singer, D. Simard.





# SENIOR RUGBY



BACK ROW: M. Grey, Esq., J.D. Cowans, Headmaster; D. Campbell, Esq.  
 THIRD ROW: R. Vaughan, D. Sewell, H. Notman, T. Ross, T. Price, T. Simard.  
 MIDDLE ROW: D. Stenason, R. Morris, D. Fuller, S. MacTavish, M. Medland, R. Millyard, T. McGee.  
 FRONT ROW: J. Servente, D. Chabot, F. Wilmer, D. Vaughan, J. Atkins, P. Marchuk.



Senior Rugby had a fine year in '74. Led by captain Dave Vaughan's scoring punch, the senior XV played a fast moving game, highlighted by a lightning three quarters, and a small but fast pack. In the season's opener, Selwyn House School was humbled 44-0. It was this same Selwyn House team who won the Montreal City Championship in June.

A trip to Ottawa produced back to back lopsided victories, and that invaluable quality to any team, experience. One aspect which stood out this year, was that everyone had the determination and willingness to learn the game.

Coach M. Grey followed in the Springbock tradition, and stressed minimal kicking and a sure handed line behind the scrum. The forwards worked well all year, and dominated play in our first of two



games against the Montreal Irish Rugby Club. Their play in both these games was outstanding, and was a welcome sight to backs, who found play in both games very tough going.

Forced to play much older and bigger teams, the XV found difficulty at times in bringing them down, but matched every team with speed and fitness.

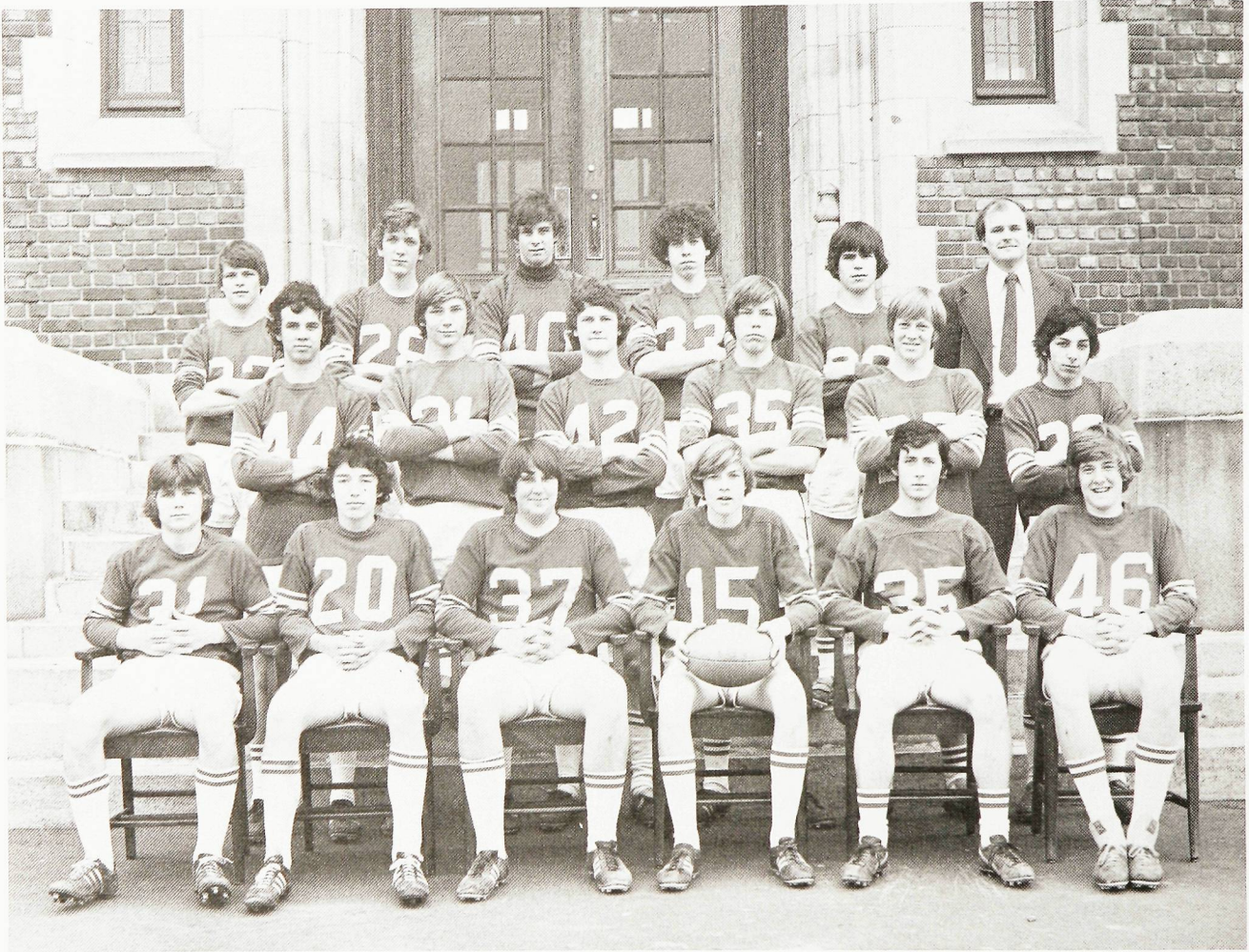
This year's record speaks for itself. There was very little to be desired about the team's effort and performance both on and off the field. Rugby is here to stay, and while this year saw an exceptional year, the future is bright, and the players are keen.

To those who were involved, congratulations; to the team's supporters, hearty thanks; and to the two who made it all possible, Mr. Grey and Mr. Campbell, our appreciation for a job well done.





# JUNIOR RUGBY



BACK ROW: S. Muddiman, B. McQuade, D. Bonnett, R. Ludlow, P. Ouellet, D. Dutton, Esq.  
MIDDLE ROW: S. St. Jean, R. Hodgson, D. Horner, M. Burgess, A. Keeley, D. Vineberg.  
FRONT ROW: A. MacCallum, A. Marcus, T. Stoker, D. Lorimer, S. Singer.





## JUNIOR RUGBY

Rugby; (pr - g-) form of soccer in which ball may be carried. That is the real definition of what Junior Rugby played this year. Actually we had a very good year, people sure heard about "those guys on Junior Rugby". After our conditioning runs up Moulton Hill, led by Langill, we got our first real chance, when the weather broke and we were out on the fields.

While Vineberg and the rest of the boys in the scrum over-powered the opposition (and Atto St.) Stoker at scrum-half managed the three quarters. Then with MacCallum at fullback handling the kicking chores our team looked ready.

Even though it was our second year at the sport we gave our opposition extremely tough games. These came against S.H.S. which we lost by the minimal score of 7-0. Our other game was against an experienced Lindsey Place side from Montreal. We played well under conditions but lost 10-4. The last game of the season came against the senior "B" team. This game we came out on top 9-4.

Certain people will remember us and be remembered this year. Our coach Mr. Dutton won't be forgotten, and neither will what he taught us. "There is far too much talking in the scrum".

Our thanks go to him for staying with us throughout the season.





# BANTAM RUGBY



BACK ROW: S. Bateman, Esq., E. Price, A. Park, A. Stairs, D. McDonough, D. Hovdebo, G. Scott, D. Theberge, T. Jones, Esq.  
FRONT ROW: P. MacKenzie, M. Setlawke, C. Paine, H. Goldman, J. Stairs, R. Hyndman.







### BANTAM RUGGER

The multitude of eager faces looking upwards at the tall swaying figure in the foreground. This was

none other than our coach Trevor Jones who along with Mr. Bateman tried to mold the players into a rugger squad.

We started off the season running around the triangle trying to get ourselves back into shape, also with this running we were taught the basic fundamentals of rugger. When we took to the field we had a small but enthusiastic squad. After two weeks of practice and learning more about playing rugger we had our first game against Selwyn House and we lost 10-0 in that game. We made up for our lack of experience by putting in a really good effort.

We then went back to our practice where the hot dogs really shone through. Who could forget on our team driving crease the bone jarring tackles of John Stairs, Pete MacKenzie and Don Hovdebo, the end to end runs of our own certified to fly vulture or Dunc's close's or Steve Budning's amazing agility, the locomotive power of Charles Paine and Howie Goldman, the booming kicks of Robert Hyndman and Geoff Scott or the suicidal charges of Yogi Brent and Rat. Not to mention the chaos that was created by everyone tumbling together.

With such brutal practices behind us, we had our final game against Lindsay Place in Montreal. For that game we imported a number of Junior B's to play for us. But in that game played under inclement weather conditions we were thoroughly trounced. But when we left we kept behind a few mementos for Lindsay Place.

Bantam Rugger may not of won any games but we did have a team spirit that kept us together and enabled us to play to our full capacity.

Thanks should go to Masters Bateman and Jones who gave us a firm foundation of rugger skills.





# TRACK AND FIELD



Members of the B.C.S. winter Indoor Track and spring Track and Field Teams were extremely active competitors. The Indoor Track team competed in 6 meets - the Spring Track and Field team in another 6 meets. In addition, some advanced to Provincial meets.

Undoubtedly, a gruelling crease and certainly individualistic, Track and Field taps not only physical resources but demands a firm, unwavering mental attitude as well. To undertake a few months of extreme and punishing physical activity and find satisfaction in such training is an unattractive, if not repulsive thought. One thing is certain, the level of physical fitness and mental alertness required is not obtained passively. There is a demand for continual action. Our athletes should be commended and congratulated. They tested themselves and ran up against the difficult task of preparation and competition.

There were many improvements and achievements. All but one of the Indoor Track team failed to qualify for entrance into the provincial run downs. Twelve athletes from the spring Track and Field qualified for the provincial selection meet and four for the provincial meet itself.

There were many highlights, but in particular, mention should be made of the Y's Men's meet in which two records were shattered by B.C.S. athletes. Butch Coulter erased the 1965 Juvenile High Jump work of 5' 11 1/2" when he cleared the bar at 5' 11 3/4". Cathy Molson added more than one foot to surpass the previous midget girl discs record of 83' 2" set in 1972. Cathy's throw was 84' 4 1/2". In addition to establishing records, Paul Tinari captured the Sam Abbott trophy (1st in open mile event) for the third consecutive year, Tony Ross captured the City of Sherbrooke Athletic Commission Trophy for Juvenile high aggregate, and the boys' Juvenile Team walked off with the Jean Maysenhoelder Trophy.

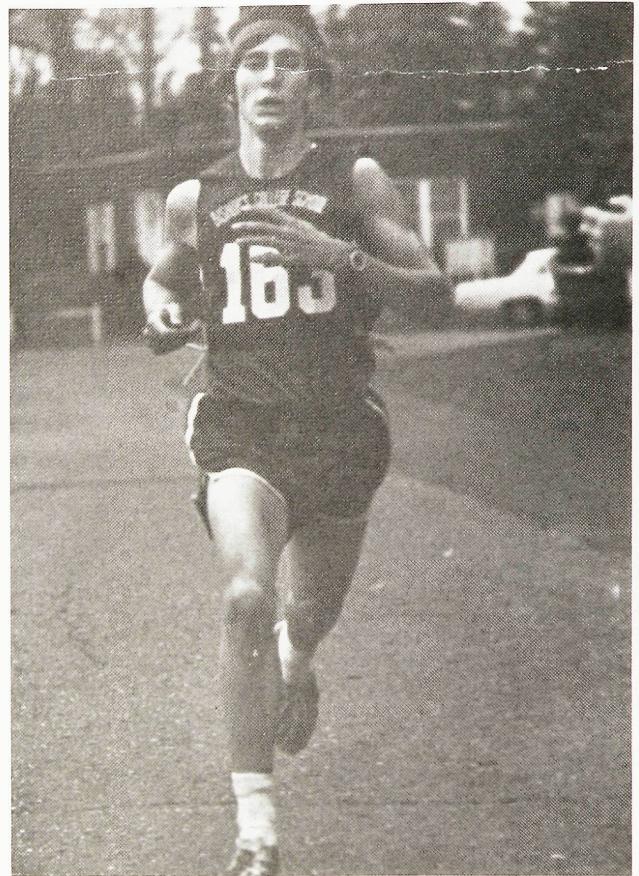
Not all our athletes won trophies but these were many individuals who exerted themselves to their limit and deserve more than their coaches recognition.

Coaches Goodwin, McGuigan, and Milner did a masterful job and all deserving of special thanks for the time they relinquished and for their efforts in assisting our athletes reach their peak performances and for molding a true competition. Indeed, many thanks.











# CROSS-COUNTRY



BACK ROW: Mr. R. Perrier, M. Derney, W. Guy, P. Tinari.  
FRONT ROW: G. Plantz, W. Yoon, S. Plantz.

## CROSS-COUNTRY

You are now entering the world where the word 'slack' has no meaning. Day after day these strong willed, lightly clothed, men and women face the worst of nature, to the end of physical, and mental fitness. Their efforts seem to be bearing fruit, because, more and more people are leaving the safety of their beds, to run on weekday mornings. Why, there's never been anything like it!- so many smiling faces, and healthy dispoasures. Why do they do it? It's got to be the cross-country's influence-everyone likes to run; it's natural.

Everyone had a part to play to support the team. First, there were the juniors, whose job it was to be seen but not heard. Charley, was the propaganda of-

ficer, with his "Let's beat them peppers." Tinari, was well known for his strip-tease acts during the hotter races, and the icing on the cake was the girls. hm-well...

Anyway, be it now said that it would not have been impossible without the athletic goals set by their coach, Mr. Perrier, with that running book of his that kept them on the right track. (so to speak).

MEETS: Lac Megantic Relays  
Montreal Championships  
Drummondville Regional Championships  
Quebec Championships at Mt. Laurier and Ile St. Ellen  
Canadian Championships at Victoria, B.C.



# ALL-ROUND ATHLETIC AWARDS 1973-1974

Rankin Trophy (Girls) .....	J. Campbell
Rankin Trophy (Boys) .....	J. Gillis and T. Ross
Morton Shield .....	J. Campbell
Richardson Cup .....	M. Austin
Harding Trophy .....	R. Singer
R.M.C. Cup .....	M. Setlakwe
Janet Black Shield .....	R. Matchett
Captain C.S. Martin Cup .....	M. Medland
Winser Shield .....	M. Hunkin
Smith Cup and Fortune Medal .....	T. Ross
King's Hall Cup .....	G. Plantz

## ATHLETIC AWARDS

Heneker Cup .....	R. Hodgson
Old Girl Cup (Junior) .....	J. Caron
Boswell Cup .....	P. Tinari
Old Girl Cup (Senior) .....	M. Murphy
Ottawa Cup .....	P. Tinari
Cleghorn Cup .....	T. Ross
Football Rookie Award .....	R. Millyard
Porteous Cup .....	D. Perron
Whittal Cup (Junior) .....	D. Roberts
Whittal Cup (Senior) .....	W. Anglin
Gerald H. Wigget Trophy .....	P. Marchuk
Sam Abbott Trophy .....	P. Tinari
City of Sherbrooke Athletic Commission Trophy .....	T. Ross
James Parker Trophy .....	H. Busse
Senator White Challenge Cup .....	T. Ross
Allan Challenge Cup .....	P. Tinari
Kaulback Medal .....	P. Tinari
Balfour Prize .....	T. Ross
Molson Medal .....	T. Ross
Allan Challenge Cup .....	D. Chabot
Janner Challenge Cup .....	W. Guy
E.H. Drury Cup .....	G. Gantcheff
Price Challenge Cup .....	G. Gantcheff



## ACADEMIC AWARDS 1973-1974

### General Proficiency Prizes

D. Mitchell (II)	M. Shupe (V)
T. Moseley (II)	A. Cunningham (VI)
R. Hyndman (III)	A. Duncan (VI)
H. MacNab (III)	S. Jeffries (VI)
B. Rodeck (III)	N. Matheson (VI)
M. Allison (IV)	M. Paine (VI)
F. Hallward (IV)	T. Spoel (VI)
P. Mackenzie (IV)	C. Jenkins (VII)
W. Yoon (IV)	M. Emanuel (VII)
L. Ouellet (V)	C. Everson (VII)
R. Pollock (V)	S. Gilbert (VII)
J. Ross (V)	

Boswell Writing Prize .....	L. Buchanan
Form III Art Prize .....	L. Duval
Magor Prize .....	R. Pollock
Home Economics Prize .....	F. Thompson
Governor General's Medal .....	N. Matheson
Captain J. Melville .....	
Greenshields Memorial Scholarship ..	N. Matheson
Junior French Medal (Anglophone) .....	T. Spoel
(Francophone) ....	E. Dussault

Lt. Col. G.R. Hooper	
Prize for Mathematics .. T. Spoel and N. Matheson	
L/Cpl Gerry Hanson	
Prize for History .....	N. Matheson
Form VI English Prize .....	N. Matheson
Form VI Biology Prize .....	N. Matheson
Form VI Chemistry Prize .....	N. Matheson
Form VI Geography Prize .....	T. McGee
Form VI Physics Prize .....	N. Matheson
Form VI Spanish Prize .....	I. Van Grieken
Form VI Computer Sc. Prize .....	J. Emanuel and P. Dancer
Old Boy's Prize .....	C. Jenkins
Senior French Medal (Anglophone) .....	V. Price
(Francophone) .....	A.-M. Perron

Robert A. Kenny Prize for	
Advanced Mathematics .....	M. Emanuel
Form VII English Prize .....	S. Gilbert
Form VII Biology Prize .....	C. Jenkins
Form VII Chemistry Prize .....	M. Emanuel
Form VII Geography Prize .....	P. Rich
Form VII History Prize .....	C. Everson
Form VII Physics Prize .....	M. Emanuel

## SPECIAL AWARDS

Anthony Awde Trophy .....	A. Graham
Kay Art Prize .....	M. Gauvin
B.C.S. Music Prize .....	M. Allison
Grant Hall Medal .....	A. Graham
Kenneth Hugessen Prize .....	P. Rich
Winder Cup .....	T. Ross
Chairman's Prize .....	M. Emanuel
Vice-Chairman's Prize .....	A. Cunningham
Headmaster's Prize .....	T. McGee
Laura Joll Award .....	V. Price
Lt. Hugh Ross Cleveland Medal .....	A. Graham
Gillard Award .....	A.-M. Perron
Hartland B. MacDougall Medal .....	P. Marchuk

## RECIPIENTS OF B.C.S. TANKARDS

*For Successive First Class Honours*

S. Gilbert

*For Exceptional Service to the School*

D. Chabot  
D. Courey  
S. Gilbert  
A. Graham  
P. Marchuk  
N. Matheson  
D. Park  
J. Thatcher





## ACTIVITIES







# ACTIVITIES COMMITTEE



BACK ROW: T. Price, C. Everson, A. Monk, M. Hunkin, M. Medland, K. Fitz-Patrick, V. Price.  
FRONT ROW: S. Grass, P. Paterson, M. Gauvin, D. Courey, D. Chabot, C. Jenkins, S. Westhoff.

This year's activities committee was a little more successful than last year's. No matter how successful we were, or weren't, we did at least make sure that there was some form of entertainment every Saturday night. Each of us had our own special jobs which we did as faithfully as possible. Danny started by getting movies, once a month, but then Alan took over later in the year. They were usually good movies like MASH, The French Connection and Psycho. There were two movies, a senior and a junior one. David tried to get anything for the coming weekend and then organize it. Somehow Pam and Sarah ended up doing posters for each weekend activity, spending long hours up in the art room.

Timmy and Mark were in charge of getting bands for our dances. They were good bands until they phoned up to tell us they couldn't make it. Ginny, Cindy, Connie and Sandra worked hard to decorate and set up our dances.

Our regular activities were Coffee Houses and the movies. Then for a little break there were bonfires, picnics, bar-b-q and of course our two big dances, the Tea Dance and the Invite. We had a lot of big ideas but somehow they just didn't come through. Many thanks to all our regulars who were around to help with anything any time. Few thanks to those who drifted in to hand out a few comments here and there but soon drifted out to the woods!



# AGORA



About thirty students represented B.C.S. in various debating and speaking events this year.

Tony Graham won the local Rotary Public Speaking Contest and placed second in the final held in Montreal. He also attended the McGill debates with a split team and won the top speaker award. Tony has distinguished himself in his career at B.C.S. as a fine speaker and we shall look forward to having him return for visits to Agora.

Michael Austin, an energetic Second Former, won the local Optimist Public Speaking Contest and came third in the Sherbrooke competition. Mike also won the Kiwanis trophy for junior boys in a public speaking contest.

Three students attended a World Day of Prayer Service in the town of Stanstead where they delivered short addresses along with French speaking students from the local area.

Participants in the Richmond Model U.N. and Plymouth Model U.N. did not win any special distinctions; however, they did learn more about speaking and gained greater interest in exchanging ideas on important issues.

Tony Graham, Dave Courey and James Thatcher

represented B.C.S. at the Upper Canada College Invitational Debates. The B.C.S. team earned the highest points of any school attending and came second in the final to a team from Michigan State.

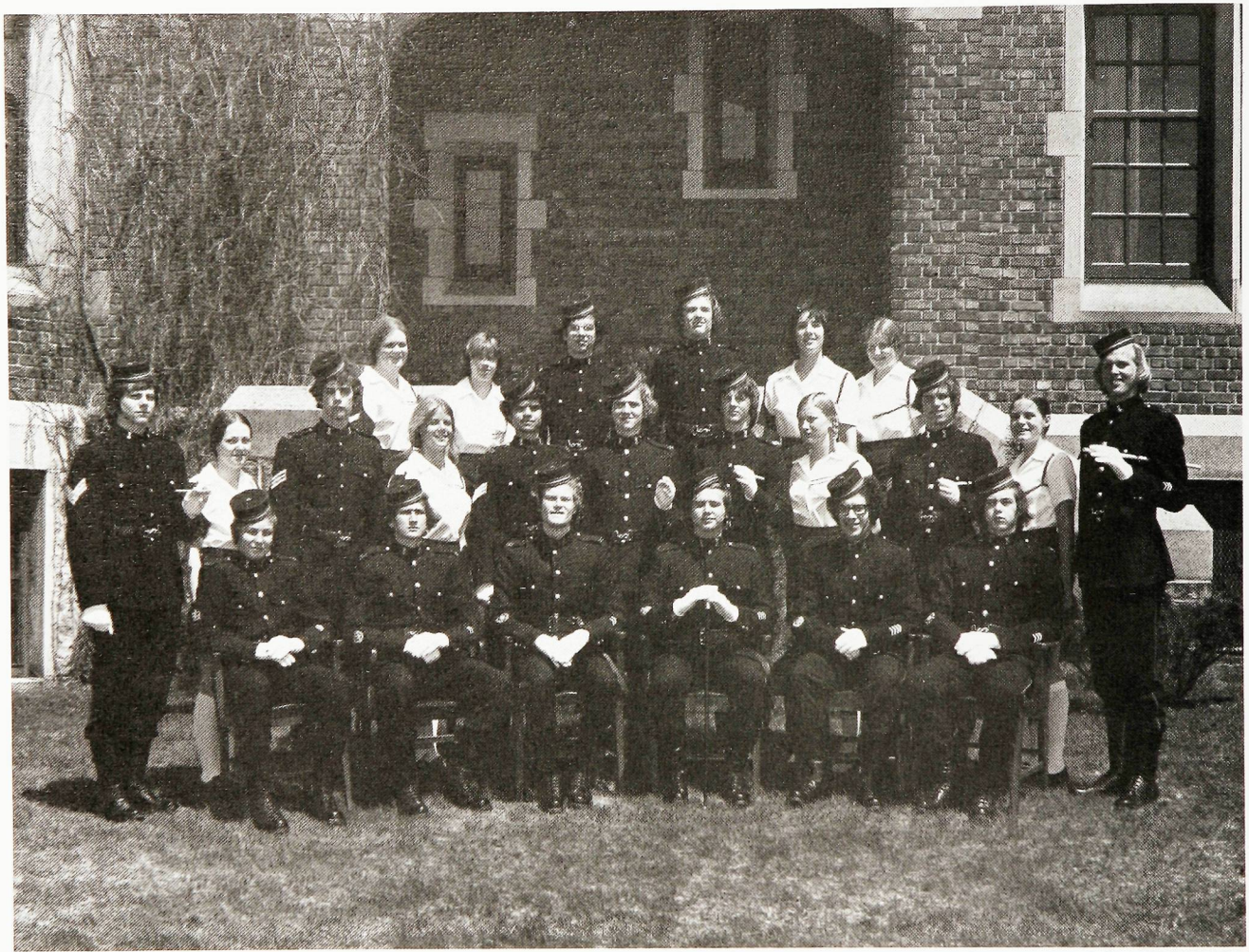
Participation in the E.T. debating league and provincial tournament was fair. Debating generally, is still growing in this region and continues to be conducted in a friendly manner between schools on an informal basis using the parliamentary debating style.

Juniors in the school met quite often on Friday evenings in the Grier House common room where boys and girls debated various topics under the watchful eyes of senior debaters and Mr. McFarlane. The level of debate among juniors has been extremely good suggesting that prospects for the future are bright.

B.C.S. is losing a number of distinguished and dedicated debaters this year. They have been instrumental in starting debating provincially in Quebec as well as developing a fine reputation for B.C.S. at all levels of participation. We extend to them our sincere thanks for their efforts and hope they will return often to Agora to share with younger speakers their experiences.



# CADET OFFICERS



BACK ROW: Cdt. Lt. D. Chabot, Cdt. Lt. J. Atkins, Cdt. Lt. L.-P. Dupuy, Cdt. Lt. M. Murphy, Cdt. Lt. C. Chisnell, Cdt. Lt. A.-M. Perron, Cdt. Lt. G. Winterson, Cdt. Lt. T. Price, Cdt. Lt. J. Serventi.  
 FRONT ROW: Cdt. Cpt. A. Graham, Major S.F. Abbott, J.D. Cowans, Headmaster, Cdt. Maj. P. Marchuk, Cdt. Lt. G. Hallward, Adjutant.

As did the school in many ways, the Cadet Corps settled down this year after the coming of the "Opposite sex" a year ago.

This year, with female officers and N.C.O.'s on hand, the girls underwent many of the same training courses as the boys and came out with an impressive showing in the Final Inspection.

The actual courses offered differed little from the past years, as basic recruit courses were given as well as more diverse activities for the non-recruits ranging from shooting to a Royal Life Saving course.

The final show of the year on May 17th was conducted indoors due to rough weather under the review of the Honorary Lieutenant Colonel J.W. Sharp of the Black Watch (R.H.R.) The programme was slightly condensed, but demonstrations continued as planned and all went very satisfactorily. The highlight of the Inspection being the presentation of the Cadet Awards.

Apart from the regular training schedule throughout the year, the Corps on May 19, laid up the Queen's Colours which had been paraded for a quarter century as well as consecrated two new colours at the Closing Chapel Service on June 7. Also our traditional Remembrance Day colour presentation was also carried out on November 11th.



# CADET N.C.O.'S



BACK ROW: Cdt. Sgt. F. Thomson, Cdt. Sgt. A.-M. Belanger, Cdt. Sgt. J. DePaul, Cdt. Sgt. A. Monk, Cdt. Sgt. S. Weissman, Cdt. Sgt. E. Dussault.  
 MIDDLE ROW: Cdt. Sgt. T. McGee, Cdt. Sgt. J. Fox, Cdt. Sgt. W. Shepherd, Cdt. Sgt. C. Molson, Cdt. Sgt. S. Jeffries, Cdt. Sgt. F. Wilmer, Cdt. Sgt. H. Notman, Cdt. Sgt. S. Westhoff, Cdt. Sgt. A. Ross, Cdt. Sgt. K. Fitz-Patrick, Cdt. Sgt. M. Medland.  
 FRONT ROW: Cdt. Sgt. A. Stairs, Cdt. Sgt. F. McConnell, Warrant Officer A. Albert, Cdt. Sgt.-Mjr. J. Thatcher, Cdt. Sgt. D. Courey, Cdt. Sgt. D. Stenason.

## CADET AWARDS

THE G.W. HESS MEMORIAL TROPHY- for Inter-platoon Shooting-  
 WON BY: No. 8 Platoon

THE HAROLD ANDERSON SCOTT CUP- for Inter-platoon competition-  
 WON BY: No. 1 Platoon

THE CADET SHIELD- for smart appearance and Corps Initiative-  
 WON BY: Girls' Gym Team

THE MC'ANULTY CUP- for Individual School Shooting Championship-  
 WON BY: Cpl. David Morales

THE BEST BOY RECRUIT-  
 WON BY: Cpl. Robert Millyard

THE BEST GIRL RECRUIT-  
 WON BY: Cpl. Constance Everson

THE MOST EFFICIENT N.C.O.-  
 WON BY: Sgt. Timothy McGee

THE HUGH ROSS CLEVELAND MEDAL- for Cadet showing the most officer-like qualities-  
 WON BY: Cpt. Anthony Graham

THE BEST INSTRUCTOR-  
 WON BY: M.W.O. James Thatcher (C.S.M.)

THE STRATHCONA TRUST MEDAL- for the best Cadet, irrespective of rank-  
 WON BY: Major Peter Marchuk

MASTER CADET- Ian Scott



# CADET BAND



The band had a great deal of potential this year, both in its musical talent and strength of numbers.

Starting at the end of September the band met in the music room every Thursday night. Each member was introduced to one of the twelve selected pieces to be played on the day of the Cadet Inspection.

The issue of new uniforms and instruments helped the band look and play in top form.

Deep appreciation is extended to Mr. John Pille, an extremely competent musician and teacher, and to Major Abbott for both his time and patience with the band.

Due to the unfortunate weather conditions on the day of the Cadet Inspection and the necessary change in plans, this year's band was unable to exhibit its full potential. Certainly the work done this year should be a solid grounding for next year.



# CHEERLEADING



BACK ROW: V. Doheny, C. Eversen, R. Matchett, S. Grass.

FRONT ROW: W. MacDougall, J. Campbell, R. Provencher, C. Jenkins.

## CHEERLEADING

Eight girls in a line. At one end there was Vicky, either flipping around doing walkovers or searching frantically for her shakers. Then came poor Rosy, she's got only one hang-up, she'll never make a can-can dancer. Then there was Cindy who could be found laughing or squeaking out a cheer while Connie cheered faithfully for Ultra-Brite. Wendy.... "I can't, I've got a headache!!" And then there was Sarah, a real banana-split, and Sandra, our number 9.

Oh!, Oh! Here they come!

So now we come to the end and we must not forget to thank Vicky Fuller for guiding us to win the ETIAC cheerleading trophy. Thanks Miss Smith for getting it all together.



# CHAPEL AND CHOIR



The choir this year, under the kind leadership of Mr. Morris Austin successfully led the school in Acts of Worship throughout the year. Trips were made twice this year, at Christmas to St. Peter's in Sherbrooke, where the choir performed its Candlelight Service and to St. James The Apostle Church in Montreal in April where many old boys, old girls, and parents, and friends of the school turned out to give the choir their support.

The choir undertook quite a few difficult anthems by some of the great masters, Handel, Bach and of course the old standard, "My Soul" by Parr. Many thanks go to Mr. Austin and Mrs. Bell for their never-ending patience while parts were being played and replayed for a "virtuoso" group of choristers, and to Mrs. Brady for mints, and generally keeping us clean.

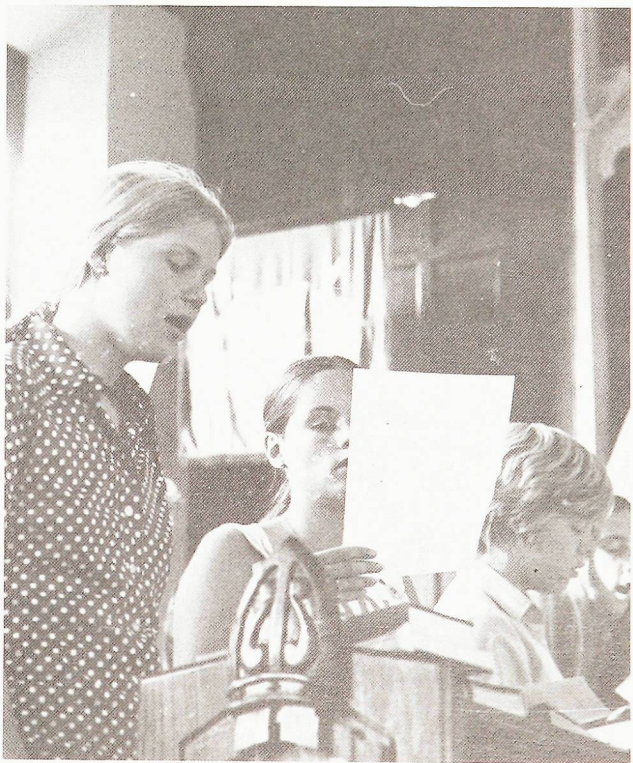
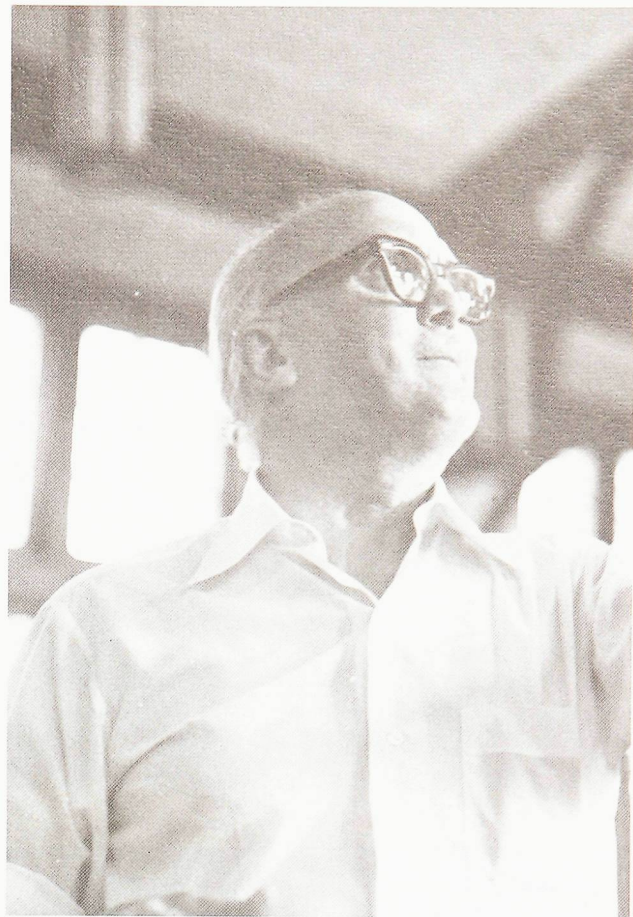
The Chapel, under the supervision of Reverend

Roberts and his group of Wardens, was efficiently run. The daily lesson for the most part of the year was read from Good News for Modern Man, a revised edition of the New Testament. The main idea behind this, was that perhaps if the Lesson were put in more Modern terms, people would feel more comfortable with it and relate to it more.

The Chapel saw two unusual services this year, with the laying up of the old Queen's Colours, the weekend of the Inspection, and the Consecration of the New Colours, at the Closing Service. We also thank Bishop Matthews for his visit and look forward to his next visit.

In retrospect, it has been a good year for both the choir and the Chapel. Again many thanks go out to Mr. Austin who kindly filled in for Mr. Cruickshank during his sabbatical leave.







## DRAMA

Actually, a lot of things happened on the way to the Forum. It was a very long trip, from September to March, and its course was directed by Mr. Lloyd, who must have envisaged at some time a Ben-Hur epic, complete with a chariot race through the B.U. auditorium! Well, he didn't have a cast of thousands, but quite enough Romans (though neither friends nor countrymen) to keep him busy, enraged and anguished, especially as the performance dates loomed closer, and the rehearsals similarly worsened.

Yet despite the cast's strenuous efforts, it put on a decent show. Well, perhaps that's not quite so; at least Miss Hammond and her tailors tried to make it quite the opposite. Certainly, the visual effects were stunning: slaves, masters, mighty warriors and discreet courtesans with a panorama of the seven hills of Rome in the background, courtesy Mr. Winder and Legionary Movers Inc. To hide an outbreak of leprosy, expert make-up was provided by Mrs. Cowans and her beauty salon assistants. However, they could not make up for the fact that some actors had aged overnight under the tension. The technical additions and properties were also intricate: for example, there was a horse sweating at the back of the auditorium at each performance.



Oh yes, then there was the cast, without whom this show would have been much easier. Dave, a shrewd prisoner from Arabia, schemed his way to freedom, by arranging the love affair of the two innocents, his master Geoff and Kim, the girl next door. The latter he secured from Moose, the friendly neighborhood pimp, whose popular role (what did the girls do in that harem, anyway?) was taken by Steve and his spirit Bruce, after the Fates disposed of the former dealer "of the flesh of beautiful women". To accomplish all this, Dave dragged his fellow, unwilling slave, Neil, into the plot, to hide the events from Sandra, the mistress of the house, and her ever faithful husband Marty. All was fine until Captain Greg Gloriousus arrived, looking for a bride: the same doll that Geoff and Marty were after. Derek, wandering across the stage at intervals in "search of his long-lost children", summed up this story with, "I can't understand it." But that didn't matter; everyone had seen what they had come to watch: the courtesans and eunuchs in action.

The audiences also added their own spice to the production. The school and parents endured it on two occasions at Bishop's University, as did the students of Massey Vanier in their own theatre. They were all particularly helpful groups. They always laughed at the embarrassing lines (such a stupid script!), in the middle of dances and songs (after hours of practice



to ensure that they would be well-muddled routines) and they even gave stage directions, as on one occasion when Kim got lost. The actors were particularly grateful for these aids.

The same crazy script also called for singing. When Antony said, "Lend me your ears!", did he break into song? Did Cicero deliver his orations to a tune? Well, these Romans decided to break with convention, and any sense of key or harmony. Meanwhile, Mrs. Detchon fiddled as Rome burned. For this she is thanked by all the citizens.

Those lines and lyrics are still haunting the souls of those who were supposed to learn them. Indeed, their recollections of this play are numerous. It was a most memorable production; why, everyone is still trying to forget it.

## DRAMA





# LIBRARIANS



BACK ROW: I. Scott, N. Matheson, T. McGee, T. Price, S. Jeffries.  
FRONT ROW: J. Fox, S. Westhoff, Mrs. B.M. Allison, M. Roy.

## PETER HOLT MEMORIAL LIBRARY - 1973-74

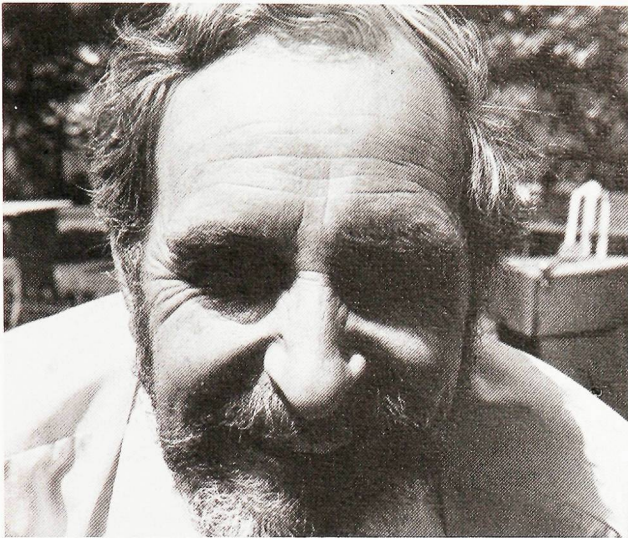
The library in '73-'74 remained as the most popular area for study and general academic activity. Blessed with Mrs. B. Allison as head librarian, the book circulation reached a quantity never before attained. This is not only a credit to the library staff, but to the students themselves who seemed to use the library to the best of their advantage, during the day, and during library prep in the evening. Its modern design, and comfortable yet practical layout, provide BCS with an outstanding Arts facility.

The student library staff, headed by Sandra Westoff, managed most of the year to keep individual fines and overdues down to a minimum. In spite of this gallant effort, a sizeable sum was collected, which goes towards bettering the library in various different areas.

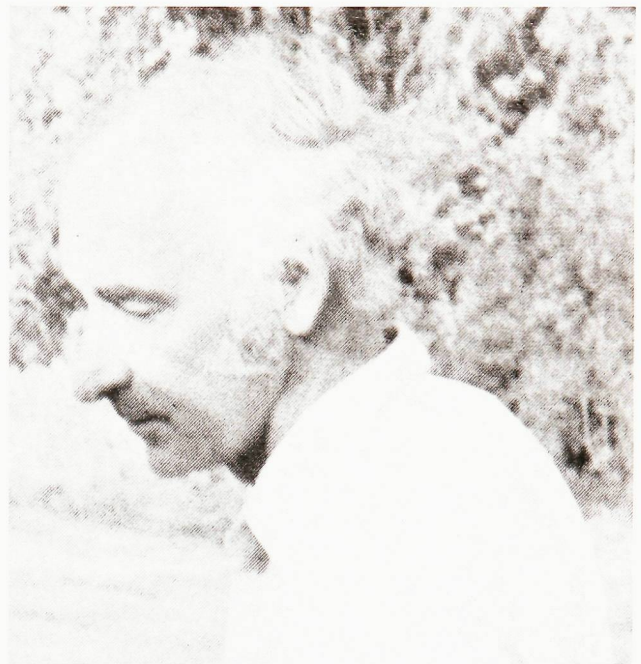
Our most hearty thanks to Mrs. Allison who leaves us this year. All involved with the Library would like to wish the very best of luck, in her new job.



# SOCIAL SERVICES



Mr. Campbell



Mr. Owen

Social Services continued this year to flourish, despite a few barriers, at the beginning of the year. At first it didn't appear as though we were going to be able to go to the Foster Homes this year; as it turned out, the Foster Homes were always guaranteed of having at least one BCS student there every Tuesday and Thursday night. Unfortunately the girls in the choir couldn't go because of their conflicts with evening practise. Finally, though, everything worked out, and people were going to both the Old Folks Home and The Foster Homes. This year a new Services Branch came into being, those who went to the Centre Hospital Universitaire (CHU). Mrs. Cowans kindly offered her services to take a group out there, so off they went.

The Old Folks Home was raided by the Munchkins this year, who along with a lot of chatter, brought ears, interested to learn from their elders. The children from the homes even visited us twice this year, once at Halloween and again at the end of May for a B-B-Q.

Meanwhile at CHU, some of us were getting attached to the little boys and girls there.

The Spring Fair, although not a great community success this year, did much better within the school, grossing over \$400.00. Many thanks go to the staff at BCS, for without them, there was next to nothing to sell. Thanks also goes to those parents who contributed.

Services this year went well, although it wouldn't have without the help of Messrs. Campbell, Owen, Ander, Mrs. Cowans and Mrs. Brady. Thanks for everything.



Mrs. Brady



# THE WINTER CARNIVAL



The carnival may be long over now, during these last misty days of May, but, looking back it provides a great cool spot in one's mind when reminiscing about that lengthy second term. Because that's about



what it was to everyone, a thankful break in routine where we could all work hard together as a house, and then enjoy a just reward at the end.

The first vague beginnings were energetically considered, as I learn is always the case, from the very second we arrived back in September. From larger-than-life fantasies we gradually came down to earth and formulated a realistically outstanding effort. As the weeks drew us closer, our nerves and blood pressure soared, but thanks to the truly invaluable help of Miss Smith (Perrier?) we managed to get everything ready in time.

Sports got underway Thursday, January 31st, with volleyball and Chapman dominating. Here, Smith House unleashed their mighty secret weapon, personalized T-shirts, which, according to them made all the difference. Everyone wondered. By now, all our buttons, designed by our very own cartoonist, Bruce McQuade, had been circulated and for once had received no disapproval. Then, the next morning we were defeated by the one and only element we had no control over, the weather; Friday was a gloomy day; we had to postpone our planned ski-day for classes. That night though, things picked up with a fine 1st team hockey game followed by a James Bond thriller.

All was then made well by a superlative Saturday, where a fine Smith House effort captured the snow sculpture contest and boosted them ahead of the Chapman and Grier Sports monopoly to win.



The smoothness of the day's sports is due mainly to Kevin Matson's efficiency in handling it, while at the other end of school, most of the fifth form worked really desperately to make one of the best dances ever held at B.C.S. I can't really put down how much, not a few but absolutely everyone worked incredibly hard. It's unfair not to name the whole form (except unnamed Gillard Mousers) but Françoise Guibord, Peter Fenton, John De Paul, Allard Keeley and David Bonnett must stand out a bit. With the gym divided into two halves, one a snow-storm dance floor, and the other a ski-chalet restaurant, as well as a great band called Cheshire, everyone had a really good time.

Well that's it, except that from beginning to end we had Derek Sewell as leader, and behind him a form that couldn't go anywhere but up.





# S.T.-BEN GOLF CLASSIC



Après the climaxing final inspection a sudden golf lust hit B.C.S. in the name of CLASSICS. (The S.T.-BEN GOLF CLASSIC).

Several masters had been seen practicing beforehand and I might mention things couldn't have looked better. (For the challenging students that is).

Sunday May 19th before breakfast R. Owen sizzled off a smiling slice towards the first green opening, a new era in S.T.- Ben Paraphenalia. The "Mighty Nuge's" old frame was seen pulverizing balls left, right and sometimes even center while holding back reporters and groupies. Our British Openers were looking smashing as ever, Trevor Jones on his comeback to the sport, and the Bates as consistent as ever. (Whatever way you take that.) Messieurs Campbell and Badger were looking great until they

started playing golf, but with gents Detchon and Cowans the situation was vice versa, and although "Jimmy the Greek" gave Mr. Goodwin, alias "Tippy", 50 to 1 odds he'd win, he still only managed to pick up two chicks, I mean birdies.

The more touching moments were yet to come as all entrees celebrated their conquests at a banquet held at Smith Gardens. Roasting Ben and S.T. as well as burgers, and hitting balls across the river were the pastimes.

A good time was had by all and we hope it will continue for years to come.

Many thanks to Mr. Goodwin for his continuous help throughout the classic, to Connie for the food and to all those who entered and thought they had a chance of winning.





# B.C.S. MAGAZINE STAFF



BACK ROW: D. Park, T. Price, C. McQuade, N. Matheson, R. Muddiman, M. Medland, M. Hunkin, F. Guibord, M. Paine, M. Gauvin, R. Lloyd, Esq.  
FRONT ROW: T. McGee, T. Ross, C. Everson, J. Thatcher, S. Mulherin, A. Graham, F. Wilmer.

## B.C.S. MAGAZINE STAFF 1973-1974

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Editor-In-Chief

S.W. Mulherin  
Assistant Editor

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Graduates Editor

A. Graham  
Business Editor

R. Muddiman  
Houses Editor

M. Hunkin  
Girls' Sports Editor

N. Matheson  
Literary Editor

B. Prescott  
Activities Editor

M. Gauvin  
Art Editor

T. McGee  
Boys' Sports Editor

T. Ross  
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M. Paine  
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M. Medland  
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F. Wilmer  
Layout

### STAFF ADVISOR

R.O. Lloyd, Esq.



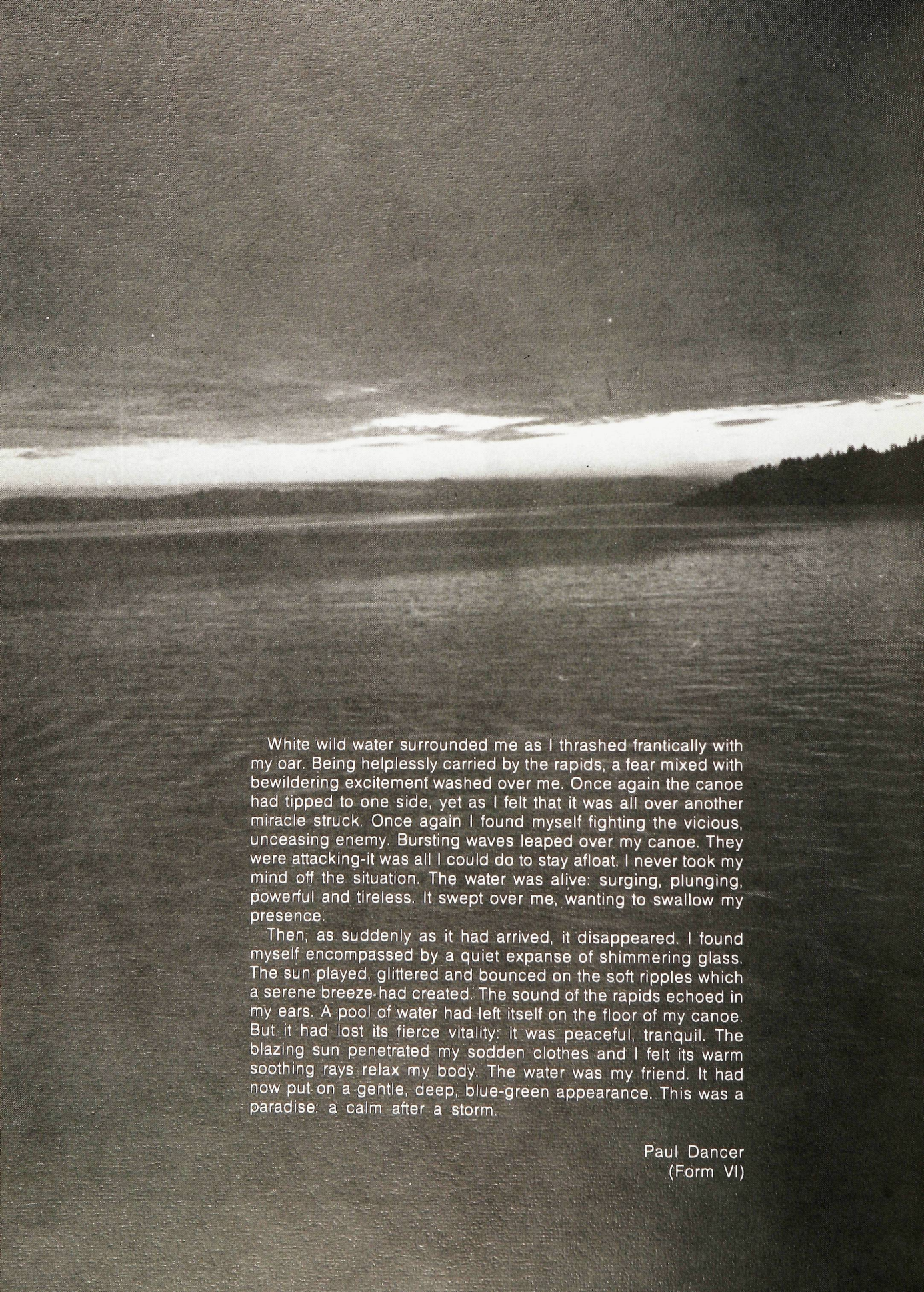






CREATION





White wild water surrounded me as I thrashed frantically with my oar. Being helplessly carried by the rapids, a fear mixed with bewildering excitement washed over me. Once again the canoe had tipped to one side, yet as I felt that it was all over another miracle struck. Once again I found myself fighting the vicious, unceasing enemy. Bursting waves leaped over my canoe. They were attacking-it was all I could do to stay afloat. I never took my mind off the situation. The water was alive: surging, plunging, powerful and tireless. It swept over me, wanting to swallow my presence.

Then, as suddenly as it had arrived, it disappeared. I found myself encompassed by a quiet expanse of shimmering glass. The sun played, glittered and bounced on the soft ripples which a serene breeze had created. The sound of the rapids echoed in my ears. A pool of water had left itself on the floor of my canoe. But it had lost its fierce vitality: it was peaceful, tranquil. The blazing sun penetrated my sodden clothes and I felt its warm soothing rays relax my body. The water was my friend. It had now put on a gentle, deep, blue-green appearance. This was a paradise: a calm after a storm.

Paul Dancer  
(Form VI)





## THE SKIER

The colour of the snow was blue,  
Reflected off the sky,  
The snow was crisp and pure  
It spoke: It was not shy.

As his poles speared its crust,  
It squeaked in sheer delight,  
He simply flew with one smooth thrust  
And glided out of sight.

When he returned the sun was pink,  
The snow a rosy hue,  
He stood to watch the plumb orb sink  
And then swept out of view.

Margaret Allison  
(Form IV)



# MOTHER MOUSE



Like every Friday morning, Mother Mouse was planning to go to the grocery store to buy some food for her family. But today she didn't find anyone who could take care of her son, Nick, and daughter, Suzie, while she'd be away. Her husband was working in the fields far from the house so she couldn't keep them with him. Mother Mouse did not want to leave them alone because they never had yet gone out of the house (she thought that they were too young), and she was afraid of Poussycat. That big black cat had been prowling around for a few weeks and she did not like it at all.

"What can I do?", she asked herself. "I can't bring them with me. Oh! I know what I'll do!"

She put the children in bed and told them to take a nap while she cleaned the house. It didn't take them a long time to fall asleep, so Mother Mouse silently took her bag and hat. She looked out the window to see if the cat was around and then she closed the window and went out very quickly, so quickly that she forgot to lock the door.

Mother Mouse didn't tell Nick and Suzie that she was going out, so when Suzie woke up and didn't find her mother she was quite surprised because Mom had never left them alone before. She was also glad because she could get out of the house now and see what was outside. So she went to Nick's bed and woke him up. They got dressed and opened the front door slowly; they were both scared and Suzie said: "You go first Nick. Go!"

Then, without saying anything, he went in front of the house and looked around. Suzie followed him. Holding each other's hands, they walked very slowly along the road. The sky was blue and the weather wonderful. The flowers were singing around them. It was like being in heaven, everything seemed so beautiful to them. They had never seen such colours before.

After five minutes of walking, Suzie finally said: "I

think we should go back to the house, because if Mom comes back and we're not there, she's gonna get very mad." Nick agreed and the two little mice went back home.

During the whole following week, Nick and his sister made plans to explore the "New World" next time Mother Mouse was out for a long time shopping. Mother Mouse went to the store the next Friday, so they finally got out. Suzie carried a basket to bring back a lot of souvenirs, like Dad and Mom had when they came back from their trip a long time ago. They walked through the field of the big white house. There, they stopped and sat on the grass. The sky was blue and it was a sunny day. Suddenly a voice surprised them:

"Hi! What are your names? You're new here, aren't you? I've never seen you before."

Nick and Suzie were both a bit scared but the little gray rope-shaped creature with a mouth and two eyes seemed so gentle.

"I'm Nick and she is my sister Suzie; we live in the bottom of that big tree over there." Nick pointed to a beautiful oak tree that they could only see the top of, it was so far away.

"But you live quite far from here, What brought you here? Oh! my name is "Worm" and I live nowhere. I just go here and there to discover new things every day and meet new friendly people like you two."

"Oh! that's what we want to do, too, but we haven't got time because Mom will be back soon, and we have to get to our house before she does", said Suzie.

"That's too bad; when can we next meet? Let's say tomorrow, here," said Worm.

"Oh no, it won't be before next Friday because we can't get the chance before then. Where can we meet? We would really like to", said Nick.

"All right, so meet here next Friday and I'll take you to visit the fields around here, O.K.?" asked the new



friend.

The two mice agreed, and went back quickly to the tree, very glad and anxious to get out again.

All week preceeding their next exploration, the two little mice thought about Worm. Who was he? Where did he live? What did he do? Did he work? How old was he? Finally Nick decided to ask Dad, without telling him about his adventure.

"Hi, Dad!"

"Hi, Nicky boy!"

"Dad, may I ask you a question?"

"Sure thing."

"It's about a book I read a couple of weeks ago."

"Yeah."

"Well, there's something I didn't understand in it. What's a worm? Is it dangerous? What does it eat and where does it live?"

"A worm!" he said, surprised. "That's the kindest little thing in the world; it's sure not dangerous. They live nowhere and eat the seeds in the grass."

Nick was really happy to hear that and after having thanked his father, he ran to Suzie to tell her the good news. Suzie felt better, because she was very careful and she didn't trust Worm very much.

But at supper time next Thursday, Mother Mouse said that she would need Suzie with her when she went shopping. Although Suzie objected, Nick assured her that he could go alone. So early in the morning, Mother Mouse and Suzie left. Suzie was more scared for her brother than jealous. When she left with Mother Mouse, she looked at Nick and wished him luck secretly. Dad had already left for work earlier.

As soon as Mother Mouse and Suzie got far enough from the house Nick left and hid behind the tree for a few minutes so he could check if anybody was coming. Then he went to meet Worm at the same place as last week. When he got there, Worm was already there, and he said that he had been waiting a long time.

"Where is your sister?" Worm asked angrily.

Nick was scared. He stepped back a pace and then slowly answered, "She went shopping with Mom. She... she couldn't come. I'm sorry."

"Well, let's go this way. I'll show you the neighbourhood," said Worm.

Nick followed him but he was wondering why he was so mad.

Mother Mouse and Suzie came back to the tree around three in the afternoon. They came back early because their shopping had been very successful. Suzie was very scared that Nick wouldn't be there on time.

When they got into the house Mother Mouse yelled for Nick and had no answer. So Suzie and she started looking for him in the house.

He wasn't there!

"Oh! my goodness, where's my little Nicky?" cried Mother Mouse. "It's impossible that anyone came here because the windows and the door were locked when I left. I'm sure he went out by himself! Poor boy, he's sure to be eaten by Poussy!"

Suzie was crying as she listened to her mother, but she had sworn to Nick that she wouldn't say anything.

"Say something, Suzie!" yelled Mother Mouse. "Tell me everything, What did he tell you? Where did he go?"

Suzie was still crying, and she could hardly speak. "I don't know; maybe Daddy came back and took Nick with him!"

"Yes, maybe he did! Let's wait for Daddy," said Mother Mouse.

They were both sitting in the rocking chairs, waiting for Daddy and Nick. Mother Mouse was worrying so much that she couldn't stop moving.

Daddy finally came back but he was alone. Mother Mouse was crying. Suzie had to tell Daddy what had happened because Mother Mouse couldn't.

He didn't know what to do and he was really uneasy.

"Ask her! I'm sure she knows everything", said Mother Mouse to her husband.

Daddy came to Suzie and tenderly put his arms around her neck. "Listen my sweetheart, you have to understand something. If we want to help Nick, we ought to know where he is. If we don't, we can't do anything! Now stop crying and tell me; please... for him!"

"He went to meet Worm and I was supposed to go, too. That's not fair; I'm sorry. It was I who first wanted to explore the outside. I'm really sorry, Daddy!"

TOC! TOC!

Daddy went to the door to see who was knocking and opened it. "Nick! Come in!" he said, surprised and happy. Nick was crying and exhausted.

Mother Mouse hurried to him and kissed him. "Where have you been? Bad boy! I told you not to do that!"

"But Daddy! You told me that worms were not dangerous! He tried to eat me!" and he started to cry again.

"Tell me, Nicky Boy," said Daddy, "How tall and how big was he and what colour?"

"He was gray, big and long," said Nick.


"That's not a worm, that's a snake! Are you ever lucky to be alive," Daddy said in a frightened voice.

Daddy advised them never to do it again, and if they wanted to go out, to ask. "I won't punish you two because I'm sure you've already had a big punishment by this adventure. But don't ever do it again."

Now, twice a week, the whole family goes out together and every time they find something new.

Lynne Ouellet  
(Form V)





White clouds were forming overhead  
While down beneath, the lily bed  
Sent over the lawn its fragrant scent,  
A beauty wrought by none, as yet.  
An eagle, the first now to behold  
This beautiful, loving, antipode.

Margaret Livingston  
(Form 1)



## THE OAK

Truly, this was no ordinary tree. The hold at the base of this old oak appeared to be very dark and ominous. I climbed through the hold and found myself confronted by a spiral staircase extending straight down. My decision was that of adventure, so before long I found myself at the bottom of the staircase looking up at a small shaft of light coming from the hole in the tree far above me.

"Well, now that you're here," said a voice, "we might as well show you around."

The voice startled me, and I swung around to meet eyes with a man holding an umbrella over himself. I was so astonished that my vocal chords were paralyzed. The man gave me the cup of tea that he was holding in his other hand, and after a few sips I

asked him who he was and where I was.

"This is Under-Oakland," he said. "You can come as you like or stay indefinitely."

I pondered on this proposition and decided on a short stay. The man with the umbrella (I don't know why he carried that umbrella) showed me to a beautiful oak-root walled room. The room consisted of a brass bed, a sofa, and a lamp. It also had a small bureau with a mirror. Everything was fine antique.

"You may nap now, and I shall call you for dinner."

I lay down on the exquisite brass bed and closed my eyes to this half-dream.

Dave Wold  
(Form IV)





## SUMMER DAWN



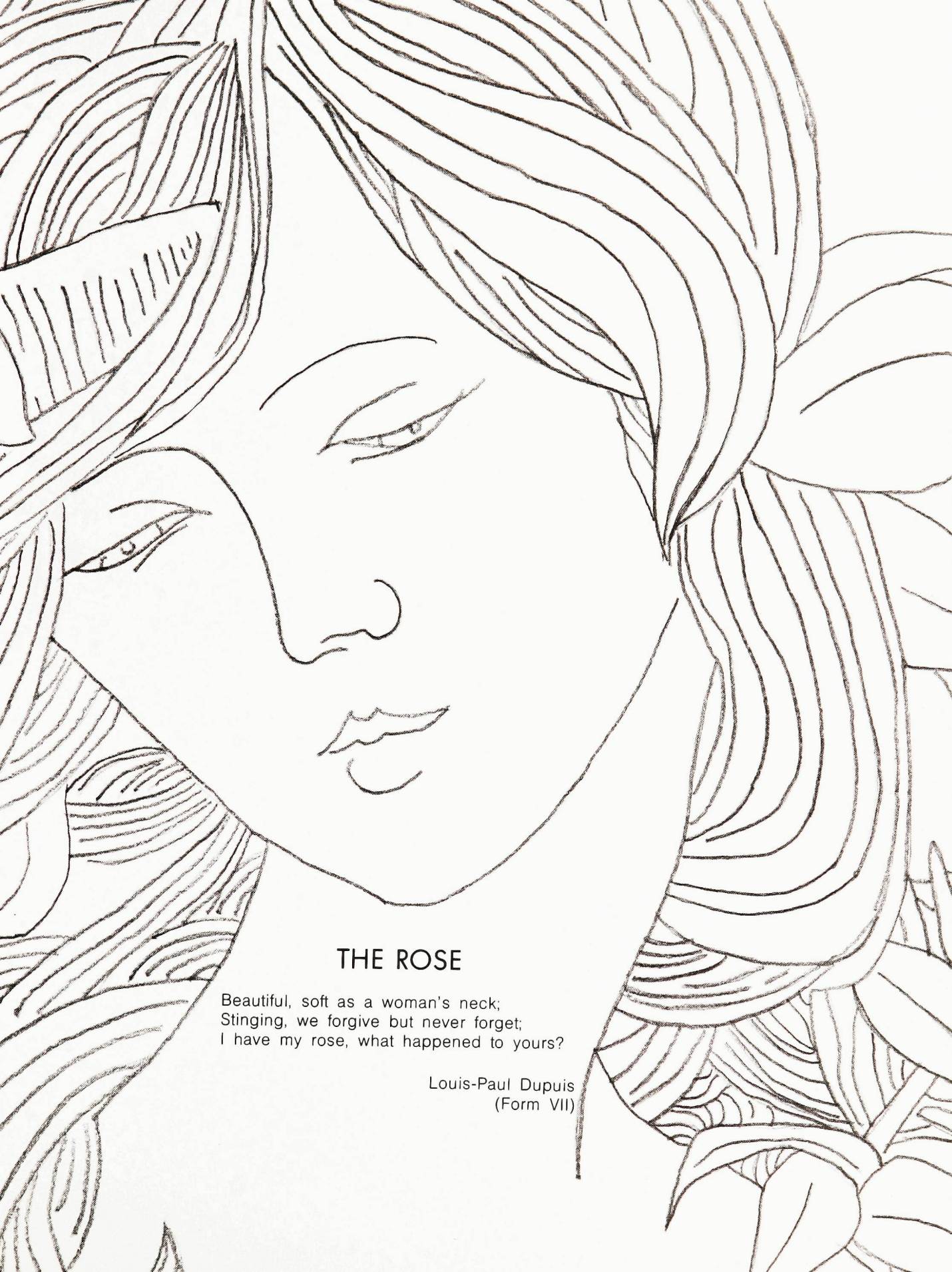
A blackboard hung outside the windows. It was a paper wall of immeasurable depth, enclosing the tiny, lighted world of the room. But a movie began to play on the screen; white ghosts flitted across the missing horizon. It became a note-pad; lead sketched a gray pattern of outline. Cloudy shades were etched across the page; a shimmer reflected from the canvas.

The pencil-strokes became firmer and deeper. Trees grew, their tops merging with the equally blank sky and earth. Flecks of multi-coloured paint spattered the foreground, as the grass turned into a bristling green. Conifer's branches spiked through the lightening backdrop. A brush swirled up the lingering mist with increasing vigor; the entire subject pivoted about this fountain of energy, spraying across the scene. It sharpened into contrasting hues, brushing off residue charcoal, with a varnish of golden beams. The storm solidified into a maze of a forest. Shrinking shadows uncovered boughs and bushes which appeared from the ground, released from their dark captivity. The wood rose in unison to the brush's strokes.

Dew was sprinkled in a silver sheen across the grass. A lazy mist, a shallow tracing of the depth below, drifted across the lake. The sun's rays swept away the sky's dustiness and darkened its hue, to reach out beyond the frame's limits. The orb's energy dazzled the ground's moisture, and soaked it up with its brilliance. The fog was scattered with a whisk, uncovering the water's sparkle. The fresh canvas radiated the warmth of colour and light.

Neil Matheson  
(Form VI)



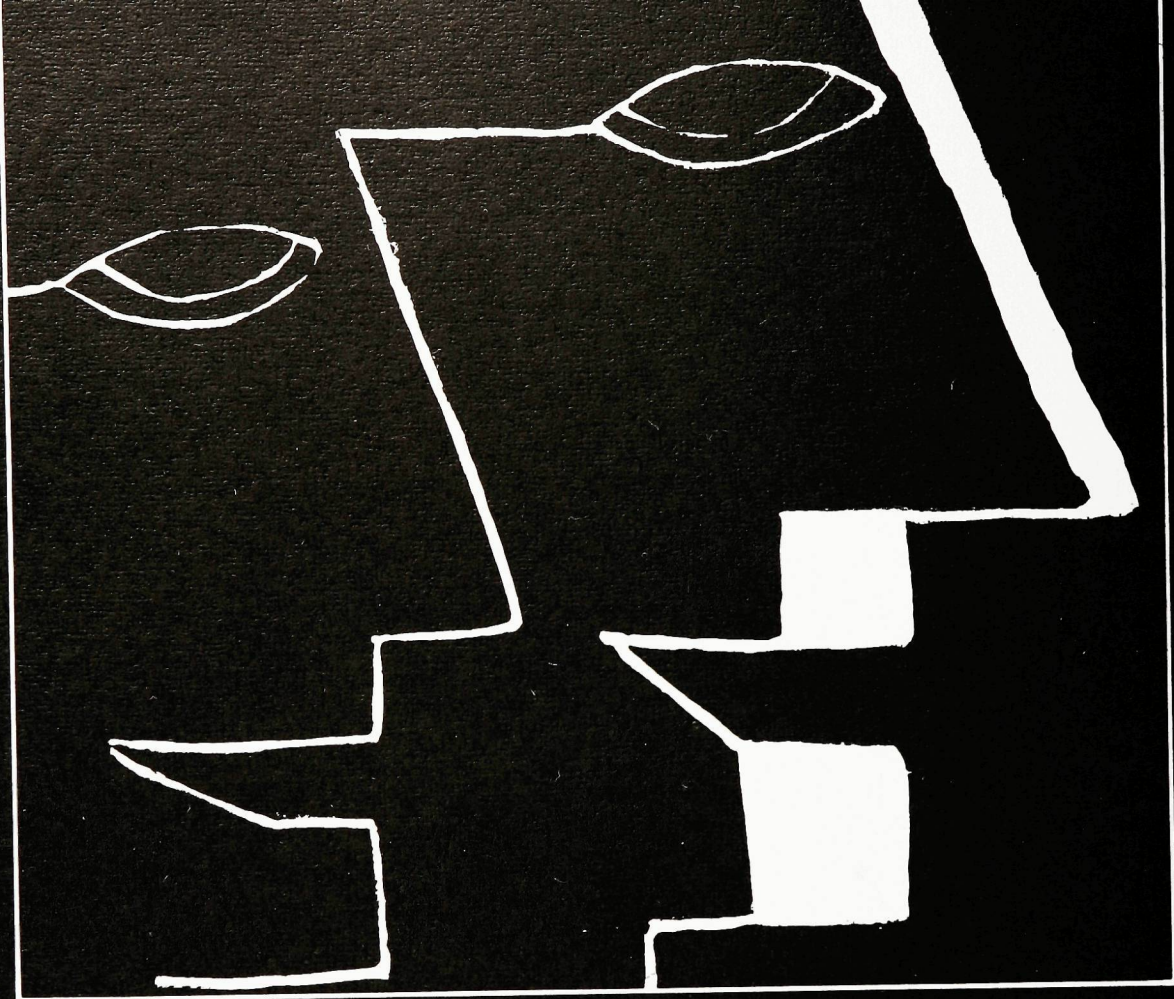


## THE ROSE

Beautiful, soft as a woman's neck;  
Stinging, we forgive but never forget;  
I have my rose, what happened to yours?

Louis-Paul Dupuis  
(Form VII)





## REALISM

The truth that we have yet to find,  
A somber tone, a 'one of a kind'  
A lasting fate that continues through  
The proving God that will misdo.

A betrayer of like, with hands of steel,  
His empty heart can never feel,  
The thickness of passion, of faith, of pain  
But an emptiness that not even love can stain.

This is the life that we must live,  
His brain a tomb, his heart a sieve,  
A leader of time, a judge of fate,  
His open doors can never wait.

Robert Hyndman  
(Form III)



# GLORIA'S "TOTAL NUTRI" EXPERIENCE OR GLORIA GOES TO THE MOVIES

Mrs. Gloria Glamour's calendar, resting on its red holder, reads July 31st, 2013. To Gloria this means only two things: one, that it is July 31st, 2013, and two, that it is time once again to venture forth and stock up on nutrition for her family's busy weekend, which is fast approaching.

From her suburban country home Mrs. Glamour drives her new model station wagoner down to the foot of her short driveway, where, after parking it, she gets out to wait. What Gloria is waiting for is the arrival of her favorite store chain "Total Nutri", courtesy Shuttle Transit Co., which runs conveniently across the larger portion of her main front lawn. Once on board Gloria meets all her other fellow "Total Nutri" patrons and away they speed towards their ultimate objective: the "Total Nutri" Store in the heart of the city.

Gloria's heart beats faster as the transporter pulls up in front of the multi-coloured giant building that signifies her passport to buying pleasure. As usual Gloria and her buying buddies are met at the door by Frank Fooder who on his \$10,000 an hour rented land space is rivaling the "Super Supp Market" next door. Gloria is ushered in politely by the man-robots who deliver her safe and sound to the buying arena. Much like the old fashioned movie theatres, "Nutri's" selling auditorium is a multi-levelled seating complex, complete with head phones, padded seats, armrests, hair-rests, and all before a giant-view screen. The "Total Nutri" chairs also contain built-in tasting trays, handy nose rests for easy smelling, and of course "Total Nutri" famous buyer's guide always in sight, engraved into the back of each seat for all to see.

At the sound of the "food o'meter", Gloria and her fellow buyers each deposit their food taken into slot near their armrests, and at last the sales begin.

Appearing on the screen is this week's special feature, the "unnatural foods". Gloria shouts her approval as her favorite brand of cheese "fakey cheddar" is shown melting in a pot. Almost

simultaneously, a free micro-sample of "fakey cheddar" pops up on the tray in front of her, and as usual she sniffs, pokes, then in a well rehearsed movement eats the cheese, and savours that great "fakey" taste, which is so popular with the mums.

Gloria's concentration fades somewhat as the movie continues through the many dozens of different products, but to Gloria they represent typical suburbia, and that's definitely "hands off."

"On with the show!" she screams, and onto the stage dance ten giant "Corny Flakes", made by Collect. They run through their milky dance routine, then into the mammoth bowl, then off the stage they fly. After tasting the "Corny Flakes" by Collect she listens, watches and tastes very keenly as the show is approaching its climax.

A new feature, "A Dramatic Re-enactment Of The Success Of "Hamburger Saver" With The Younger Set" appears. As each of the children on the stage skillfully portrays a happy youngster, mother is seen in the background, smiling from cheek to cheek, watching how very popular Ripped-On's new "Hamburger Saver" is around the kitchen. But finally the show is over and a thousand products have been presented. The "Total Nutri" order forms are passed around by minirail, and the ladies, as on election ballots of old, choose the products that they wish to acquire from "Total Nutri".

With the order forms filed away in the computer, the ladies are once again escorted out to the waiting shuttle transit, where their processed and packaged orders have already been loaded into the storage cubicles allotted for each "mother". Not forgetting to pick up her free ticket to next week's show, in return for coming this week, Mrs. Gloria Glamour sits down and is sped away to her patient station wagoner, parked in her driveway, awaiting its return to the garage.

Tim McGee  
(Form VI)



## DEPARTURE

One might say that "We arrive only to depart," and so one might also say the opposite with equal devotion: "We depart only to arrive."

On the morning of October 12th, 1974, a man not unlike anyone else in physical or mental attributes, entered the day with a distaste for life one might expect from a suicidal pessimist, with an attitude collected over many a year and via many a struggle. An awesome gray sheet of unyielding fog seemed to devour his being as he stepped from a once welcoming building. Another upset, another denial; where was he to go, and what was he to do? Further and further, far, far away; as he walked the dark, empty, friendless streets he pondered on vengeance, a hatred in his heart that was so intense that reason was subdued. He knew his desires: his problem was avenging that hatred. His goals were set but deterred by a lack of strength to face an appalling wall; but who could tell a man to face that wall? The wall was

there, but the strength, the will, was lost. And so he ran, to free his eyes of the massive redness of brick which might fall on his head and soul and crush him.

The streets had been empty at first, but now they seemed to fill as he drew closer to the heart of town.

"Look at them- smug! Kings of crap! Yea! Kings of crap!" he muttered as people passed by him. His emotions over-ran his cold austere being, but his deep pride helped him to retreat from exercising his frustrations. He was sad and angry. The people all dressed in fancy clothes showed off their status as they crossed his path and cut into his ego; he was like dirt in his own mind.

The darkness of night beckoned him home, but where was home? He was a lost soul, and so he continued to wander into the darkness - cold, hungry, upset.

"Heh you! Got a match?" a voice bluntly approached him.





"Sure, if you could lend a man some money, to ease the pain."

"Forget it! That's all you stupid bums want, is to grab, grab, grab!"

The hurt grew worse and he felt his hand graze the pavement as he took the stranger to the ground. Reaching inside the man's jacket, he secured a wallet, and ran away again into the darkness; far, far away.

The day was new, maybe he'd find a different place. Three hundred dollars, new clothes, a full stomach, made his mind gleam; the hurt of the day before was gone; that was now forgotten.

"Mornin' Mister! Care to give me a ride downtown?"

"Hop in!"

He smiled as he knew what was to come, he smiled at a new day, he had left yesterday and all the days before. The cab stopped in front of a popular side alley pool hall.

"Thank you sir, and keep the change."

The hall was dirty - butts scattered on the floor and dust on the tables. It was a dark smoke-filled place, a world that seemed remote, far away from the problems and pleasures of the outside.

The day lingered on as he played with his peers, but luck was not with him and as he lost he thought of the outside, and the yesterdays, and he was afraid.

Through the night, the gleam that had entered his mind slowly dwindled away, and as night turned to day, he felt just how close he was to the outside. He did not belong in a pool hall. He would have to face that wall of redness that was about to fall. But no; he would leave and run away, far away.

The sun scorched his eyes as he re-entered a world that he wished was not there. He watched the people and he felt as he had before; they were false and clod and all radiated the day's pre-broadcast status quo: the shiny shoes, the new coats, the austere faces which resembled the impeccable

moral code that was betrayed with every ignorant thought, desire or prejudice. They were hypocrites.

"Get your stinkin' nigger ass off the street, boy! If I thought you were worth the trouble I'd clean your bowels out."

"But I'm sorry Mister. I didn't mean no harm."

His eyes moved toward the voices and he watched as a tall white man towered over a frightened negro youth. His vengeance again overrode his reason and he pulled the tall man from his feet. His fists were clenched, sweat ran from his brow, as he pounded away at the hurt of his yesterdays. Blood covered his hands. His breathing was heavy, his heart wild. He ran away, far, far away.

The voices echoed within his mind as he sat in the basement of an abandoned factory. "Come back here, you!" "Stop that man, someone; he's a murderer!"

The realization came as he gazed into a puddle on the floor and stared at the dim reflection of his face: he was black. But now he was blacker than before. He had made himself the image of the white man's "trouble makin', no good nigger." He had become the mascot of the white man, the sample nigger, the thief, the murderer. He had fallen from his blackness to theirs. The wall had fallen on his back and he had helped to crumble its supports.

He was black, something he could not escape, but now he was the blackest. Tears rushed down his face; his mind hurt; his body was weak. He reached into his pocket for the antidote.

The blood gushed from his arms to the floor. The puddle turned red as his wrists pulsated with the redness from within. He lay back and his mind ran free, far, far away into the dark. There was no escape, no departure.

Andrew Albert  
(Form VI)

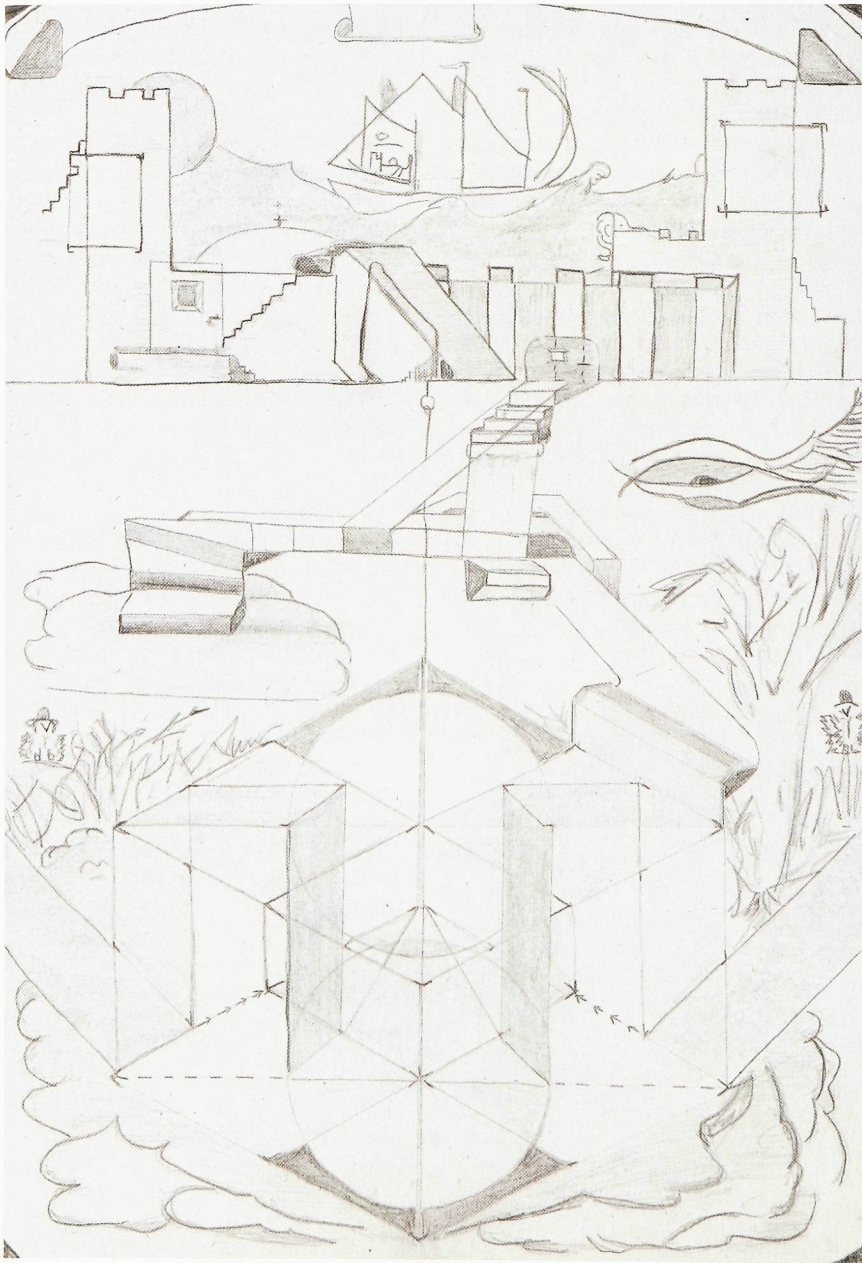


## PANIC CITY DELIGHT

The house was on fire and children began to hyper  
Mother awoke and got out the viper.  
Dishes were a-flying and the vacuum was on the  
clog.  
Traffic was a-piling up and lightning filled the sky.  
Politics hit the T.V. and the locals were a little too  
high.  
Rain began to fall and the stock market had gone  
bezerk,  
Grannie's check hadn't come and the youngsters  
said they wouldn't work.  
Scientists were predicting the end and Dad's affair  
had fallen through.

Prices were zooming up and the pigeons were sick  
too.  
Ghetto had panicked by six and the police were  
moving in,  
Mayor had just been stung and the V.I.P. killed his  
next of kin.  
It seemed to be no one's concern that panic still  
existed,  
And so they kept on living-loving-hating as if God  
had fixed it.

Ben Petersen  
(Form VI)





## ELEGY

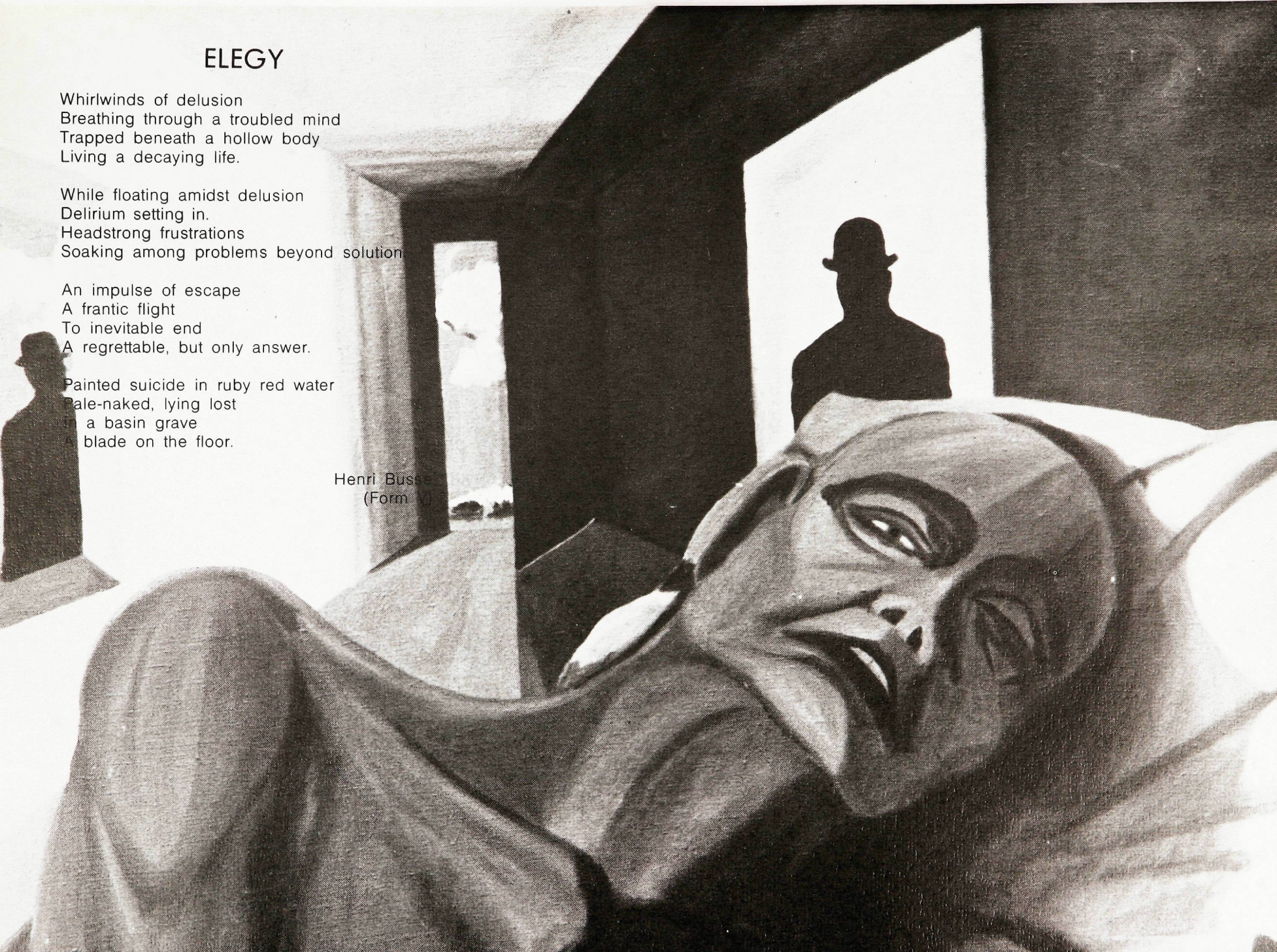
Whirlwinds of delusion  
Breathing through a troubled mind  
Trapped beneath a hollow body  
Living a decaying life.

While floating amidst delusion  
Delirium setting in.  
Headstrong frustrations  
Soaking among problems beyond solution.

An impulse of escape  
A frantic flight  
To inevitable end  
A regrettable, but only answer.

Painted suicide in ruby red water  
Pale-naked, lying lost  
In a basin grave  
A blade on the floor.

Henri Busse  
(Form V)





## TRIP TO TOWN

Old man was wearing his derby, faded and tired. He wore it only when he went to town. He hadn't put it on for about a year. There was a boy, who liked to come and visit the old man. He would run errands for him. But right now the boy and his family were away on vacation.

For a gift, the boy had given old man a transistor radio so old man could keep on listening to the baseball games. Old man always listened to the baseball games, but one day his large old-fashioned radio began to hum when he turned it on. There was no voice, no announcer, just hum. Old man really appreciated the small new radio. He placed it on top of the old radio. But now the batteries had run out. He was going to town to buy some new ones.

Old man didn't live very far from town, only about two miles. He was still strong and walked two or three times this distance in the woods every morning. Old man liked walking in the woods, for the woods were always the same. The trees and small animals never really changed.

Old man wasn't enjoying the walk into town very much. They had built another gas station along the road. It hadn't been there the last time old man and his derby passed by.

The town didn't look much different to old man, except that the grocery store had put up a large neon sign. Old man was glad he would be home before they turned it on.

Old man walked down the street. The hardware store was two blocks away and on the other side of the street. He would cross at the corner. A young woman with a little boy holding her hand walked toward old man. Old man raised his hand to the front brim of his derby and tipped it smartly. The woman didn't seem to notice and the little boy kept staring back at old man after they had passed by, making the woman tug harder to pull him on.

Old man crossed at the corner with the light. A red sports car stood idling, waiting for the green. As old man put his foot to the opposite curb, the car leaped forward throwing some dust and gravel at the old man. Old man remembered a time when there were no cars. Old man brushed off the back of his trouser legs and walked down to the end of the block, where Finley's Hardware Store stood.

Finley's looked like it had half a century ago, on the outside. It was two stories high. The store was on the first floor and Finley and his family lived above on the other. It had a red wooden porch which stuck out over the sidewalk.

Old man went inside, his derby in his hand. Finley greeted him from behind the counter. They talked about things like who would win the pennant, which league was better, and how no team would ever equal the old New York Yankees. Then Finley told old man he was going to retire soon and his son would be taking over the store. Old man bought a whole box of radio batteries, wished Finley good luck and said good day.

When old man got home, he put his derby high up on a shelf in the closet. He was glad the boy would be back soon. He put the batteries into the back of the radio and turned it on just in time for the national anthem. When it was through he sat down and listened to the game.

Stephen Jeffries  
(Form VI)







## A CASTLE IN SPAIN

The Spanish moon, I see  
Under the branches  
Of a low-lying tree  
Casting its mystical glow  
On the castle afar.

Indubitably obscure  
My subliminal visions  
Are suspended in awe  
Setting forth on a ponderous journey  
Into my ambiguous soul.

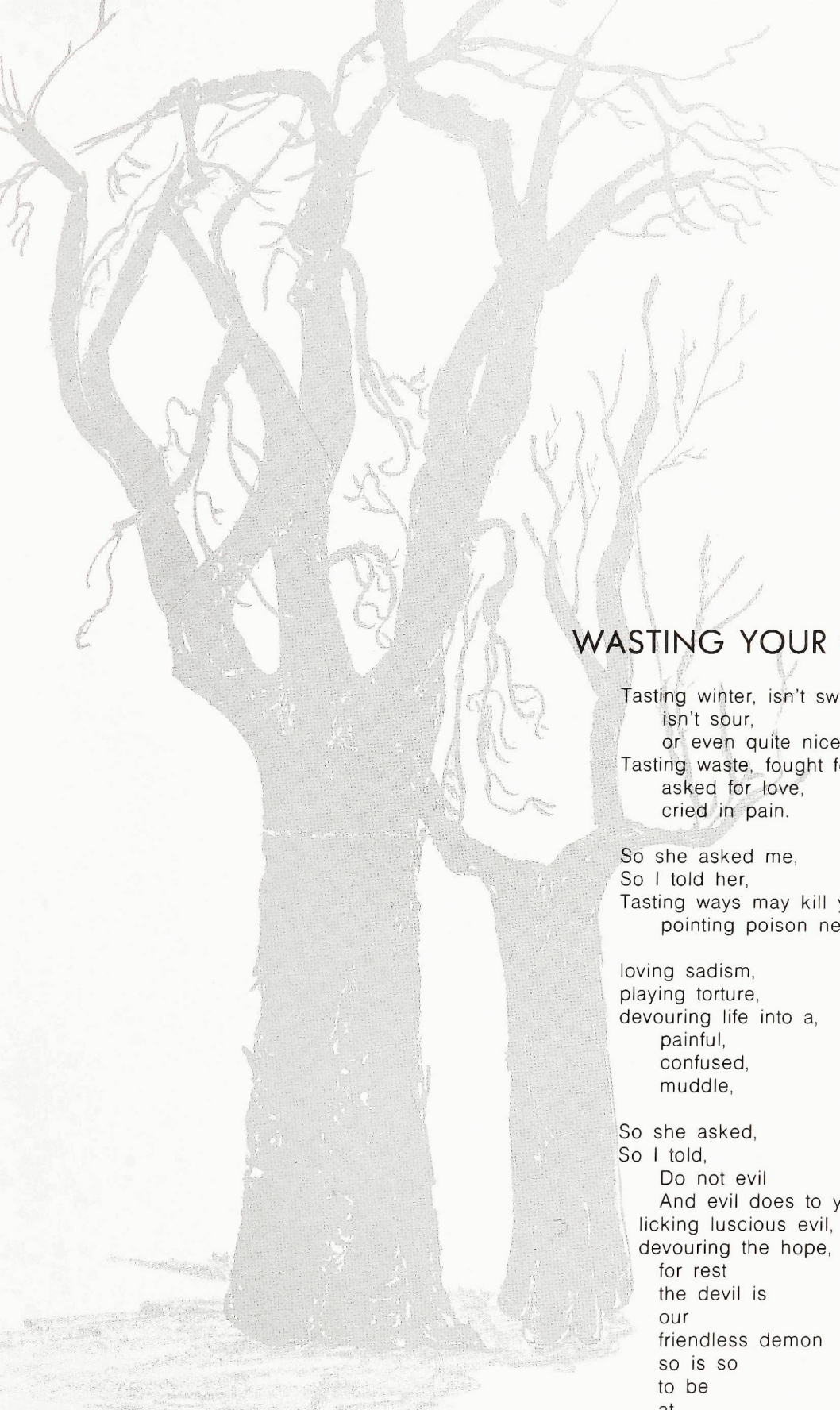
I travel sluggishly  
Through dense dark underbrush  
Somehow reluctantly  
Yet curiously aroused in a trance  
I venture on, arriving to the castle wall.

Surrounded in a murky mist  
Escalating a spiral stairway  
Then fearful, opening a golden knob  
Shadows oozing out...  
Then alleviating dismay, awakening in bed.

Henri Busse  
(Form V)







## WASTING YOUR OWN TIME

Tasting winter, isn't sweet,  
isn't sour,  
or even quite nice.  
Tasting waste, fought for strength,  
asked for love,  
cried in pain.

So she asked me,  
So I told her,  
Tasting ways may kill you,  
pointing poison near you.

loving sadism,  
playing torture,  
devouring life into a,  
painful,  
confused,  
muddle,

So she asked,  
So I told,  
Do not evil  
And evil does to you!  
licking luscious evil,  
devouring the hope,  
for rest  
the devil is  
our  
friendless demon  
so is so  
to be  
at  
rest.



# A COMPASS LESSON IN DEATH VALLEY

I held the shining  
Plastic  
Jewel case in my hand  
And watched the needle swing  
This way-  
And that.  
A fickle arrow  
Slow  
To choose its love

And all around  
The thundering, silent  
Desert-  
Scornful  
Of being chosen.

Heather Pangman (IV)



## HOPE

Pounding heart push  
to clutch fingers shaking  
on worn leather cloth  
over ragged dusty leaves  
from the forbidden tree that blooms  
in soul and in burns  
as the cover silently creaks  
open onto aeons  
of universe to fill a voice  
striving for recognition  
in a spirit of doubts  
woven by confidence  
into dynamic hope.

N. Matheson (VI)



The charging waves refreshed the shore,  
Sucking, swirling currents rustled the pebbles.  
The frothy, salty substance babbled over hard rock.  
Then all was quiet. Satisfied, the great wave  
slumped back to its turquoise abode.

(VII)

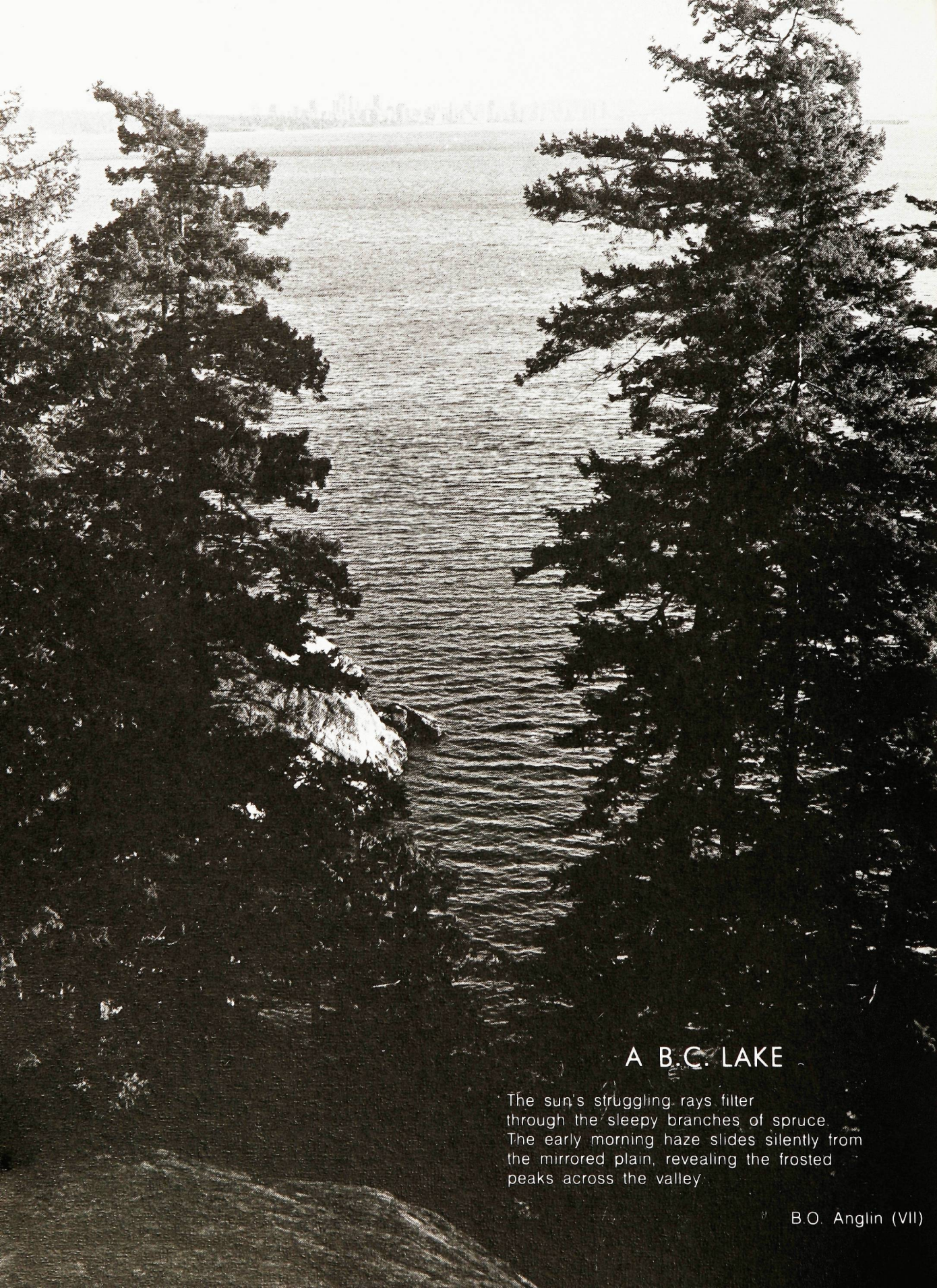


## ATLANTIC RAIN

Raindrops, like silver tears  
Dripping down the window pane.  
The hills far off, were swallowed  
Slowly by the swirling grey mist.

D. Thraves (VI)





## A B.C. LAKE

The sun's struggling rays filter through the sleepy branches of spruce. The early morning haze slides silently from the mirrored plain, revealing the frosted peaks across the valley.

B.O. Anglin (VII)



The beer was good. Very good. But then, after a long day's workout anything along with the rest would be good. He hated the workouts, but they were necessary if he was to compete with the other guides. Every year it grew harder, but he knew no other profession. He was getting old, and most of the climbers preferred the young, strong ones. They didn't realize that experience counted more than reflexes.

He was running out of money now, and his wife was complaining bitterly. If he didn't do something soon, his wife would leave. She was all he had left.

He gazed out the window reflectively, tapping his glass against the table, at the mountain. They had laughed at it, being 5000 feet less than Everest. Yet, nobody had been able to climb it. Yet. So the best team in the world was going to try it next week. Maybe he'd be the guide, and reach the summit, the first one to do so.

Fat chance. After three failures, who would choose him again? He sighed and thought of ways to make money.

The team came the next morning and settled in at the hotel amidst the curious stares of the villagers. Soon the word got out that they wanted a guide. One who knew the area. He offered his services, and somehow was accepted. They offered him more money for a successful ascent than he had ever dreamed of. He had backed out of the room, stammering and flushed. He went home and told his wife, she was happy also. So he studied the mountain from every angle, every slope, and planned every possible route. He prayed to his gods, and other gods. He blessed the climbers and his gods for giving him this one final chance to save his life. All the while the mountain gazed down, as if unaware.

On the day of the climb, they left early, very early. They worked their way up slowly and carefully. The guide did not want anything to go wrong. The long snake-line wound up the side of the mountain. They were getting to the steeper parts now, and more care was needed. Late that afternoon they made camp, and rested for the next morning.

The guide stood outside in the dusk, gazing up at the peak. The last retreating rays of sun frayed the tip of the mountain in dark orange. It seemed to the guide, tired and hungry after a long day, that his chances of reaching the summit faded with the rays.

The next morning, the expedition set off again. The guide was cautious, for the mountain was well known for its snow slides and three inches had fallen earlier that week. Upwards, ever upwards, the line crept slowly but surely, until by late afternoon, they were within a thousand feet of the top. The climbers congratulated the guide, for he had taken them on a route nobody thought existed. The mountain did nothing. The guide grinned. He was assured of his money now.

They started again the next morning. They were in good spirits because the remaining climb was easy, thanks to the guide. Up they went.

The Mountain seemed to awaken. The sky grew heavy with clouds, and snow came down in a continuous blanket. The climbers grew nervous. They were afraid of snow slides. But they went on. Soon they stopped. The guide stared. No. They couldn't go back. Not go back. Not 250 feet from the top.

They went back down.

The guide stayed. If he made it up they would have to pay him. Yes. That was right. He went on, up and up. He started to cry. He was almost there. He would plant a flag, and they would see it and they would pay him his money. Yes.

Then the mountain struck. A wall of white snow hurtled down, knocking him against a rock. When he woke up, it was day! He was a little cold. Soon he felt warmer. Yes. He would reach the top. But first he would sleep. He was tired. Very tired. He looked up at the peak, a hundred yards away, and smiled. Think of all that money. He closed his eyes and went to sleep.

W. Shepherd (VI)





## FATE

The death of time, is the birth of fate.  
It is a judgement time, that will not wait,  
The hours ticked by, the years slowly pass  
The beginning of an eternal past,  
A past of love, and loyalty, the bonds of which are never free.  
Does this mean love, or does this mean hate?  
The answer is found, in the eyes of fate.

Robert Hyndman (III)



## PEACE OF MIND

It came out of the sky at night.  
From where else could it have been born?  
Like the silent flash of a shooting star  
Into the minds of the tossing sleeper.

A profound solution was there  
To end all those confused thoughts  
Out of confusion came a clear path  
The restless and knotted mind loosened at last.

Momentary ideas that flashed on and off...  
Vanished  
Roll over...relax...calm those nerves  
Drifting...drifting...asleep.

Bright, early-morning sun shone in,  
The reassuring vision was gone  
Absorbed deep into the mind  
To leave courage on the fine morning.

One more chance?  
Again,  
Another day!

Mark Emanuel (VII)





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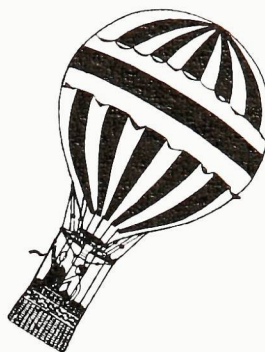


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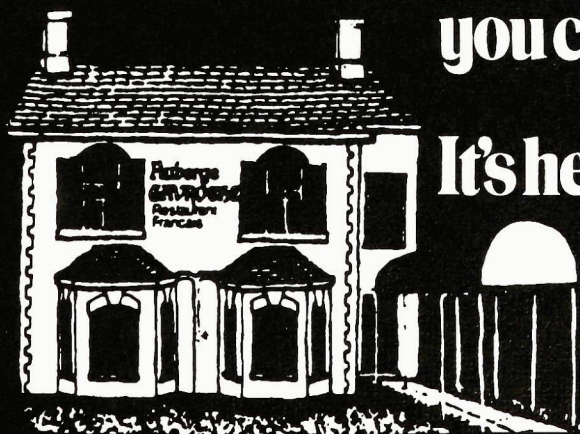


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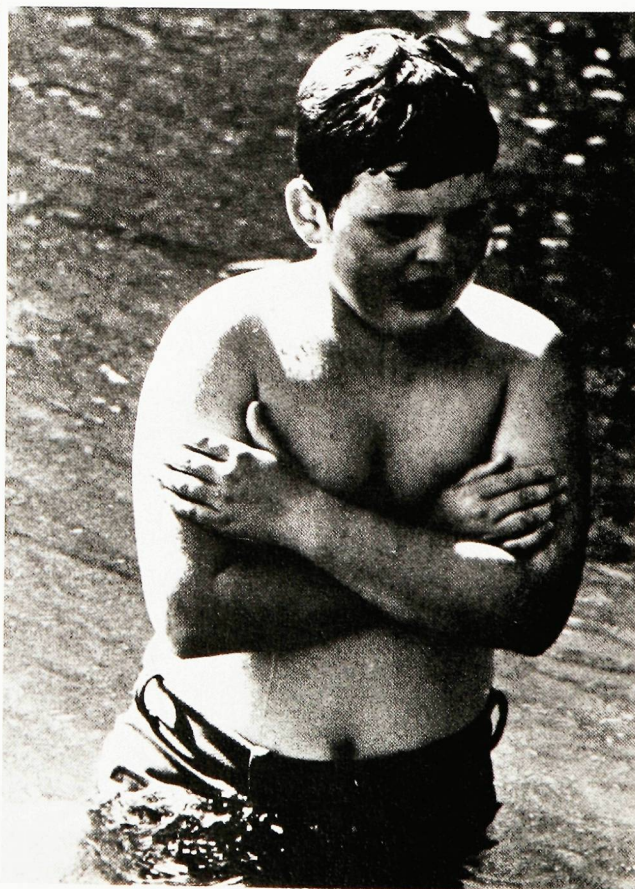
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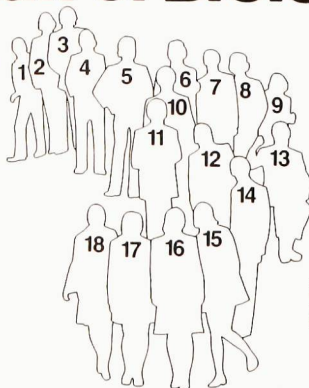
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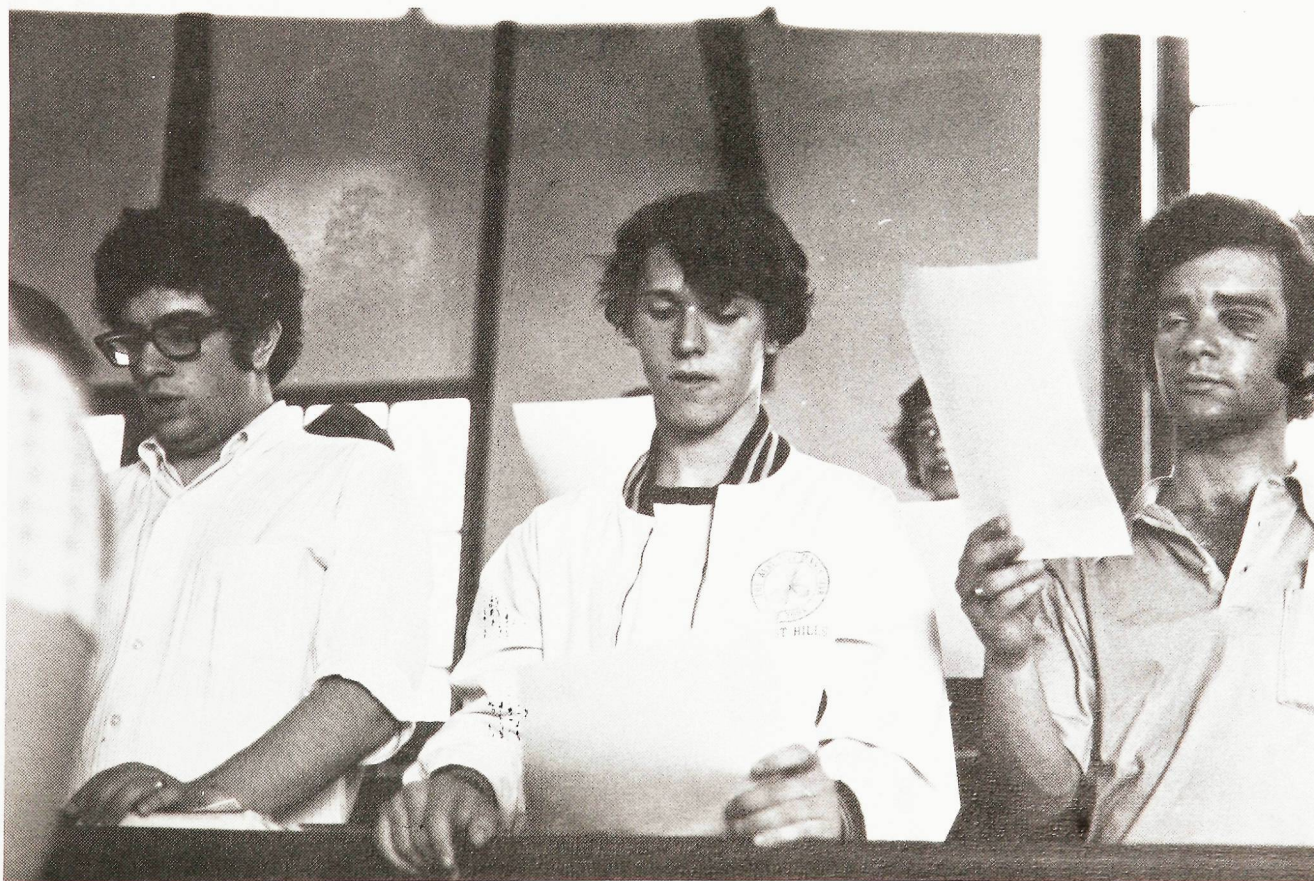
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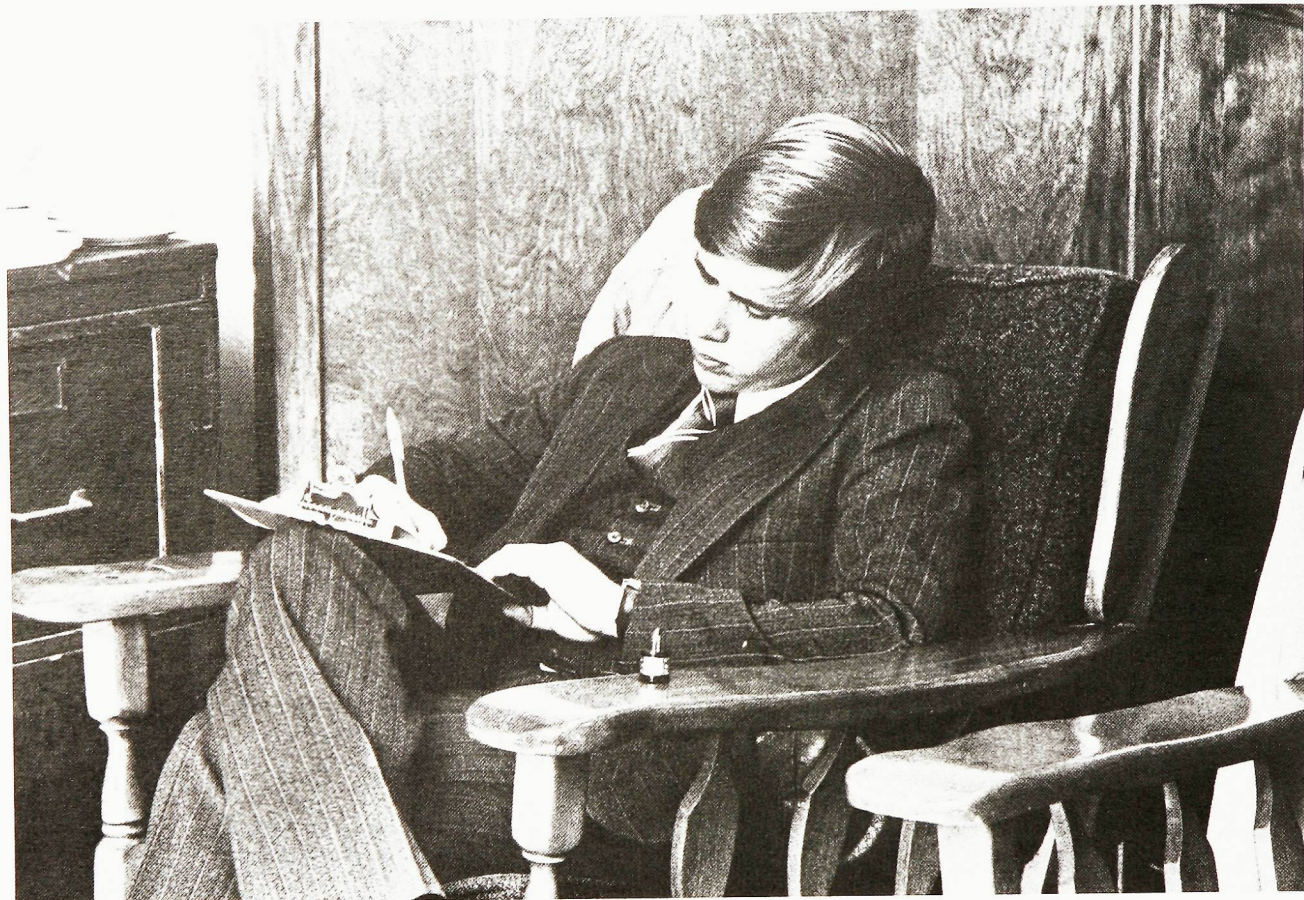
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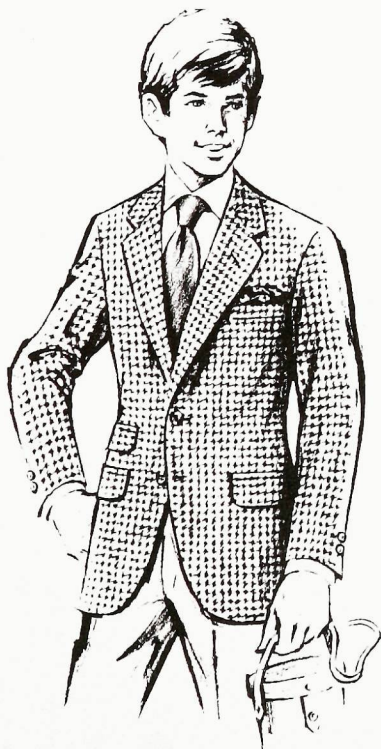




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